Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 385 4

PER. RM

№ AP2.N7

V.231

1931

THE TRUSTEES OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
1852 1878

9/26

Mark Twain Memoirs

Res

North American Review

Per Rm
*3113.2
231
1931

January

Rec'd
DEC 20 1930
B. P. L.

The Cigarette in Europe's Powder House

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

NOV 10 1964

Homes for Workers

By William Green

Favors for Farmers

By James E. Boyle

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
6069

Forty Cents a Copy *Founded in the year 1815* Four Dollars a Year

Per-Dept
*AP2
.N7
Vol.231

Houses of Parliament, London

For Those Who Own English Assets
—Specialized Executor Service

THE settlement of estates containing English assets can be greatly facilitated by utilizing the services of the Guaranty Executor and Trustee Company, Ltd., London, a subsidiary of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

When appointed under an individual's will, or employed by executors or administrators to administer English assets, our English subsidiary affords many advantages. It is a fully authorized and complete English trust organization with all of the international facilities of the parent company at its disposal.

Our pamphlet, "Administering English Assets of American Estates," will be sent on request.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
140 Broadway

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS MORE THAN $295,000,000

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Business NEEDS *Modern Accountancy*

To estimate correctly where it stands today; to vision clearly the demands of tomorrow, and prepare for them—Business needs *now*, more than ever, definite and dependable Facts and Figures. On them, Management will determine its best and most economical use of working capital, will place responsibility for production and sales costs and inventories, and prevent wastes.

The tools of Modern Accountancy are definite of purpose, sharp and sure. Its Budget alone gives management a plan for economic and orderly readjustment—a guard against harmful sacrifice. The Budget compels sane, constructive action, eliminates fear, inspires courage and generates through all departments a conviction of Reason and Right.

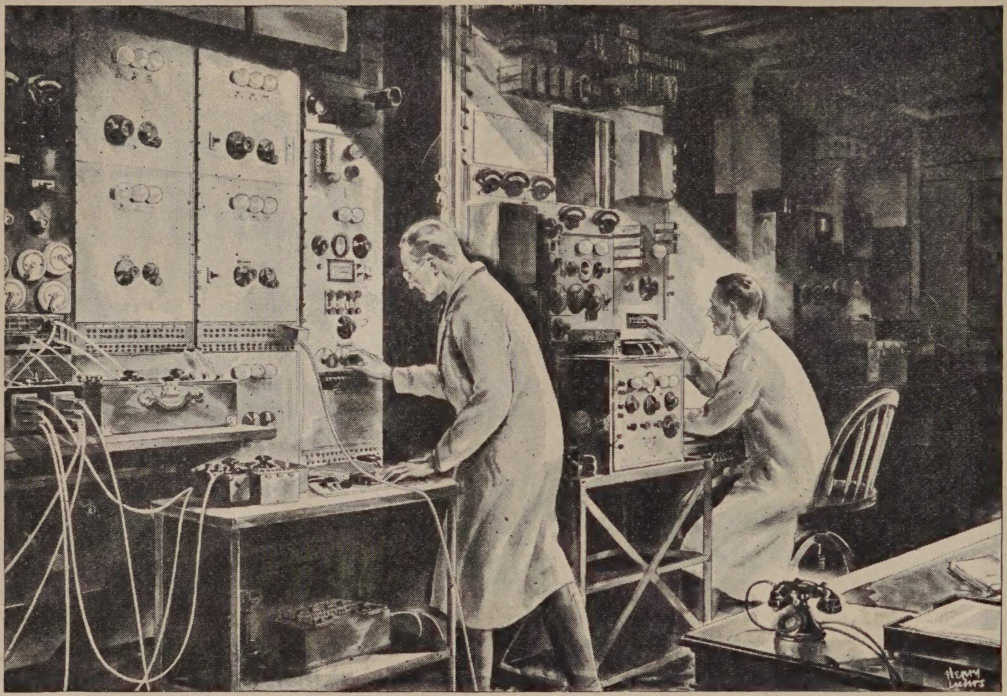
Not big business alone, but any business, all business, NEEDS *Modern Accountancy*. Its adaptability to every business situation and its creative dependability at all times make it a sure and economical necessity in the service of Better Business.

ERNST & ERNST

ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS

SYSTEM SERVICE

AKRON
ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BIRMINGHAM
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CANTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
DALLAS
DAVENPORT
DAYTON
DENVER
DETROIT
ERIE
FORT WAYNE
FORT WORTH
GRAND RAPIDS
HARTFORD
HUNTINGTON W. VA.
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSON, MISS.
KALAMAZOO
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PROVIDENCE
READING
RICHMOND
ROCHESTER
ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL
SAN ANTONIO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
TAMPA
TOLEDO
TULSA
WACO
WASHINGTON
WHEELING
WILMINGTON, DEL.
WINSTON-SALEM
YOUNGSTOWN



THE STEADY SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS OF THE BELL LABORATORIES SHOWS IN THE EVER-INCREASING QUALITY AND SCOPE OF YOUR TELEPHONE SERVICE

To clear all barriers for the human voice

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated, is the scene of a progressive conquest of natural forces that aims to let you speak clearly, quickly and cheaply to any one, anywhere in the land and even to distant countries. More than 5000 scientists and assistants are busy there and elsewhere in the Bell System studying the problems of sound transmission. Its work is the growing foundation of the telephone art; and it has, besides, helped to make possible the radio, sound pictures and special apparatus for the medical profession.

Among its achievements are the underground cables which make city telephone service possible, better and faster long distance service, service to ships at sea, and to millions of telephones beyond the seas. The steady scientific progress of the Bell Laboratories shows in the ever-increasing quality and scope of your telephone service. Its new developments in every type of equipment clarify and speed up your telephone talks and give you more and better service at low rates. Every advance it makes is available throughout the Bell System.

The Bell System is an American institution owned by more than 500,000 stockholders. It places before you the benefits of its technical achievements and the coordinated efforts of more than 400,000 trained workers. It accepts its responsibility to further the development and welfare of the nation by furnishing the public the best of telephone service at the least cost consistent with financial safety.

Inl cml
July 1 1931

Walter Butler Mahony
Editor

John Pell
Managing Editor

Willis Fletcher Johnson — **B. S. Stanoyevich** — **William Alton DeWitt**
Associate Editors

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

Volume 231 *January 1931* Number 1

Apéritif . . . . *W. A. D.* 1
The Cigarette in Europe's Powder House . . . *Reginald W. Kauffman* 5
Raskob . . . . *Robert C. McManus* 10
Pinchot's Programme . . . . *Lupton A. Wilkinson* 16
Contempt of Court (Story) . . . . *Walter Gilkyson* 22
Song and Story (Poem) . . . . *David Morton* 31
Homes for Workers . . . . *William Green* 32
The Holy City . . . . *Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah* 37
Gold . . . . *H. R. A. Garnett* 45
Recollections of Mark Twain . . . . *Clara Clemens* 50
Prescience (Poem) . . . . *Adele de Leeuw* 57
The Loudest Squeak . . . . *James E. Boyle* 58
Our Barbaric Christmas . . . . *Avis D. Carlson* 66
The Pilgrim Trust . . . . *Thurston Macauley* 72
The City of the Future . . . . *Arthur Dewing* 75
Cobwebs of Antiquity . . . . *Montrose J. Moses* 81
The Literary Landscape . . . . *Herschel Brickell* 89

Index to The North American Review, Volume 230 (July 1930–December 1930, inclusive), is now ready and will be mailed upon request

Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow
Walter Butler Mahony, *President;* Charles Bates Dana, *Secretary*
Ernest Fisher, *Business Manager*
I. Davis, *Assistant Treasurer*

The price of The North American Review, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. The North American Review is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

Title registered U. S. Patent Office. The contents of The North American Review are copyrighted. Republication is permissible only upon special request in each instance.

Mr. and Mrs. New York:

Tired Feet!
Rushing Crowds!
Hurried Selections!

Shopping on the Avenue isn't much fun these days when it means constant battling with crowds in busses, subways and on the streets. And yet when prices are so amazingly low and the stores are filled with fascinating things, you can not afford to pass the opportunities by.

So why not let me do your battling for you? It is both sensible and smart nowadays to use a personal shopping service, and thus save yourself many weary hours. You may sit at home by the fire cozily toasting your toes while I dash in and out of shops seeking that wedding gift which must go off on Thursday!

Articles mentioned in "The Compleat Shopper" will be sent to your address on the day the order is received (barring "Acts of God"!), and I shall be happy to give my prompt attention to any other shopping you wish me to handle for you. In making the selections for these pages, I spend part of each day on Madison and Fifth Avenues and shall gladly purchase anything you may desire. There is, of course, no charge for this service.

And may I make suggestions when you are puzzled?

Please telephone me at Caledonia 8950 or write me.

Dorothy Bradshaw

Nine East Thirty-seventh Street
New York City

Mr. and Mrs. Out-of-Town:

The Newest!
The Original!
The Most Discussed!

New York City shops like magnets draw to themselves the smartest and most modish articles, be they jewels, travelling accessories, books or perfumes. But unfortunately Fifth and Madison Avenues are not within walking distance of Michigan and Colorado. How often you have postponed your shopping until you could come to the city and then have indulged in such an orgy that you returned home exhausted.

You need not do that. Let the Little Girl who "went to market" do your shopping for you, quickly, easily, while you "stay at home."

The Little Girl spends every day on the Avenues, making selections for "The Compleat Shopper"—(sometimes she walks forty blocks a day!) and she will gladly do any shopping you may desire. Just send your check for the approximate amount and describe what you wish me to purchase. It need not be chosen from my pages of suggestions.

But I want to make "The Compleat Shopper" of real use to you. Won't you write me a note telling me what type of articles you wish me to feature? Are you interested in clothes — gifts — home decoration? I shall greatly appreciate your help.

Dorothy Bradshaw

Nine East Thirty-seventh Street
New York City

The Compleat SHOPPER

Blessings on the thoughtful souls who give us checks for Christmas gifts! It will be easy to make choices in January when stores are filled with delightful suggestions for ourselves and our homes. May I tempt you with these?

* * *

One may be nonchalant but hardly graceful when, while holding a canapé in one hand, a cocktail in the other and balancing a cigarette in mid-air, it becomes necessary to shake hands. The thoughtful hostess saves you that embarrassment by furnishing individual canapé holders from Brand-Chatillon. The little silver tray holds a cocktail cup of silver and an exquisite crystal canapé plate, etched in a design whose simplicity is its charm. They are priced $525.00 the dozen. Similar holders with silver rather than crystal plates are $237.00 the dozen. (I have seen nothing more original and tasteful for the bride whose gifts will be countless.)

* * *

From the steppes of Russia came a fascinating salad bowl in wooden peasant-ware, decorated brilliantly in red, black and gold and lacquered with a finish both heat- and water-proof. It may be washed with the china without fear of destroying its beauty. The ten-inch bowl with an odd wooden spoon, lacquered in the same bright colors, is $3.00; an 8½″ bowl with spoon is $2.25.

* * *

Are you infuriated when you awkwardly carry an umbrella all day and not a drop of rain falls? If so you will be as thrilled as I to learn that the new pocket umbrella is only 8½″ long when folded and can be tucked into your purse or carried smartly and unobtrusively on your wrist. Yet it is strong and substantial with a rust-proof steel frame and heavy silk covering to match any costume. It will be my first choice if Santa brings a check — and I am sure will be yours. You will need only $10.00.

* * *

Winter evenings afford priceless hours of reading — hours which can be even more restful and enjoyable if you let the Little Squire Book Rest hold your book while you relax in your easy chair with hands and arms at ease. Its light but substantial steel standard, finished in mahogany, is adaptable to any height and the arm which holds your book untiringly at the proper angle, swings free at a slight touch. When not in use, the Little Squire telescopes and may be put out of sight. Your friend who is ill will appreciate its helpfulness, too, for it relieves the strain of holding a book at that time when every ounce of strength is so important. It is sent express collect for $9.50.

* * *

I met a happy mother the other day. She had discovered a simple yet scientific way to break a child of the thumb-sucking habit. A specialist recommended Bite-X, a pure, transparent liquid which, applied to the tips of fingers or thumbs, forms an unpalatable adhesive coating. Her little son tasted the bitter coating once or twice — and learned his lesson. Mothers, appreciating the disastrous consequences of the habit and dreading to harness children with metal contraptions, will welcome this harmless cure, distributed by the Child Welfare Guild at $1.00 the bottle, postpaid.

* * *

For years men have sworn and fumed as they tried to fit brushes and combs and shaving things into the loops of a complicated toilet case. But now a real man's case has appeared — the Hamley kit, a stout leather box into which everything can be tossed helter-skelter. One of the most famous makers of cowboy saddles has originated the kit, made of the same solid leather which goes into carbines and stirrups, tanned for six months in great vats of oak-bark solution. When new it is natural russet color but mellows with age like a fine meerschaum. There are three sizes: 8⅝″ long, $6.00; 9½″, $7.50; 10½″, $10.00.

* * *

Even a ball of twine enjoys dressing up and, in this case, achieves added usefulness thereby. Its spool, decorated with ribbon rosettes, may be hung by a loop; a pair of embroidery scissors is tied on, always ready for use. You may order blue twine with self-same ribbons, or green with yellow, for $2.90.

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. Stanoyevich

The United States of Europe. By *Edouard Herriot.* New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

After describing the rise of developments which would lead to this great idea, the ex-Premier of France goes on to draw comparisons between the project and enterprises already existing, such as the Little Entente and the United States of America.

India: Land of the Black Pagoda. By *Lowell Thomas.* New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

Fully illustrated as is this book by the popular lecturer and writer, it is the reproduction of the face of the Lady of the Taj which makes it particularly appealing to womenfolk.

A Challenge to Neurasthenia. By *D. M. Armitage.* London: Williams and Norgate, Ltd. 2/6.

A former patient of a certain efficient British physician tells how one can be cured of distressing nervous troubles.

Readings in Psychology. By *Raymond H. Wheeler.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.75.

Interesting to scientist and layman alike, because of its easy style.

The Struggle for Land in Ireland. By *John E. Pomfret.* Princeton: The Princeton University Press. $3.00.

Recounting the difficulties of the peasants to hold land in Ireland during 1800–1923.

Dartmouth Verse. Hanover, N. H.; The Arts.

Compositions of students at Dartmouth in the year 1929–30; one of the most interesting of which is "Grandma" by Courtney Alfred Anderson.

Enfants Terribles. By *Jean Cocteau.* New York: Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

Poet, playwright, novelist and artist, Cocteau is one of the most brilliant of the younger writers in France today.

Forbidden Range. By *James French Dorrance.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

The hero of this western adventure story is a cow-boy scientist.

The Baron's Fancy. By *Gleb Botkin.* New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.00.

The story by a young Russian of a Grand Duchess and much intrigue in New York.

Babe Gordon. By *Mae West.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

A story of a light woman, Harlem life, vice and luxury.

The Murder on the Bus. By *Cecil Freeman Gregg.* New York: The Dial Press. $2.00.

To reassure the reader, we state that the action takes place on a London, not a New York, bus.

Quiet Street. By *Michael Ossorgin.* New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. $2.50.

Translated from the Russian, a novel of the war from the point of view of usual people.

Romantic Czecho-Slovakia. By *Robert Medill McBride.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $5.00.

A splendid book devoted to describing the beauties of the land that was formerly known as Bohemia — a book which is made especially attractive with the sketches by Edward C. Caswell.

Christ In the Gospels. By *Burton Scott Easton.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

This book emphasizes that Jesus taught two distinct doctrines of salvation, one derived from the fatherhood of God, and one from His own messiahship.

An Introduction to American Civilization, Changing Civilizations in the Modern World, and **A History of American Civilization.** By *Harold Rugg.* New York: Ginn and Company. Each $2.00.

A most interesting and comprehensive study course, arranged on the progressive education plan, whereby children of grammar and junior high school age can be introduced to world-wide culture and enlightenment.

Sky Farm. By *Clarice Blake.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

Scene laid in the Berkshires where the author is known to have spent many of her girlhood summers.

The Dance of Youth. By *Hermann Suderman.* New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Love life of a sixteen-year-old Berlin girl.

The Gold Shoe. By *Grace Livingston Hill.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

A snowbound week-end that the heroine — she of the rose-colored dress and gold shoes — never forgot.

The National Flag. By *Willis Fletcher Johnson.* Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

To remind those who become lax in such matters, what is the proper attitude toward the national emblem.

Progress and Plenty. By *W. T. Foster* and *Waddill Catchings.* Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

The two-minute talks in this book have been selected from five hundred daily newspaper essays on timely topics.

The Mind of Christ in Paul. By *Frank Chamberlin Porter.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The book teaches what one should think about God when constrained by the love of Christ, as Paul was — a good volume to bestow as a gift.

Now in its third printing

INVESTMENT
TRUSTS
Gone Wrong!

by JOHN T. FLYNN

"The most important book of its kind since Ripley's 'Main Street and Wall Street'"

"Mr. Flynn, in the present little volume, subjects the practices of these trusts to an excoriating analysis. His book seems to me the most important of its kind since William Z. Ripley's 'Main Street and Wall Street.' The financial hocus-pocus it describes is even more brazen. Mr. Flynn has a gift for the salty epithet, and he lays on with uncompromising vigor. But what gives the book its real force is not its prose style, not even the clarity of its exposition, but the bald facts it has to record."
—*Henry Hazlitt in the Nation*

At your bookstore or $1.00 postpaid

—Use this coupon—

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed ONE DOLLAR BILL please send me, postpaid, INVESTMENT TRUSTS GONE WRONG, by John T. Flynn.

Name.................................. *Street*..............................

City.................................. *State*..............................

N.A.R. 1-1-31

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

This winter of our discontent concludes a year which, it is safe to say, most of us would like to erase from our economic memories. Nineteen thirty has been a year in which the people of the United States have paid off their debts instead of creating them, and however satisfying the process may be according to copy-book maxims, in the economic sense it is undeniably depressing. In 1929 savings were drawn down and part of the purchasing power of 1930 incomes was expended in advance; in 1930 purchasing power has been decreased, and while we have managed to pay off debts contracted in 1929 we have had to save the payments from a diminished 1930 income, and we have not been able, nor desired, to spend in advance much of what we will receive (and here many people will knock wood) in 1931. Thus the instalment finance companies have done well in their collections; fears that they would sustain heavy losses in a period of depression have been proved by the outcome to have been largely unfounded. But it can be fairly maintained, I believe, that the anticipation of wants made possible by these companies was a factor in the overproduction of 1929 and the underproduction of 1930. Of course, instalment buying is cited merely as one example, the most obvious one, of the process of creating and paying off debts. To lay more than a limited share of the responsibility for the economic maladjustments of the past two years upon this device alone would be unjustified. Debt-creating over-extension was even more important in many other fields than in retail buying; in residential building, for example, in plant expansion, and above all in stock buying.

But the history of 1929 and 1930 need not be told again in detail. A new year is here. It is ushered in — and the less minimizing of the fact the better — by a period of distress in which all the charity and business leadership of the country must be mobilized to limit actual suffering. Unless the reality is faced the relief can not be adequate. At the same time I wonder if there is not a tendency to swing too far to the other extreme in popular reaction to the comments that business leaders make upon conditions, and to dismiss as a Pollyanna anyone who attempts to find anything good, or any promise of betterment, in the business situation. To me it seems self-evident that the prospect following a year of debt-paying must be better than that following a year of debt-creating, and those who have the courage to point that out and act upon it deserve the applause, and the leadership, rather than the arch-pessimists. There is apt to be a tendency in times like this to conclude that the defeated are the only realists, and it is often true that the optimist is at a disadvantage because the pessimist is thought to be more conservative.

The New Year

Adhering to the journalistic canon that the thing to talk about at New Year's is the prospect for the New Year, the problem of the moment is to decide where we are in the current business cycle, and from that orientation to forecast as reasonably as possible, necessarily in general terms, where we shall be as 1931 runs its course. That all our problems will be left behind with 1930 is unfortunately not likely, but that great progress has been made toward settling the more serious of these problems is certain. As we look back to the fall of 1929 it becomes clear that the great weaknesses in the business structure at that time were the inflation of credit and the speculative balloon that it had created, and the oversupply of commodities of all sorts, that had been brought into being partly by artificial price-fixing plans. Correction of those weaknesses has now been under way for fourteen to sixteen months. All too obviously it has not been completed in every detail.

There is still a wheat surplus, a cotton surplus, a sugar surplus, a rubber surplus, a copper surplus. But equally obviously great progress has been made. There may be an oversupply of cotton, but there is no longer one of cotton goods; there is too much rubber, but no longer too many tires. On the contrary, there is clear evidence that stocks of both cotton goods and tires have been reduced nearly as much as they can be, and that a larger production of both will be called for in 1931. Whereupon the oversupplies of cotton and crude rubber will begin to fade, since the price of each is low enough to curtail their output.

Other Surpluses

In other lines surpluses have been reduced in 1930 and will be further cut down in 1931. The oversupply of housing will be remedied in part by the halving, or thereabouts, of residential construction in 1930. The excessive stocks of automobiles in dealers' and factories' hands have been cut down by decreased production, and in owners' hands by deferred replacement. So it goes all along the line. Industrial activity, as 1930 drew to a close, was possibly 20 per cent below normal. It is impossible for the ultimate consumption of goods in this country to fall off 20 per cent, for taking us all together we eat, wear, and run our automobiles about as much in one year as another. Our power to consume in times of depression is never reduced as much as the indices of industrial production fall. "The farther away from England the nearer it is to France," and a decline in business that has run for sixteen months is by all precedents drawing near to the end of its life. It is possible to predict with considerable certainty a substantially enlarged production of tires, cotton goods and automobiles to begin in the reasonably near future, and when three of the major industries start to advance others doubtless will fall one by one into line. Whatever uncertainties may cloud the immediate outlook, the trend during 1931 is pretty sure to be upward, and if the recovery is gradual and spotted no one chastened by the experience of 1930 will think of complaining.

Deflation of credit and of the stock market balloon has been under way for about fourteen months. Credit deflation has reduced loans to brokers by two-thirds, leaving them lower than any comparable figures on record. Total loans upon securities, of course, have not been reduced in such proportion, for the banks, which were compelled to take over stock financing when "other" lenders withdrew from the market, at this writing still were carrying larger loans upon stocks and bonds than prior to the market break in the fall of 1929. This has been true all year, and it is a disturbing fact whose significance was fully appreciated in the long and severe break in stock prices which culminated on November 10. However that may be, the fact remains that the total amount of credit employed in carrying securities has been reduced, as nearly as can be calculated, about 38 per cent in the fourteen months. There is no mathematical touchstone by which this reduction can be declared either "sufficient" or "insufficient," but the National City Bank points out that the decline in member bank loans on collateral between November, 1919, and the middle of 1921 was only 19 per cent.

Psychic Phenomena

Deflation has made money so cheap that call loans were figuratively kicked around Wall Street for months at 1 and 1½ per cent. This ease in short term money has been reflected in long term rates in cases where the lender had full confidence in the security of his loan. That is, prices of bonds of the highest grade advanced in response to cheap money, and their yields declined. On the other hand, bonds below first grade, even though doubt as to their security may be the barest shadow, declined with stocks. There can be no more concrete illustration of the importance of that intangible reality, lack of confidence, in the complex of business toward the end of the year. More than anything else it was inhibiting the flow of capital from short term into long term commitments, and it is to the latter of course that we must look for the effect of easy money in stimulating business revival.

As lack of confidence is essentially within the mind, perhaps the most accurate explanation of it is that it is a normal expression of fear intensified by disappointment and nurtured in an atmosphere of depression. But there are specific conditions associated with it, including these:

1. Fear that the era of declining prices will be prolonged and that commitments ahead are therefore unsafe.

2. Fear that Governmental interference with the operation of economic laws is postponing liquidation and setting up artificial conditions in various markets which must eventually break down, with consequent disaster to those who may be caught by them.

3. Fear that political disturbances in foreign countries denote an era of unsettlement in which business and investment security will be seriously disturbed, and of which war is a possible outcome.

Frequently during the past year, and especially during the past two or three months, these articles have discussed the belief in a long-term downward movement of prices, with the purpose neither to support nor to refute it, but to point out that short- and medium-term trends are much more important to business men, and that the slight bias which a long-term commodity price decline gives to bond investments is not sufficient as a reason for excluding stocks from investment programmes. Whatever the price movement of the next thirty years may be, that of the next three years is likely to show some substantial recoveries in the stable commodities, virtually all of which have declined so drastically as compared with business generally. In the typical business cycle the movement of commodity prices coincides roughly with the movement of stock prices and of business activity itself. The facts at present available indicate that all three of these elements of the cycle are bumping along bottom, perhaps not at the absolute nadir but far enough down to justify advice to buy. Each of the three elements is dependent to some extent on the others; genuine strength in one would help support the whole structure. It is noteworthy that the sharp recovery in stock prices following November 10 was touched off by news that producers of copper throughout the world had agreed to curtail their output; the salutary effect upon copper stocks extended into general covering. Rubber and sugar are other commodities that appear to have turned safely upward, and these must be counted among the encouraging signs that the beginnings of the general upward swing will not be long delayed. Most of the forecasting agencies toward the end of the year were recommending confident buying of staple raw materials.

The intervention of Government agencies in the wheat and cotton markets has brought to them an immensely powerful stabilizing influence, and driven out of them other stabilizing forces that in the aggregate might have been almost as powerful. The present utility of supporting these markets is applauded by some and feared by others, who believe that constantly stronger doses of the same medicine will have to be administered, since they hold that curtailment of production will be interfered with. Volumes could be written upon the subject, but it is sufficient for our purpose to note that the short-term effect of these operations is bullish, and that those whose confidence is unsettled by them are perhaps looking unnecessarily far ahead. At present prices the Government is not likely to have to abandon its position as it did last season when the "stabilization level" was materially higher.

The third important cause for lack of confidence is unsettlement abroad, both political and economic. From the date of the German elections, in which the Fascists made great gains, and which were followed so closely by South American revolutions, the market for new foreign bonds in the United States has dwindled until it is down to zero. During the first seven months of this year foreign bond flotations in New York reached a very satisfactory volume, well ahead of 1929. But in August they totaled only $22,000,000; in September only $9,000,000; and in October none were floated. During all of this time money was pressing for an outlet in the short-term markets, at rates from 1 to 3 per cent according to the kind of loan, and in the highest-grade long-term markets such as United States Government bonds. But second-grade domestic bonds yielding double short-term money rates, and foreign bonds yielding triple, went begging, although in all probability interest and principal will be paid as contracted upon 95 per cent of them. Those who might buy foreign bonds fear war and repudiation in in Europe, and bankruptcy and repudiation in South America and elsewhere among the great tropical producers whose raw materials are selling below the cost of production. Tranquillity is additionally disturbed by Russian shipments of raw materials, notably lumber and grain, to an unforeseen extent, as that country denies herself necessities in order to get the foreign exchange with which alone, credits being denied her, she can pay for the machinery and technical equipment so vital to her prosperity. Still another disturbing factor is the attraction of France for gold, which threatens other countries, notably Great Britain and Germany, with credit stringency at times when the assistance of easy money is so desperately needed. Credits by France to other countries would benefit her as well as the rest of the world, and it is to be hoped that a way will soon be found to grant them.

The neurosis which has gripped American investors in their view of foreign affairs will have to run its course. It is exceedingly untimely, for more liberal foreign credits at this time would ease the economic tension abroad, promote our own exports when promotion is sadly needed, and do much to stimulate world production and trade. But little will be gained by railing at a state of mind, and who shall say that the same neurosis does not exist with respect to the obligations of many of our own corporations, and in many cases with respect to their stocks also?

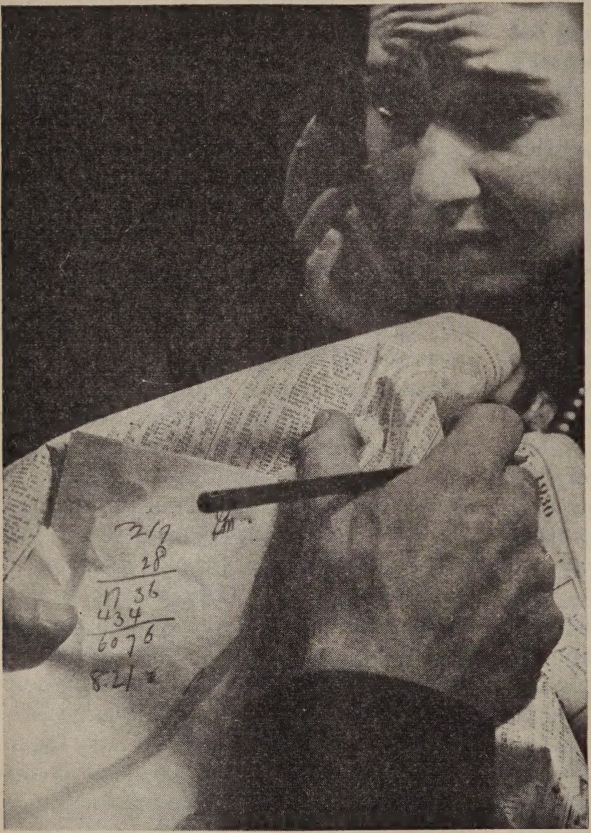
Return of Confidence

One thing can dispel this lack of confidence: better business. It may be manifested by greater industrial activity, or by more active and rising commodity markets; it may be accompanied by advancing stock prices. It will probably be slightly preceded by rising prices of second-grade bonds, following the advances in first grades which already have taken place. The place of bonds in the business cycle is to advance while business is depressed, the first grades leading, the second grades eventually falling into line according to their quality. Bond prices invariably keep on advancing for some time after business has turned upward, until business activity is once more above normal. By all the precedents 1931 will be a good bond year, and unless business activity *exceeds* normal before the end of the year, which at this distance appears improbable ("normal" allows for the annual rate of growth), the advancing trend should continue throughout the twelve months, with of course the inevitable intermediate setbacks.

The place of stock prices in the business cycle is, as previously stated, nearly hand in hand with business activity, with probably only a few weeks separating their respective bottoms. Believing that the bottom of the business recession is at hand or nearly due, the corollary must be that stock market averages likewise are at or nearly at bottom, and at the November lows the prices of many shares were probably about as low as anyone not the seventh son of a seventh son is likely to buy them. Stock buyers have become a canny lot. They have become convinced that instead of a common stock being worth a premium over a bond of the same corporation, as they believed during most of 1929, it must really sell on a higher yield basis, to compensate for the extra risk that the partner in the corporation takes compared with the creditor. So they are looking again for shares that sell at ten times earnings, which ought to mean about 6½ per cent dividend, and they are not swallowing exaggerated earning predictions with the same avidity as during the New Era. Of course there are many exceptions, many stocks which have assured prospects that they will discount, and which may never sell as low as ten times earnings. It is just as foolish to follow a fixed rule in a market depression as in a boom. Stocks must ever be judged on their merits, not on the market, and those who are not willing to make the necessary investigation would probably do better to buy the shares of the fixed trusts, for which they would have to pay a premium as compared with market prices, but would at least obtain a more diversified and fundamentally strong "list" than most investors of moderate means get together for themselves. Better still, if the means permit, would

(*Continued on page XX*)

THESE DAYS . . . MORE THAN EVER



WATCH YOUR HUSBAND

Days of business tension . . . market calculations. Days and nights of nervous strain, unceasing worry. Now, more than ever, watch your husband. Where worry fails, a winter respite wins. Sail away on a colorful, restful cruise by *White Star* or *Red Star Line* . . . with your husband.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES

by *White Star Line* in cooperation with Thos. Cook & Son.

HOMERIC—The *Cruise Supreme* on the *Ship of Splendor*, Jan. 24, 45-57 days, $850 up, 1st Class; $454 Tourist 3rd Cabin. Calling at points of principal interest, including Algiers, Naples, Athens, Istanbul, Holy Land, Egypt, etc.

BRITANNIC—Also the great new motor liner *Britannic*, sailing from New York, January 8, 46 days, $750 up, 1st Class; $420 Tourist 3rd Cabin. All Mediterranean Cruise rates include complete shore program.

WEST INDIES

12 to 19 days—brilliant itineraries, including Port au Prince, Kingston, Colon, Vera Cruz, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda—new motor liner *Britannic* (in co-operation with Thos. Cook & Son) and famous S. S. *Lapland* during February and March. $123.50 up. *The only cruises to visit Mexico.*

Write to Desk M, No. 1 Broadway, New York, for the unusual travel booklet, "Watch Your Husband," telling about these wonder voyages. 30 principal offices in the United States and Canada. Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR LINE • RED STAR LINE

International Mercantile Marine Company

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 231 JANUARY, 1931 NUMBER I

Apéritif

Writ, No Doubt, in Water

WE realize that for most people this is a season of morbid introspection, remorse and other gloomy states of mind that go with making resolutions for the new year, but with us it is worse, worse than ever before.

The truth is, despite our old vow to be constructive, that in this drear wintry light our achievements seem shamefully petty. Worse yet, there is a gnawing, unreasonable doubt in our minds that we have any effectual plans for human welfare. Nothing would please us more than to declare war on some obstacle to progress, start a great and righteous crusade — but what obstacle, what crusade?

It seems to our weary selves that all have been taken over, that everything vulnerable has been attacked and everything worthy advocated; that there remain for us only trivial things, beneath our thunderbolts of wrath or the mighty leverage of our favor. But wait! Might it not, after all, be better to destroy these lesser foes of man than to struggle hopelessly with vast, invincible ones like death, Volsteadism and feminist movements? They are legion: knees in pants, umbrellas, disrespect for ghosts, speech-makers, ticking clocks, backgammon, Graham MacNamee . . . Trifling in themselves, but in the aggregate who knows how joy-destroying?

One we should delight in wiping out is economic slogans. "Buy now," "Pay bills promptly," "Save," say the economists, and the result will be prosperity, a fat goose hung high. The buying is to encourage production and give jobs to the unemployed; the prompt payment to hasten circulation of money, which, in effect, is to increase its quantity; the saving to ensure us an income in old age and prevent our being a burden on society. And the joke that they expect us to do not one of these things at a time, as (with some of us) is possible; nor two, which is fairly unlikely; but all three, which of course is fantastic.

Our intention every time hereafter that we see one of the first two of these slogans is to act on it: sit down and write a check. Then when the bank asks us to cover our overdraft cry: "Oh, no! We have to save, too, you know."

Copyright, 1931, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

Objection

A couple of months ago Sir Herbert Austin, propagator of Tom Thumb automobiles, made a suggestion which escaped our eye at the time. It was to the effect that contemporary taxicabs be replaced by ones built along the lines of old-fashioned hansoms, with the engine at the rear and the driver sitting up behind the passengers. Sir Herbert's idea was that such a vehicle could be handled much more easily in traffic than present ones, and that getting in and out would be greatly simplified for its passengers by the fact that it could drive up perpendicularly to the curb and let them alight forward, as though leaving a house door.

If Sir Herbert had been in some of the taxis we have lately, he might have qualified this simile about leaving a house door. There is more than one way of doing it, and some would discourage us. Furthermore, what about the nerves of these passengers? They have three or four feet of hood and a driver now to cringe behind, and live but a short span. What if they had to ride up face to face with death utterly defenseless? No, Sir Herbert, this world is hard enough.

* * *

Thalia into Whale

Probably it was with the idea of trying out our hand at dramatic criticism that we went with Emma to the theatre, but be that as it may, we did go. Even if the illusion were torn, there is still the solace of looking forward to a Congressional Medal, somewhere around 1942.

Anyhow, being a whale and therefore somewhat Elizabethan herself, Emma insisted on seeing Jane Cowl in *Twelfth Night*. This seemed like good taste and we approved, not remembering the vehement way Elizabethans are said to have expressed their opinion of plays. But it was called to our mind, never fear. A mental picture of a bull in a China shop will give some hint of her quiet moments, and almost any metropolitan hospital will furnish details of those when she was really enjoying herself — as, for instance, when Sir Toby Belch excused his drunkenness on the score of being a politician. There was no denying she liked it. Not even the injured doubted that. And Mr. Macgowan, when he came out between acts to ask for the audience's opinion on his and Miss Cowl's scheme for a repertory, saw it so readily that we feared he would give up on the spot. To be successful, the repertory had to have the same spectators return again and again, and it seemed hardly just with Emma one of them.

Then, under the mistaken impression that its antiquity would have a good effect on her behavior, we went to *Lysistrata*. Needless to say, this was even worse than Shakespeare. The juxtaposition of women and soldiers is never very likely to curry favor with Dr. John Haynes Holmes, but from what we saw it suits Emma better than all aquatic sports put together. It was really disgraceful. Weak with bawdy laughter, she would scream and roll about gleefully, like a Juggernaut. Naturally it ended with our being put out, though without our influence (this is where the medal comes in) Mr. Mulrooney's stalwart bluecoats never would have succeeded. In an age of diminutives Emma is an anachronism of startling proportions.

"Do you know what I think?" she said later. "Those Grecian women looked more like Vassar girls running around in night gowns. And if you come right down to it, talked a lot like them, too."

Dr. Wilson, That's All

One of the very few things for which we have patted ourselves on the back during our three or four months in these columns is an abstention from Prohibition as a topic. But it strikes us now as unfair to withhold certain gems of wisdom, logic and humor that reach us through the medium of Dr. Clarence True Wilson's *Clipsheet*, because it is directed only at editors and these might never else see light of day.

Consequently, we append hereafter quotations, in their pristine state; first, of answers by Dr. Wilson himself to questions put him by *The Cincinnati Post:*

"The question of drinking has nothing to do with Prohibition, any more than it has to do with the tariff . . . A man can be a perfectly conscientious Prohibitionist who is drunk every day."

"We (drys) are never going to surrender. Our spirit could well be copied by the wets."

Then of an acute political logic, evidenced elsewhere in the publication:

" . . . in Ohio the election of Mr. George White, a staunch Dry, as Governor on the same ticket with Mr. Bulkley, new wet Senator from that State, indicates clearly that the majority of Ohioans are still dry."

And finally, of a mellow Latinity good to behold in this day and age: in a quotation of Mr. Arthur Briggs: "*Eheu! Gufaces* —"

A Modest Mystery

Though Thornton Wilder has never published any poetry, he has, like most novelists, written some; and one such effort, we hear, had to do with that grand old subject of poesy, Childe Roland. In fact, *Childe Roland* may have been its title, though it matters very little here. The point is that Mr. Wilder was writing a poem and somebody found out about it. That in itself is something, for Mr. Wilder is not one to talk much about his work: there are few people who have ever heard him do so. For that matter, there are hardly any who even heard of him before publication of *The Cabala;* and it was before publication of *The Cabala* that the present instance took place.

At any rate, the person who found out about Childe Roland was a joker in his way. He saw a chance for some clean fun in his discovery and took it. He made a list of bookshops — of bookshops in Chicago, bookshops in Los Angeles, in Kansas City and Oswego. He made quite a list of bookshops everywhere, and then sat himself down and ordered a copy of *Childe Roland* by Thornton Wilder (A. and C. Boni) from each of them. A few weeks later, in the Boni offices, there was genteel confusion.

You can picture it. Mr. A. Boni looks at Mr. C. Boni. "Say," begins Mr. A. Boni, "are we bringing out a *Childe Roland* now?"

"Search me," retorts Mr. C. Boni, glancing over Mr. A. Boni's shoulder at the sixtieth order. "Maybe."

"I thought the Wilder item was to be a novel," says Mr. A. Boni, a trifle uncertain still, but willing to be pleasant about it.

At this point the mail man enters and deposits a dozen more orders from as many cardinal literary points on Mr. C. Boni's desk. "Well . . ." says Mr. C. Boni, after a moment's pregnant silence.

More silence.

Then suddenly Mr. A. Boni leaps from his chair, grabs Mr. C. Boni around the waist, and goes dancing about the office with him. "I have it!" he cries. "I have it! We'll ask the author!"

So they did ask the author; and right here our story ends. For only the Messrs. Boni and Wilder can tell what happened then, and they, so far as we know, never have.

* * *

Time vs. Senator

"I HAVE a story for you," said Emma, and we sat down.

"Senator Jones who wrote that famous 'five-and-ten' law, is one of the worst golf fiends in Congress. He and Representative Oliver of Alabama appear on the first tee winter and summer at five o'clock in the morning — sometimes have to wait around till dawn for light enough to drive off. Naturally, this means that the Senator is in bed long before any one else in Washington — before some of his colleagues have their first cocktail.

"Well, one evening he went to bed early as usual, smacking his lips at the thought of the morning's game, fell asleep, and at the first buzz of his alarm bounced up out of bed. Hastily pulling on golf togs, he hurried out to the corner and looked up and down for a trolley. None was in sight. Neither were any of the milk wagons so familiar to his early morning jaunts. Only darkness, flickering street lights and a car full of carousers, who jeered at the knicker-clad Senator under his arc light.

"Minutes passed. Slowly into his heart crept suspicion. Then a clock struck in a nearby church and he listened eagerly. But there was nothing more: the one stroke and then silence.

"Sadly he turned his face toward home, hugging the dark places, hiding as well as he could his golf sticks. Four hours more of sleep. Then back on the corner at five."

W. A. D.

The Cigarette in Europe's Powder House

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Are We on the Brink of Another Catastrophe?

One noon last September, while the League of Nations' Assembly sat in session, the Geneva correspondent of a German newspaper was called on the telephone from Berlin. The connection was poor, but there came through to him a phrase sufficient to knock the receiver from his suddenly palsied hand.

"My God!" he gasped to his neighbors in the press-room. "I've just received terrible news: a Belgrade student has assassinated the Italian Ambassador to Yugoslavia!"

Within fifteen minutes, that "news" had whispered its way all over the Assembly's floor. To be sure, it proved false some hours later; the Berlin friend had been trying merely to tell of a film-play he had sold — a play the plot of which hinged on such an assassination. But the incident's significant feature was this: nearly everybody accepted the rumor without investigation — nearly everybody in a vast hall filled by generally incredulous journalists and usually cautious politicians.

There is no better place to feel Europe's pulse than Geneva during an Assembly session. This pulse has rarely fluttered more alarmingly than during the session of last autumn. Its palpitation inhibited the League. Although one of the longest drawn-out of Assemblies, that of 1930 either postponed or passed over practically every important item on its bulky agenda.

"The most stifling fog of pessimism I have ever breathed," said delegate Dr. Stephen Osusky, who is also Czechoslovak Minister to Paris.

He expressed a general opinion. After twenty-five days, the delegates adjourned until next September. Perhaps, to paraphrase,

> Nothing accomplished, nothing done,
> Has earned a year's repose.

But will the wage be paid? Many political experts think not; many diplomats fear not. They point to: (1) The increasing demands for revision of the treaties that ended the World War and reconsideration of the war-debts; (2) Mussolini's bellicose orations and the sequential removal from power of the moderatists in his party; (3) The correlative results of Germany's autumnal elections; (4) The consequent delay of progress toward disarmament.

Consider these matters more or less in their chronological order:

Except Woodrow Wilson, the *hysteron-proteron* among post-war treaty-makers, nobody dreamed that there would lack ultimate manœuvres toward the treaties' overhauling, and, when the defeated nations had recovered breath, manœuvres were indeed begun in due and ancient form. One event, however, surpassed all vision of the astutest seers: the astonishing endorsement those demands received from a certain nation among the war's too many victors.

Italy had gained wide territory through the treaties, yet had missed what she considered her share of the mandate melon. During the negotiations for the Versailles document, several backward lands were parcelled out to war-winners to be held as "a sacred trust of civilization." Unfortunately, at the time this division occurred, Italy was absent, her delegates having taken their dolls home because of a quarrel over Fiume. Consequently, she was overlooked.

Then arose the extraordinary phenomenon of Benito Mussolini, giving his country not only power but also the pride that goes therewith. She wanted a mandate; she wanted certain concessions from France in Northern Africa; she wanted a big navy. No matter if she didn't have the money to carry on these encumbrances: she wanted them.

Last winter, at the London Naval Conference, Italy demanded naval parity with France. France replied that this was impossible, since such parity would necessitate so much French tonnage in the Mediterranean — where the Italian navy virtually lives — as to leave France in an inferior position *vis-à-vis* those other waters which France has to patrol or protect. Thereupon France and Italy departed from the conference, leaving the United States, Great Britain and Japan to hold the bag.

The next move was obviously Italy's, and Mussolini made it. He delivered his series of Kaiseresque speeches about machine guns being better than peace talk — and then launched a bold bid for alliance with Germany, a practical resumption of Bismarck's Triple Alliance. He announced his conviction that the post-war treaties ought to be revised. Certainly, if treaty revision came, he would not want it to touch an inch of the soil which his own country had acquired; certainly, nevertheless, he did, for excellent nationalistic reasons, want to worry France.

It was in this troubled atmosphere that the September Assembly of the League of Nations met. Two potentially momentous negotiations nevertheless proceeded — albeit somewhat hesitatingly — at Geneva. The one was outside, but beside, the League; the other shrank, perhaps, too far within it.

As to the former: accredited representatives of France after all were talking with accredited representatives of Italy about the possibility of some sort of mutual reductions in their nations' navies, whereby they might both become thoroughgoing parties to the London Naval Agreement, like the United States, Great Britain and Japan.

As to the latter set of negotiations: through certain committee-convolutions, the League Assembly was scheduled diffidently to approach its tenth annual endeavor for summoning a world conference on disarmament — or armament reduction — or the limitation of armaments to their present elevation, anyhow.

The League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission, created as long ago as 1925 to formulate such a conference, had adjourned in the spring of 1929, until the five great Naval Powers could approach an understanding; but now the London Conference had brought this about as among at least three of these powers. If the pending Franco-Italian conversations got anywhere, the P.D.C.'s adjournment ought to end.

Why shouldn't the League Assembly resolve that the P.D.C. meet in November, 1930, and call that world conference for sometime early in 1931? Well, because, before any resolution could be passed, things began to happen in Italy and Germany.

Italy: Dino Grandi, Mussolini's Minister of Foreign Affairs, had come to Geneva, where the official *Liste des Délégués et Membres des Délégations* described him as head of the Italian delegation to the Assembly. After a mysterious communication with Rome, he left Switzerland for Italy in a swift and nocturnal automobile, ere yet that Assembly was in slow motion.

Italy's Geneva representatives remained headless save for Professor Vittoria Scialoja, an able lawyer, but so out of touch with the Duce that his very presence on the delegation was interpreted as an expression of Mussolini's disregard for the League. In like manner, his country's naval negotiators found themselves unable to secure their accustomed daily instructions from Rome: they were told to wait.

On leaden feet, the big news followed. Fascism is the Italian Government. The Fascist Party is Fascism. Of course under Mussolini, the director of Fascism is the Secretary-General of the Fascist Party. This post had lately come into the haphazard keeping of Augusto Turati, who proved himself decidedly a moderatist — as Fascists go. Now he "resigned." More: his place Mussolini gave to Giovanni Battista Giuriati, not so ruthless as the Farinacci extremists, but one of the party's strongest "Strong Men."

Germany: With such events possible in the Italian sphere, the spread of Hitlerism became inevitable in the Reich. Financially and industrially, the Germans were desperately pressed; unemployment had increased to an alarming degree, and all economic ills were attributed to the post-war treaties. Those autumnal German elections demonstrated on the one hand a perilous growth of super-Nationalism, of Communism on the other.

Communism's punatory programme is already fatally familiar; that of the German Fascists under Adolf Hitler soon will be. Immediately important is its inclusion of chloral for the treaties, for the Young Plan hydrocyanic acid. Said Hitler:

> We refuse to recognize as of permanent duration the treaties concluded over the German people's heads. . . . We will try to abrogate or revise them by diplomatic negotiations, and, if these do not succeed, we will ignore or circumvent them — by legal means, if possible; if impossible, by means illegal. . . .
>
> If our movement wins, we shall set up a people's tribunal before which the criminals of 1918 (the German politicians responsible for the treaties) will expiate their crimes. I sincerely prophesy that then you'll see heads rolling in the sand!

Thus both German Communism and German Fascism threaten revolution, and, in existing Germany, revolution threatens war. Moreover, death for the Young Plan should carry destruction for the entire reparations organism, never precisely robust. The German compromise Government got its majority in the Reichstag, but an insecure majority and one decidedly not unfavorable to treaty revision and reparations readjustment. Action and reaction being opposite and equal in the realm of politics as well as in that of physics, French Nationalism logically leaped high.

At Geneva, the Franco-Italian naval conversations became inaudible — ceased altogether. The Italians have since said that the Quai d'Orsay put its foot down; the French have responded that the Italians made impossible demands.

Nor could disarmament be expected to fare much better. Supported by Italy, Count Bernstorff, for Germany, insisted that the Preparatory Disarmament Commission be instructed to fix a definite date, early in 1931, for the world disarmament conference. He received his answer when Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Affairs Minister, mounted the Assembly's tribune.

M. Briand's star was by no means at the zenith at home. He had removed the French troops from German soil and was blamed for the subsequent Hitlerism. He wanted to become President of France, but so did Nationalistic ex-President Raymond Poincaré, and Briand's nominal chief, Premier André Tardieu, was holding confidential meetings with Poincaré. Coincidently, Briand had only denied in general terms the text of an astounding interview which he was alleged to have given the representatives of a half-dozen women's international peace organizations: it credited him with hinting a willingness to postpone German reparations payments!

The time had come for him to lean backward: he leaned so far that he nearly fell. Shaking an admonitory forefinger at Dr. Julius Curtius, Germany's Foreign Affairs Minister, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs cited the Reich elections and said:

> All is not perfect in Europe. There are elements of inquietude! . . . Only the other day, I was uttering here words of conciliation and collaboration — but what was the reply thereto? From the (German) ballot-box arose cries of hate and death!
>
> Am I to shut my ears to those cries? Should I not heed such phenomena, when those politicians directly affected (the existing German Government) were themselves obliged to confess the trouble and take precautions? Should not those nations who may be menaced in the future (France and her allies) call the attention of those who

have nothing to fear as to what is really happening?

In a word, he announced that France, thus threatened, will not consider any further arms retrenchments until she shall have been given specific pacts guaranteeing her security: pacts now non-existent and with small promise of coming into being.

That was the frankest speech ever delivered before a League of Nations Assembly; it was therefore the most effective. The German proposal collapsed. The Preparatory Disarmament Commission was summoned to meet in November, but it was not instructed to call the world conference.

"Our general economic situation," Mussolini admitted in October, "has grown worse during the past year." There are signs in the southern heavens indicative of the Duce's inability to control, should he want to, the imperialism of that Frankenstein's monster which — partly for good, partly for ill — he has constructed. Yugoslavs, alleged fomenters of revolt, are butchered at Trieste, while a powerful Yugoslav army and navy — excellent men with excellent material, France's friends — look angrily on, across the narrow Adriatic.

DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT, Germany's foremost financier, former president of the Reichsbank, urges amelioration of the Young Plan. All his country cries out for treaty revision, with Mussolini playing an accompaniment — talks of denouncing the Versailles Treaty if the war-victorious nations do not disarm in compliance with the Teutonic interpretation of its spirit. Communism grows from the North Sea to Germany's southernmost border — and beyond; Hitlerism grows even faster — and, according to M. Briand, there will be 4,000,000 persons out of work in the Reich before the present winter has ended.

President Hoover reluctantly but publicly admits it: "Nearly half the globe is in a state of great unrest." The bankers of Switzerland tell friends how Swiss banks' coffers are swelling with more and more money sent for deposit in that still neutral confederacy by large numbers of the remaining rich individuals of Italy, Germany and France.

"The most stifling fog of pessimism I have ever breathed," said that Czechoslovak diplomat.

Is it any wonder?

"Nobody," say the optimists, "has the money to make war."

Another diplomatist replied: "I seem to have heard the same thing said in the summer of 1914."

"But nobody has the men to make war."

"Nobody will need many men for use in the chemical air-warfare of to-morrow."

For what it is worth, my own belief is that we shall reach next spring with only a revolution or two in Europe, but that care will be necessary. Undoubtedly there is a super-abundance of both spiritual and material powder lying loose around the continent, and an abnormal number of cigarettes being smoked in its neighborhood. What hope exists is enshrined in the fact that the smokers realize this condition and are correspondingly careful of their red ashes.

Raskob

By Robert Cruise McManus

While Others Talk, He Pays the Bills

UNDER the microscope the Democratic landslide which political writers hastened to proclaim in the early editions last Election night appears not quite so mighty a movement as we had been led to suppose. Control of the House of Representatives, it seems, rests upon the melancholy contingency as to whether the mortality rate can be induced to go Democratic or Republican before next December's session, while the Senate is very likely to go on as at present, with the Republicans organizing the committees and the Democratic-Progressive coalition running things whenever and however it sees fit — that is, if the Democrats don't grow too cautious in their anxiety to convince the country that they are "fundamentally sound." The net gain of fifty-two Representatives was twenty-three less than that amassed by the minority party as recently as 1922, while the overturn of seven Republican Senators is made less impressive if we recall that two of these were Insurgents as hostile to the present Administration as any member of the formally constituted Opposition. There was, it is true, a substantial increase in the number of Democratic Governors throughout the States, but even New York, which gave Franklin Roosevelt the astounding plurality of three-quarters of a million, saddled the Executive once more with a Republican Legislature and returned every one of its Republican Congressmen to Washington.

THE true significance of the election lies a bit deeper. It lies in the fact that the minority made any kind of showing at all, after those doleful predictions which were still being made less than two years ago, that the Democracy was licked for keeps and the time had come to start looking under the bed or somewhere for a third party. It lies in the fact that victory came in those wet and populous centres where the new Democratic leadership sought to establish itself in 1928. It lies in the fact that John J. Raskob, the political greenhorn, the Catholic Wet whose selection as National Democratic Chairman by Governor Smith was looked on once as such a grievous blunder, remains unshakably in command as the agent of this new leadership, with the ranks of his cohorts growing daily more numerous behind him. This is a nice quiet job that he has done, this man who was so recently being hooted at by the press for his political ineptitude and then virtually ignored because of the mistaken belief that he had given up and handed over the reins to his subordinates, and not the least of its features is the skill with which he hoodwinked the reporters by staying out of sight and giving the bitterness, aroused in some quarters by his activities, time to die down. Some of the journalists are not aware of his presence yet.

I HAPPENED to be among those newspapermen whose duty it was to confer almost daily with the chairman during the campaign of 1928, and I can testify at first hand to the general misconception of Mr. Raskob's character which has prevailed from that time up to this very moment.

Fresh from Wall Street, "Johnny," as they refer to him in the financial district, was one of the outstanding heroes of the bull market, the man who had made eighty millionaires in the General Motors Company in five years, who had moved the whole list of securities to a new base by his dictum that a blue chip stock should sell at fifteen times its corporation's earnings instead of the old-fashioned ten. In those days of the New Era his name stood in gold letters ten feet high in every one's mind, and as I look back now it seems to me that we had vaguely prepared ourselves to meet some kind of Titan.

Our Titan turned out to be a timid little fellow with a high forehead and wide visionary eyes, who spoke in so low a tone as to be scarcely audible. Surrounded by the picturesque and self-appreciative individuals who brighten the atmosphere of a political headquarters during a national encounter, it was difficult to see him at all. There was even a story that one of these individuals mistook him for a workman as Mr. Raskob passed through the halls one day in his shirt-sleeves. So we forgot the Wall Street myth and permitted ourselves to grow fond of him only in a rather patronizing way, and when he trustingly reported to us day after day that there was very good news from Pennsylvania (which later went for Hoover by a million votes) we began to wink and kick one another under the table.

MR. RASKOB had never even voted in a primary up to that time, had cast his ballot for Coolidge in 1924, and was listed in *Who's Who* as a Republican. The only affiliation that he had with the Democracy was his loyal friendship for Al Smith, and when the Governor selected him as chairman the move was interpreted as an indication of Smith's endeavor to head off the opposition's prosperity propaganda and reassure big business that the last vestige of Bryanism had disappeared from the economics of the Democratic Party. But the man from General Motors, who has never resigned from the vice-presidency of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment though it promotes the candidacy of any Wet, Republican or Democrat, seemed to consider that he had an additional mission. Thrusting aside the traditional rôle of the chairman, who is supposed to reconcile rather than exaggerate intra-party differences, he lined up uncompromisingly beside his wet chieftain and snatched at every opportunity to take a fling at the cause of Prohibition.

"The Republican Party," he said once, when denying a statement that there was a difference between Republican and Democratic tariff planks, "is reduced to one issue. It has become the party of the Drys."

Democrats like Governor Dan Moody of Texas (which went for Hoover eventually) began to holler. Prohibitionists of the stripe of Bishop Cannon linked the names of Smith and Raskob in phrases of hatred, and all over the South the old time Bryanites, who saw their party being wrested away from them by this rough-voiced, hard-hitting New Yorker and his henchman, rose in opposition. The result we all know, for on Election Day the Smith ticket thundered to defeat and the Solid South cracked wide open.

At this distance we can survey that "disaster" in its proper perspective. In the face of the dryness of Democracy's Southern wing, and despite the political inertia and aversion to change of a country enjoying the greatest prosperity the world had ever known, Governor Smith had almost doubled the popular vote given to John W. Davis in 1924, halved Davis's percentage of defeat, and come within a few thousand of winning more ballots than any *victorious* candidate save the one who beat him. In the populous industrial States, whose electoral votes weigh so heavily in the total, his gains ranged from a 900,000 reduction in the 1924 Republican majority in New York to victory in Massachusetts. He had given the party the first real leadership it had had in nearly ten years, and had labored monstrously during the few weeks of the campaign to stamp it with a recognizable programme. In this situation those in control had the choice of handing the Democracy back to the long-haired, black-hatted statesmen from Dixie who in their most solid condition can produce an electoral vote only about the size of that in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois combined, or of hanging on and seeking to add to the gains already made. They hung on, and the man who hung on tightest was Johnny Raskob, the timid little fellow whom we newspapermen, in the profundity of our wisdom, had pitied so.

But all this was not apparent in the early days of 1929, as the Republicans gathered triumphantly to celebrate the inauguration of Mr. Hoover, and on every lip the word was heard that "Raskob is going to resign." He didn't, though. Stung by the crushing defeat of Governor Smith, the little financier, who had never been associated with a failure, saw it only as a challenge to victory in the future. So he set out to rebuild, and the first thing that came to his mind for the accomplishment of this purpose was the establishment of a central Washington headquarters where the party organization could function day after day instead of only four months every four years. Such a suggestion had been made many times before, but John J. Raskob, the ex-Republican, was the first one to find money enough to put it into practice.

In those dark days his ability to fill the war chest was almost his only source of strength. During the campaign he had collected, contributed personally and spent more money than the poverty-stricken Democrats had ever seen before, and after it was over even the most idealistic of the practical politicians realized that Raskob was the one man to attack the $800,000 deficit left on the books.

So THE invitations went out to a dinner installing Jouett Shouse, the universally popular Missourian, as boss of the newly installed headquarters. They were received with little enthusiasm. Even some of those wholly in sympathy with the headquarters idea thought that the party should be allowed to lick its scars in the dark a while longer before it was hauled out to be mauled by the press all over again. Southerners saw in the move a reassertion of the chairman's authority, and lined up with the ill-mannered Senator Blease of South Carolina, who snarled out: "This is no time to parade Raskob." But when the newspapers began playing up the story that the Dixie statesmen were planning to boycott the dinner and the Republicans, fresh from the inauguration, laughed openly at the hopelessly divided enemy, there was a sudden change of sentiment and a rush to attend. At the dinner Mr. Raskob took occasion to deny his intention of resigning, left Mr. Shouse in the limelight, and slipped away into obscurity, where he has remained, whittling away at the debt and letting people believe that his job had been delegated to another.

From that day onward the attention of the press was turned toward Shouse and his assistant, Charles F. Michelson, while the little financier up in New York was dismissed with an amused paragraph. Shouse, said the dispatches, was restoring harmony, getting the "Hoovercrats" back into the party, assuring the nation that Governor Smith would not run again "because he realizes he can never be elected." Michelson, the most lusty and effective newspaperman ever lured into the publicity game for $25,000 per annum, was even made the hero of a magazine article for the skill with which he repeatedly torpedoed the Republican dreadnought. But nobody ever discerned the hand of Raskob. He was just "the fellow who puts up the dough," in spite of a trail of events which seemed to lead inevitably to the chairman's door.

In Virginia, Bishop Cannon, seeking to continue his control against the assaults of the Democratic regulars led by Glass, Swanson and Byrd, raised the cry of "Raskobism" in the Gubernatorial campaign and put a coalition candidate into the field. He was badly whipped and the State returned to the leadership of those who had stood by the Smith-Raskob combination in 1928. In South Carolina, Cole Blease, who had been sent to Washington time after time, was defeated for renomination. In Alabama, Heflin, the strident and bigoted foe of everyone remotely connected with Governor Smith, was forced out of the party and defeated when he ran as an independent. And in North Carolina, Furnifold Simmons, a former national committeeman and one of the most powerful Democrats in the Senate even after his desertion of the Smith ticket in 1928, was chopped down in the primaries on a clean-cut issue of party loyalty.

If all this is evidence that Mr. Raskob has been sitting meekly by in New York while Harmonizer Shouse slapped backs indiscriminately in Washington, then a December blizzard is indicative of approaching spring.

Meanwhile, as the party was being consolidated from within, external circumstances were conspiring to strengthen it from without.

THE stock market collapsed and the Republican prosperity myth, in which so many voters had believed, was torn to ribbons. The Farm Board made its ill-starred attempt to stop the falling price of wheat, and the eight-year wrangle between the farmers and the Government grew more acute, spurred by the notion that agriculture did not get what was promised it in the tariff bill.

The anti-Prohibition trend, a rebound from the Smith reversal, began to roll forward with amazing speed as *The Literary Digest* poll, the unpopularity of the Wickersham Commission, the Senatorial candidacy of Dwight Morrow and a dozen other portents fired vote-counting statesmen from one end of the country to the other with a desire to demonstrate their liquid tendencies. In the midst of all this the Republicans were dividing among themselves in the manner formerly supposed to be traditionally Democratic, and Claudius Huston, since deposed as national chairman, was coolly refusing to leave his post in spite of revelations which put him in an extremely bad light before the entire country.

At last Election Day came. The wet Democracy, led by a Senatorial candidate, James Hamilton Lewis, buried normally Republican Illinois under an avalanche. It sent Robert Bulkley to the Senate from Ohio, home of Republican Presidents and birthplace of the Anti-Saloon League. It made a Senator out of Marcus Coolidge in Massachusetts, and re-elected Franklin D. Roosevelt Governor of New York by 750,000 votes, twice the plurality rolled up by Governor Smith in 1922 when he set a Democratic record!

New York, Illinois, Ohio and Massachusetts, whose electoral votes total so much, went Democratic behind men opposed to the cause of Prohibition. The walls against which the New Yorker had stormed at Madison Square Garden in 1924 were at last falling. The strongest men were winning the fight and the chances of the party being the out-and-out champion of the anti-Prohibitionists in 1932 seemed good enough to put anybody's money on.

At this point one of the newshawks had an inspiration. Surveying the revival of the once-crushed minority, he referred with fulsome praise to the work of an individual described as "canny, soft-spoken little Raskob."

Just two years before the man who wrote that phrase would have been laughed out of Washington.

NOW it is not by any means my contention that the chairman of the Democratic Party has reached a position of authority similar to that occupied by the colonel of a pre-war

Prussian regiment. It must be remembered that most of the leading Democrats in Congress are still Southerners, and if the Administration's opponents succeed in organizing either or both Houses next winter we shall find control of many of the important committees in the hands of gentlemen from Dixie. Even since the triumph in November there have been acid protests from Senator Glass and others of almost equal importance against the "apology" for victory the party leaders gave when they disavowed obstructionist tendencies and promised to "coöperate" with the Republicans for the general good. (This, by the way, looks like a bad tactical move, for if the coöperation becomes a fact the Republicans will be able to claim more credit for the return of prosperity, while a failure to coöperate will lay the Opposition open to charges of broken faith.) There might still be the seeds of a major political upheaval in this sectional disaffection, especially if the Republicans go dry in 1932.

WHAT is insisted upon, however, is that during Raskob's chairmanship the once battered and incoherent Democracy is moving faster and faster toward the assumption of that positive character which Americans complain their political organizations too seldom possess. Under Raskob such gains have been made that if the Democrats do lose four or five Southern States again they are likely to get Republican territory like New York, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut instead. This is what Smith and Raskob fought for in 1928, and to assume that the fight has continued successfully after being abandoned by its instigators is absurd.

But even in the face of all this external evidence it is difficult, without betraying a confidence, to put one's finger on Mr. Raskob. Like the fellow who made the tackle, he is always at the bottom of the pile, out of sight of the grand stand. There is an amazing lack of good stories about him.

WE CAN, however, say this, that the original journalistic impression of his character was wholly wrong. Men who have done business with him behind closed doors, where there are no flashlights popping, say that he is stubborn to the point of immovability, that he is impatient of criticism, that he never forgets an injury and that he is always the boss of anything he undertakes. Though he may delegate the details to a subordinate, he always keeps an eye on the machinery and insists upon results. Under promise that his identity be concealed, a veteran politician was finally induced to confess the following:

"During the past two years Raskob has either put his okay on every major move that Jouett Shouse has made, or else suggested it himself in the first place."

So, by his works we are learning to know him. The obscurity which he slipped into two years ago for the sake of "harmony" is gradually dissolving, but he can better afford to show himself now, for he is piloting a winner.

Pinchot's Programme

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

The first and only post Election statement made by the winning candidate in Pennsylvania's gubernatorial race

"Well, hello, Clyde! I've just tied up George, hard and fast, under bond, and if I can get you, we'll be all set."

A long-legged man in a light suit with a knit tie, a white mustache and complexion and eyes that belied the whiteness, had stepped out into the hotel corridor to meet us.

"Get me for what?" my companion asked.

Gifford Pinchot, the long-legged man, reached forward. He took the speaker by the coat lapels, lifted him to tiptoe, set him down again and then seized him by the arm.

"We're going to get in an automobile," he explained, "sometime next Wednesday, and we're just going South, without any plan, and enjoy ourselves."

About this time someone introduced me. My face must have registered astonishment.

I had never met Gifford Pinchot, and publicity about and against him had previsioned a sort of cross between the Ancient Mariner and Don Quixote. This man's eye was possessed of a fixation power, as I was to learn in the next forty minutes, but there was nothing reminiscent, nothing old-mannish about it. At sixty-five years of age, entitled to reaction and fatigue after winning the bitterest political fight in the history of a bitterly political State, he had the aspect of a schoolboy about to set out for a lark. There is nothing forced about this impression of youth. It is a composite of poise and eagerness, and is genuine. Zest is the keynote of the man.

The Ancient Mariner simile died right there. The Don Quixote followed it shortly. Pinchot does not talk about ideals. He takes his own, and the hearer's, for granted, and discusses only how to cause the needed good thing to happen.

We passed on into the room.

I could not help thinking about the odds this candidate had overcome. The Vare machine in Philadelphia had so hated him that a normal Republican majority of 300,000 in that city had been reversed to a Democratic majority of 225,000. Scores of wealthy men, rightly or wrongly, had considered him a menace to business and, breaking through party lines, wet and dry lines, old associations and ties, had formed State and county committees to warn everybody with a dollar not to vote for this crusading millionaire who talked utility regulation, old age pensions, miners' rights and other heresies. In addition to the gang politicians and the aroused rich, the rising tide of Wet sentiment had been counted on as the final avalanche that would sweep Pinchot, a militant Dry, into oblivion. All he had had to fight were Republicans, Democrats, the moneyed and the thirsty.

I asked what seemed to him the real significance of the election result.

"THE new freedom of the electorate," he answered. "Or, to use a phrase that I used in the campaign, the triumph of the uncontrolled vote over the controlled — indeed, the coerced — vote.

"In 1912 gang rule in politics was so powerful in the nation that even Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest leader we have had in my lifetime, could not, with all his popularity, persuade a majority to vote other than as they were told. The result in Pennsylvania this time has been a complete vindication of the passionate conviction Mr. Roosevelt held, the conviction that gang rule at the polls could some day be broken. A start had to be made, nationally, and he made it.

"You may have noticed that in New Jersey and in New York, two States similar in many of their political aspects, the results from party standpoints were diametrically opposite. There is an increasing percentage in our voting population who base their election day decisions on men and issues and who will not accept tags, nor be corralled nor herded. The task in hand is to free the remainder of the electorate from the complete coercion that exists in some places, including Philadelphia."

"Just what do you mean by a coerced vote?" I asked.

"I MEAN exactly what I say," he said. "If you own the magistrates in a town and the police in a town to the extent where you can have a man's son arrested, framed and convicted if the father does not vote right, that is coercion. If you can, and do, make a man's job, his credit, his peace with his landlord and his social standing with his neighbors all utterly dependent upon how he votes, and if you then tell him how to vote, that is coercion.

"More than one man who voted for me in Philadelphia (and these same men had listened faithfully all their lives to talk of party regularity, until such time as it pleased their bosses to throw party regularity out the window) has come to me and said, 'If you had not been elected Governor, I would have been run out of my home and had to leave the city.' That is what I mean by coercion."

I was about to ask him how he intended to stop this, but he suddenly smiled, a wide straight smile under the white mustache.

"You must make a distinction," he said, "between what I think of Philadelphia gang politicians and what I think of the good people of Philadelphia, including a great many who did not — and literally could not — vote for me.

"I am going straight ahead with the programme that I promised for Philadelphia. It includes pure water; State action toward the relief of unemployment and in all labor crises including strikes; the right to consolidate the city and county government in the interests of economy and efficiency; the equalization of real estate assessments; the development of the port of Philadelphia; additional high speed transit; the abolition of fees and commissions for county officers and the institution of fair salaries instead; the end of the mandamus evil, and the reduction of the eight cent trolley fare."

I ASKED what the two items on his State-wide programme were which he considered of the highest value.

"The honest control of public utilities," he said, "and provision for fair elections."

"I notice you put the utility topic first," I commented. "I shall ask you in a minute why you place this above everything else. In the meantime, something specific as to method. You propose to displace the present Public Service Commission appointed by the Governor and to substitute for it a Fair Rate Board elected directly by the people. What guaranty do you have, what is the theory of protection, that will assure any sort of stability for this board? How do you propose to prevent this Fair Rate creation of yours from becoming pure demagoguery? What will keep the men on the board from voting entirely with the next election in view — that is, what is to keep them from reducing rates as a political gesture to a point which may help them personally but will eventually mean a crippling of service and destruction of efficiency in this vital necessity of the people? Why should elected rate fixers be expected to understand and consider economic inescapabilities?"

"I COULD dodge that question," he replied, "by a very simple answer. We elect judges in Pennsylvania. If we can trust our people to elect a judiciary, why can we not trust them to choose men competent to strike a fair balance between the necessities of public utilities as investments and the right of the people to adequate service at fair rates?

"However, I shall not dodge the question. Nothing could be any worse than the situation as it is. As things are now, everything is against the people. The present method is simple. It is to secure the appointment on the Public Service Commission of men who will help the utilities to do whatever they please. The result is that the utilities regulate the Commission instead of being regulated by it. Gang politics, backed by big money and financed 'legally' by the award of cost-plus contracts, has just taken a severe blow in Pennsylvania, but it is not dead.

"What we can fairly hope for under a system of direct election of a Fair Rate Board, displacing the present Public Service Commission, is that a majority of the members of the board will have some interest in the rights of the people. Don't waste any tears on the poor utility corporations. They will look after themselves, and if they don't, the courts will.

"Let us not forget that public

utilities derive their so-called rights entirely through grant from the people. The privilege of supplying the inhabitants of a community with basic necessities is not a God-given right or acquirable in any way except through the people's permission."

I asked for the facts on which he based his precedence of the utility question above other matters of public issue.

"I CAN tell you very simply," Pinchot said. "The public utilities are usually not satisfied with the enormous advantages given to them in return for their own agreement to furnish good service at moderate rates. They are not satisfied with the political skullduggery by which they completely control those rates and which amounts to taking everything they can get from the public and giving the public as little as they can in return.

"Some go farther. They collect the excessive rates accorded them by their controlled Public Service Commissions on vast sums of money that never were put into the business at all. For example, a company in New York would buy for $250,000 an electric plant in Pennsylvania which was worth, let us say, $100,000, but the minutes of the purchasing company would show falsely that the plant purchased was worth $500,000. Thereupon the New York concern would issue half a million dollars of additional stock and would proceed to charge rates which would return seven to eight per cent on $400,000 of pure water.

"The public utilities of America are collecting today from the people of this country something over $300,000,000 a year in excess charges above and beyond a reasonable return on the money actually invested. This yearly loot amounts to the interest on honest investment of nearly $4,000,000,000 fixed at seven per cent.

"I am not opposed to public utilities. They are absolutely necessary. I recognize that there are public utilities which give the public a square deal. With such I have no desire whatever to interfere. But a square deal from the utilities to the public is what I am asking for, and where that obtains I am more than satisfied."

I suggested that it had been said that business in general would suffer through his election.

"THAT is pure fiction," said the Governor. "The proof of its falsehood lies in my previous administration. No legitimate business suffered then, and no legitimate business is going to suffer in my approaching administration.

"The investments of myself and my family are not small. They cover every type of American business except natural resources. I put none of my money in water power, in coal, in forests. Conservation is my specialty and I do not wish to share in any profits derived from natural resources lest my interest be misunderstood.

"I am no fighter of business, except where business thrusts itself corruptly into politics. The cost-plus system of awarding contracts in Pennsylvania finances the leaders of the Vare gang and makes it profitable for them to coerce the voters.

Thus the corporations are left untrammeled to loot. I am a better friend of the railroads, for instance, than Mr. Atterbury, whose conception of the relation of business to politics is in exact line with the practices that originally brought railroad-baiting down upon the carriers."

"How are you going to assure what you call free elections?" I asked.

The Governor sat down a-straddle a chair, his chin on its back. He smiled the wide, straight smile again.

"I won't tell you that," he shot at me. "That will develop at Harrisburg. But we are going to make a real try at it."

"Other items on your programme for the State?"

"Equalization of taxation, with some of the burden lifted from the farmer, the home owner and the small business man; every child an equal chance for an education, with security in office for competent teachers; abolition of the coal and iron police, a disgraceful system; restriction of unfair labor injunctions; old age pensions for the helpless poor; work for the unemployed, the prevention by law of political assessments against State, County, City, Borough and other public servants, with punishment for those who solicit them; assistance, through created opportunity, to disabled and neglected ex-service men; lifting of the tax on small inheritances; law enforcement; a Roosevelt Square Deal for everybody; definite progress in a thoroughly mapped programme of paving 20,000 miles of rural road, which will multiply our present good road system by two and one-half times."

"That's a lot to do," I observed, as he paused for breath.

"Maybe we won't get it all done," he smiled, "but those are the things we'll be working at."

His chin went down again on the chair-back, over clasped hands.

"You see," he told me, "I have a definite mandate from almost every type of Pennsylvania voter. I was elected because there are real abuses in Pennsylvania and because the so-called leaders could not lead a majority of the people to believe the nonsense they peddled about me. Enough regular Republicans stayed regular. Enough Democrats came over the fence looking for real performance. Enough business men trusted me. Enough Wets decided that liquor was not the biggest issue in the life of the Commonwealth."

I did not question Governor Pinchot about Prohibition. His advisers, standing and sitting informally about the room, answered the question. They were obviously men to whom liquor means nothing. For instance, Clyde King, Professor of Public Finance at the University of Pennsylvania and Chairman of the Unemployment Board appointed by Pinchot weeks before the election. (This confident candidate ordered his address in the next *Social Register* changed to the Executive Mansion, Harrisburg!) King is the finest type of the academic mind with lively and human interests. The same is true of Pinchot, who suggests nothing of the killjoy. His grandfather bore the name of Cyril Constantine Desiré Pinchot and emigrated from France. I suspect that none of the Pinchot group deserves any moral credit for personal dryness. These men are simply of the type which can draw full enjoyment from life without alcoholic stimulation or obscuration.

"I know about your love for the outdoors, Governor," I said. "Have you any indoor hobbies?"

"Well," and his eyes twinkled, "I am an inveterate movie fan. Go to them all the time. I'm a movie actor, too. Made some undersea pictures in the South Seas. I guess I'm the only movie actor who ever played opposite a turtle. Once, too, for a few unhappy moments, I played opposite a shark. No political reference!"

THE door opened and in came a gracious lady with definitive red hair. She acknowledged greetings with a smile, passed a basket of fruit silently about the room and seated herself on the window ledge, whence she followed the trend of talk with unobtrusive alertness. She thought it was a shame that I had bothered the Governor, and said so.

No comprehension can be had of Gifford Pinchot's personality and success without a corollary understanding of his striking and able wife. Daughter of Lloyd Stevens Bryce, wealthy and distinguished magazine editor (once of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW) and one-time United States Minister to the Netherlands, she is the great-granddaughter of Peter Cooper and a person of consequence in her own right. Friend and foe agree in Pennsylvania that her devotion, her energy, matching the Governor's own, and her first-class mind, have been heavy factors in the scale of the Pinchot political fortune.

LOOKING at the two of them, I was reminded of an old Pinchot story. One day President Roosevelt was about to choose an Attorney-General of the United States. His advisers were discussing qualifications for the office. The session was long. When everyone else had done, Forester Pinchot banged his fist on the table, doubtless smiling that boyish and engaging smile.

"And above all that," he contributed, "he must possess the nervous, driving energy to be eternally at it!"

The Governor was speaking again.

"There will be plenty of action at Harrisburg," he promised. "I do not conceive the duties of an Executive to be performed when he has fulfilled those tasks allotted to him in the Constitution and statutes. His job is to do everything not specifically forbidden him by law, that will work to the benefit of the people."

Out in the hall again, Professor King responded to my appreciation of the Governor's vigor.

"You have seen him," he explained, "at probably the tiredest moment of his life."

"Yes?" I said. "I'd like to see him sometime when he's rested."

* * *

Contempt of Court

By Walter Gilkyson

A Story

"I told Alloy Murphy he was a damned hypocrite," said Starret. "I told him he had no business to send men to jail for bootlegging, and then drink bootleg liquor himself. He got mad — we were having a meeting of the Terrapin Club out at Green Spring Valley, and he'd been drinking a lot — and this morning I get this."

Young Borden picked up the paper Starret tossed over the desk. It didn't seem right to talk about judges that way; in the law reports he'd been reading the judges appeared in a very venerable light, and the old gentlemen who came out occasionally to dine with his mother were all pretty deep in the head, and they knew so much law that he didn't dare open his mouth.

"I've never met Judge Murphy," he said. He didn't know any of the judges except his mother's friends, and he'd never once been inside of a courtroom, although there was no use in telling Mr. Starret that. This was his first day in Starret and Anders's office, a part-time job while he finished up at the law school, and if they liked him they were going to take him on next September. It was his father's old office.

"Maybe Judge Murphy thought the liquor was pre-war," he said. "The law presumes that all things which are done have been rightly done until the contrary is proved."

"Bunk!" said Starret. "Read that paper. Murphy had a mean look in his eye when I kidded him. You can hop down to the jail if you will and talk to that fellow."

Borden read the paper. Charles Starret, Esquire, was appointed by the Court to defend one Edward Link, who had been accused of felonious assault and robbery. The order was signed by Judge Aloysius Murphy, and provided for a counsel fee of one hundred dollars.

"You make money, don't you?"

"Damn Murphy!" Starret thrust out his lean gray face and pulled back a strand of hair. "He wanted to make me sore! This is one of his jokes; he knows I can't afford to try criminal cases. It's been fifteen years since I've been in a criminal court, and I've got a meeting of the Cumberland Light Company tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Nobody in the office knows the company's set-up but me. Will you go down and see Link? Take that paper with you and say you're from the office. Get his statement and the names of any witnesses he may have and bring it all in here tomorrow morning. I'm due at Kremer's office at five o'clock, and you can't get back before six. Can you be here tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Cut your class if you have any. This'll do you more good than Third Year Property. We'll go over to court tomorrow morning and try the case."

Borden rose. "What do I do—ask him everything?"

"Sure." Starret was turning over the papers on his desk. "Ask him everything. And tell Miss Cooper to come in, will you? She's got the serial numbers mixed on these bonds."

BORDEN went out and told Miss Cooper that Mr. Starret wanted her. Then he stopped at the telephone desk and asked the operator where the jail was. A lot of people came in while she was looking up the address, and she sent them all back to Mr. Anders's office. One of the men was Mr. McClee, the president of the street railway company. Mr. McClee didn't recognize him, and he wondered what it would be like to sit back of a desk and tell Mr. McClee what to do.

When the telephone operator found the address Borden thanked her and went out to the hall and rang the bell for the elevator. It was crowded and he had trouble squeezing in at first; then the man behind him started resting his chin on his hat and Borden tried to step on his feet but he couldn't find them. At the next floor another man got in, pushed him back a little further, and then buried him in a tickling mass of coon fur.

When he left the building the late afternoon crowd was coming up the pavement, their faces advancing like gray bubbles out of the far red end of the street. At the corner he crossed over and took one of the cars that ran north. It was about a ten-minutes' ride to the jail.

On the way he began thinking about Judge Murphy, wondering just what went through his head when he sat on the bench and sent bootleggers to jail after one of his big nights in the club, drinking bootleg liquor like a gentleman. Judge Murphy must take the law as a game. You followed the rules and kept out of trouble and that was enough. Maybe it was. Everyone said so. They said the law was an instrument now, not a principle. It was a piece of machinery that a bright boy knew how to work.

AT THE jail he showed Mr. Starret's appointment to the turnkey and told him he came from Starret and Anders's office, and the man took him upstairs and down a long hall to Eddie Link's cell.

"I'll be back for you in half an hour," he said.

Borden waited until the door closed, and then spoke politely to the man on the bed. He was sitting on a gray blanket with the electric light shining in his face, and the walls around him were bright lead-color except where a black square was set into the wall across from the door.

"I'm from Starret and Anders's office," Borden said. He walked over to the chair in front of Link. "The Court appointed Mr. Starret to defend you tomorrow, and he asked me to come down here and get your statement."

Link looked at him. He was a big man with a flat face and wide uneven eyes and a black chin that bulged out over the upturned collar of his coat.

"I don't want a lawyer," he said.

"You don't have to pay." Borden sat down on the chair and began to undo his brief case.

"I don't?" Link spat maliciously on the floor, and then wiped the place with his foot. "I'll say I don't. What's the Judge buttin' into this for? I got no money."

"You have to have counsel," said Borden. "The law provides that every man accused of a crime shall have counsel." He put the bag down on the floor and then grinned at Link.

Link watched him, the wrinkles deepening across his forehead. "They make 'em in half sizes now," he said. "I don't want a lawyer, and if I did I'd know where to get one."

"I'm not going to try the case," said Borden cheerfully. "Mr. Starret, my chief's going to try it. He used to be in the District Attorney's office."

"Yeah?" Link's dull little eyes shone for an instant. "Leftie said I wouldn't need no one," he complained. "Leftie's a dumb little sucker. I ain't heard from him for a week."

"Who's Leftie?"

"He's a friend of mine. Got a paper?" Link undid his hands and held out one of them.

Borden took the appointment out of his pocket and gave it to him. "I'm Mr. Starret's assistant," he said. "He sent me down here to get the facts."

Link studied the paper and then handed it back.

"How do I know?" he exclaimed peevishly. "Hell!" He pushed his square black-nailed fingers into his knees. "You say the Judge sent you down here?"

"No, no," said Borden. "Judge Murphy appointed Mr. Starret, my chief, to defend you. You're entitled to a defense in court, don't you understand? It's for your own good." He bent forward, nodding at Link.

"I don't know no Judge Murphy," said Link. "I know Judge Rossi." He shot a quick glance at Borden.

"He's not a judge, he's a magistrate."

"Well — " Link looked down. "You can call him whatever you like, it's no skin off of me. What do you want to know?" he demanded.

"Just tell me about it." Borden sat back and folded his hands with a quiet smile. "Just tell me about it, so Mr. Starret'll know what to say tomorrow morning."

Link stood up. "Gimme that again," he said. He took the paper and studied it under the light.

"Mr. Starret used to be in the District Attorney's office," Borden repeated patiently. "He's a good lawyer and Judge Murphy has appointed him to defend you. We're all doing this for your good." He looked appealingly at Link.

"All right," said Link. "I ain't seen Leftie for a week and he's a dumb little sucker, but I guess it's all right." He sat down and put the paper on the blanket beside him. He looked confused and angry about something.

"You can tell Mr. Starret there won't be no one come to court against me," he said. "The old man and his girl and the chauffeur, they ain't comin' to court."

"What old man?" asked Borden.

"Old Cravell," said Link irritably. "Who'd you think I meant?"

"Sure." Borden smiled apologetically. "Mr. Cravell was the fellow, wasn't he? Tell me though — Mr. Starret wants to know — just when and where did it happen?"

"I don't know when," said Link with disgust. "How can I remember a night more'n three weeks back?"

"Well, where was it, then?"

"In Lembert Street. The car was going along Lembert Street."

"Oh, yes." Borden made a note. "And the girl you spoke of?"

"SOME tart of the old man's, I guess. I'd seen 'em together more'n once down in Sumter Place." A gold tooth shone lasciviously in Link's mouth. "I know'd if I got in the car with them they wouldn't say a word. The old squirt only had three hundred dollars on him. I was out of luck!" He rubbed the spot on the floor with his foot. "Then them two bulls caught me just as I come away from the car." He looked up at the light and then down again. "I should have kept that broad from screamin'," he said. "I didn't know — I thought she was paralyzed."

"Sure," said Borden. He made another note. "That's Mr. Maxton Cravell, isn't it?"

Link nodded.

"And neither he nor the lady were at the magistrate's hearing?"

"No. The chauffeur was there, but he ain't goin to be in court tomorrow."

"I see." Borden wondered how much it had cost Maxton Cravell to keep the thing out of the papers. "I should say you had the best kind of a defense," he said.

Link shifted a big leg over his knee, and then leaned back on the blanket. "The best," he said. "As I told you, I don't need no lawyer."

He didn't, Borden reflected as he walked down the corridor with the turnkey. Maxton Cravell would take care of the case himself. He wondered who the girl was, and how she'd managed to keep out of the way. He knew Maxton Cravell's wife and both of his daughters. Marion, the oldest daughter, was an awfully nice girl.

In the hallway below the turnkey stopped in front of a short dark man who was hurrying by with a brief case.

"Hello, Ben," he said.

THE short dark man stopped abruptly. "Hello, Joe. I was looking for you. Where's Hendrickson now?"

"I'll take you. Just wait a minute." The turnkey put his hand on the short dark man's arm. "Mr. Starret, meet District Attorney Stopp," he said proudly. "This is young Mr. Starret, from Starret and Anders's office."

Borden felt himself turned inside out and then put back again. "I'm not Mr. Starret," he said. "I'm Mr. Borden of the office."

"Son of Francis B. Borden?" said Stopp. "I knew your father. You've been admitted?"

"No."

"He's been seein' clients just the same," said the turnkey benevolently. "I've just now took him up to see Eddie Link."

"Oh!" Stopp stood back with a

queer smile. "Been talking with Link, have you?"

"Yes. Mr. Starret represents him."

"He does?" Stopp paused, the queer smile still on his face. "I hope you got a good statement from him," he said.

BORDEN didn't tell Mr. Starret the next morning that he'd met the District Attorney. Mr. Starret was very much annoyed about the whole thing, and did most of the talking.

"Judge Murphy is perfectly straight," he said, "and so is the District Attorney's office. They'll do everything they can to convict Link. Judge Murphy would bring Maxton Cravell or anyone else into court on a bench warrant if he could find him. The trouble is the old man sailed for Europe last week, and I'll bet he's taken his chauffeur with him." Starret frowned and tapped the edge of the desk with his pencil. "Damn this crime business," he said. "It gets so mixed up with Prohibition and money that the man in the street don't know where he's at."

All the way over to City Hall Mr. Starret complained, while Borden kept up with his long steps as well as he could. He gathered that Mr. Starret would probably win his case, although he didn't want to, and that he was going to do everything he could to get Link off. That seemed fair enough; Mr. Starret had been appointed for that purpose and nothing else. There was no use in moralizing or trying to find out who was to blame. Mr. Starret and he were lawyers, and their first duty was to their client, and once a lawyer forgot that he ought to be disbarred.

The courtroom was larger than he expected, and the people on the benches behind the low partition were a fidgety, avid-looking lot. Mr. Starret pushed back the brass bar across the aisle and walked over to the front row of chairs just under the Judge's bench. Then he sat down, and Borden sat down beside him and looked around. These were all lawyers in this enclosure between the low railing in front of the Judge's bench and the partition behind the chairs. They weren't very healthy or happy looking lawyers, he decided; their nerves were bad and their color wasn't any too good. They were too much like agitated sprouts in a cellar.

THE short dark young man of yesterday afternoon was standing behind the low railing with his back to the courtroom and his head just above the bench, talking to the Judge.

Mr. Stopp, the turnkey had called him. He must be the District Attorney who tried cases in this court.

The Judge looked over the District Attorney's shoulder at Mr. Starret. The Judge was a round-faced, bald-headed man with light blue eyes and a roller-top upper lip. His black gown made his face very red. He nodded as Mr. Starret rose, and then beckoned to him.

"Come along," said Starret, and Borden followed him inside the rail to the place where the District Attorney was standing.

"Stopp tells me he can't find his principal witnesses in the Link case," said the Judge, including Borden in his friendly glance. He was so pleasant that Borden's nervousness vanished, and he forgot the big room full of people listening behind him.

The District Attorney was looking at him as if he remembered something. "I can't try the case properly until Maxton Cravell gets back," he said.

"That may be a year," Mr. Starret answered. "You can't ask me to keep Link waiting in jail for a year. I'll have to ask for a trial this morning, Ben. We're ready."

STOPP smiled; then his heavy mouth tightened up. "This case should be tried right for a lot of reasons, Charlie," he said. "Maxton Cravell has gone to Europe because he's afraid of publicity. If Link isn't convicted, it'll be another case of a crook getting off because a rich man's afraid of publicity. This case should be tried right, Judge. If you knew all the facts you'd be the first one to say so."

Judge Murphy looked troubled. "Has Link got a record?"

"No."

The Judge sighed, and then looked down at the paper in front of him. "He's accused of felonious assault and robbery. He ought to be tried right, Charlie. Why not postpone the case, say for another three months?"

"Judge Murphy," said Mr. Starret, "you appointed me in this case as a joke, but I've taken it seriously, and I'm here fulfilling my duty to the court. I've come here at quite a little sacrifice to myself, prepared to try the case this morning. It isn't fair — " he lifted his finger and brought it down on the bench, "— it isn't fair to send me back and then make me do it all over again."

Judge Murphy picked up his pen and thrust it into the bowl of shot in front of him. "I thought you'd appreciate the appointment," he said. His blue eyes crinkled and his long humorous lip spread out.

"I do," Starret answered drily, "but I think in justice to my client and me that the District Attorney should be ready to try the case when it's set."

"Well, there's something in that," said the Judge. "Why didn't you subpœna your witnesses right away, Ben? If your office moved faster —" The veins on his forehead swelled out, and he dug the pen viciously into the bowl.

"We move just as fast as we can, if Your Honor please."

"Not always."

"Yes, sir!"

"Well you ought to be ready to try this case."

"We are." Stopp's nostrils twitched. "If Mr. Starret insists, we're ready right now."

"All right!" Judge Murphy sank back in his chair and threw down the pen. "Don't get so angry about it," he said. "If you'd got out a *ne exeat* on your witnesses, any judge would have signed it."

STOPP didn't answer and Mr. Starret turned his back and walked round the railing and over to one of the tables in front of the bench. Borden sat down in the chair behind him, and Eddie Link and a court officer came over and sat down beside Mr. Starret. Link didn't look at all frightened, and Mr. Starret began talking to him as if he really liked him. Then the tipstaff started to call the jury and Mr. Starret spread out the jury list on the table in front of him and marked down a number opposite the name of each man who was called.

Every now and then he challenged a juror. "Just to make things interesting," he said.

The District Attorney was sitting at his desk behind the rail, marking down numbers on his list. He didn't like it when Mr. Starret challenged, and once he looked around Mr. Starret's shoulder at Borden, with that same queer smile of yesterday afternoon. When the jury was called he came out in front and read the indictment to them in a low complaining voice.

"The State hasn't got a witness, except the policeman, who didn't see anything," Mr. Starret whispered.

"I guess not," said Borden. Now that the case was actually beginning, he felt excited. The District Attorney had finished reading the indictment and was putting it down on his desk. Judge Murphy, leaning back in his chair, seemed out of the case; while the jury kept glancing around at each other self-consciously, and then relapsing into vacancy.

It grew quiet all over the room. Everyone was waiting. The stenographer, sitting at his desk across from the District Attorney, turned on the light. The next moment Borden heard his own name, "James B. Borden," echoing through the courtroom with a dismaying loudness.

His heart stopped and the blood ran out to the ends of his fingers. The District Attorney was looking at him, beckoning to him. Something was wrong. The man must be crazy.

Mr. Starret shot out of his chair and his pencil rolled over the table and down to the floor. "I object!" he cried. He stepped in front of Borden.

Judge Murphy swung slowly up to the bench. "What's your purpose in calling the witness, Mr. District Attorney?"

"I propose to show a confession made to him by the defendant."

"Oh, you can't do that! The young man's in Mr. Starret's office."

"But he's not admitted to the bar. He can't plead privilege until he's admitted."

"Well—" Judge Murphy frowned. "Well —" he began again.

Then Mr. Starret walked over to the railing in front of the bench.

"To put this young man on the stand would be an outrage, if Your Honor please," he said. "I sent him myself to interview the defendant, and to make him repeat what the defendant may have disclosed would be a perversion of justice."

That ought to be enough, Borden thought. It was straight in his mind now; he knew what they were trying to do and where he was at. The fear had gone, and he felt clear and stretched out and very light in the head. The gaping faces behind him had faded out. He was alone with the Judge and the District Attorney and Mr. Starret. If they put him up there and asked him questions he'd show them!

The Judge looked down at him and he stared back, ready to let go whenever the old bozo said the word. His hand on the table was shaking and his knee tapped against the table leg. Link began to curse and someone grabbed him and he stopped. The Judge looked away and moved the bowl of shot on his desk to one side.

"I'm afraid the District Attorney's within his rights," he said. "I don't approve of the practice, but if you insist — "

"I do." Stopp thrust out his arm at Mr. Starret. "My friend pushed me into this case when I wasn't ready. He who lives by the sword shall perish thereby."

"Don't get eloquent," said the Judge. "You don't live by the sword, anyhow; you draw your pay from the State." He rubbed his bald head and then muttered something under his breath. "I'll give you an exception, Mr. Starret," he said. "If I'm wrong you can take the case up. Put Mr. Borden on the stand and let's hear what he has to say."

MR. STARRET was furious. He was getting ready to hand it to the Court.

"Your Honor, this is one of the worst miscarriages of justice I have ever seen. I — "

"No," the Judge broke in peevishly. "You can't talk that way to the Court, and I won't permit it. The law is plain, and my duty is to apply it fully, impartially, and up to the hilt. I'll give you an exception." He lifted his hand as Mr. Starret began to speak. "Nothing more now. Sit down please, and let the witness testify."

Mr. Starret came back.

"Take the stand," he said. His lips made a sticky sound, and his face was white.

"It's rotten," said Borden. He got up and grinned at Link. "You ought to go to jail," he said. Then he walked over to the witness stand.

The District Attorney came down in front of him. The District Attorney was fat; there was a good place to land, just there, in that bulge between his ribs. He was a smooth talker, but his voice had a nasty edge.

"Now just tell the Court and jury whether you have ever seen the defendant, Edward Link, before, and if so when and where, and what conversation if any took place between you."

Mr. Starret was on his feet.

"Objection overruled and exception noted for the defendant," the Judge droned in a monotonous voice. He was leaning back now, as if he'd forgotten the case. "Go on, Mr. Borden," he said.

Borden looked straight at him.

"I refuse to answer, Judge Murphy."

THE Judge sat up. Borden heard the jury off to the left moving in their chairs. The room stirred as if a wind had blown over it. Everyone was looking at him.

"You'll have to answer," said the Judge.

Borden kept quiet.

"I command you to answer." The Judge's voice had a hot unsteady sound and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"I refuse to answer," Borden repeated. That was just what he'd said before, but it did well enough.

"If you refuse to answer I shall commit you to jail for contempt of court."

Borden nodded. That was what they did, of course. It might mean a lot. Maybe he could never be a lawyer. But if he answered he wouldn't be fit to be a lawyer. He didn't know. . . .

"I command you to answer," said the Judge. "This is very serious, Mr. Borden."

Borden sighed. "I know it is," he said.

"Notwithstanding how you may feel personally, it is your duty to obey the law," the Judge continued in a kind voice. "The law is made for the equal protection of us all, and unless intelligent young men like yourself show a prompt and willing spirit, a ready obedience to those rules of conduct which you have helped to make yourselves, our institutions will crumble, and our civilization will disappear. I advise you — " he bent forward, "I request you, Mr. Borden, to answer."

Borden twisted his shoulders savagely. If the Judge only wouldn't talk such rot! It made him angry, ready to curse out the whole crowd and let them do what they liked. They didn't understand; they were crazy, or else he was. He looked down at Mr. Starret, but Mr. Starret turned his eyes away. Eddie Link was scared; he thought he was going to be double-crossed and go to jail. Double-crossed! That was what they wanted Borden to do — double-cross that crook down there who thought he was straight. Well he wouldn't, and they could send him to jail if they liked. Maybe he was just a damn fool, but if he was he'd be his own kind of a damned fool.

"I can't answer, Judge," he said. He faced around, trying to make the Judge understand. "I can't answer, don't you see?" he said patiently. "If I did it wouldn't be decent."

"Five days in the county jail," said Judge Murphy. He turned to one of the men standing by the bench. "Take the witness into custody," he directed.

The courtroom was terribly quiet. The rows of faces turned toward him as if he were the centre of a malignant circle. A man below him was nodding and smiling and noiselessly clapping his hands. His hands were dirty and the sleeve of his right arm was shiny up to the elbow. Then Mr. Starret got up and came over to the rail. His shoulders were hunched, and his long arms were dangling at his sides.

"Your Honor," he said. He gripped the rail with both hands. "I wish to recall to Your Honor the circumstances under which this appointment was made."

"No!" Judge Murphy's red face swelled out. "Sit down, Mr. Starret, sit down!" he spluttered.

"I refuse to," said Mr. Starret. "I have my rights as an officer of this court, and if what I say is offensive to Your Honor, then you can send me to jail, along with my assistant. I wish to recall to Your Honor the circumstances under which my appointment was made, and to point out — " he stopped, "to point out that as a result of my appointment, made under circumstances which Your Honor will recall, you are now sending a courageous and honorable young man to jail. And for what! For refusing to obey a law which you yourself know is morally unsound. For doing precisely what you and I and the District Attorney and nine-tenths of the judges of this State are doing every day of our lives. If that's justice — " Mr. Starret's face was white with contempt, "then we who administer justice are only players in a degrading farce, and sooner or later a younger and wiser generation will sweep us unregretfully off the stage." He bowed and then turned around and took his seat.

"Wait a minute," Judge Murphy said to the officer who was standing beside Borden. "Mr. Stopp, have you any more witnesses?"

"No, sir."

"Then submit the bill. Gentlemen of the jury, you will find a verdict for the defendant. Mr. Starret and Mr. Borden, come here, please."

Borden followed Mr. Starret inside the rail. He didn't care what happened now; he'd done his job. The Judge, peering down from the bench, had changed in appearance; he looked noble and solemn and rather sad; like one of the dogs in the Landseer picture at home.

"Charlie, you ought to know better than to talk to me that way," he said.

"I had to."

The Judge sniffed and then turned to Borden. "You'll make a good lawyer," he said. "I'll remit your sentence." His eyes crinkled and his broad humorous lip spread out. "This Prohibition makes hypocrites of us all, don't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Borden, "it certainly does."

Song and Story

By David Morton

Now when the summer is a lovely name
We speak of and remember and are sad,
And autumn is no more a golden flame,
And has no more the splendor that it had —
Let us stop speaking, now, and listen, here,
To how the rain is hushing every sound
Except its own soft singing where the year,
In gold and crimson, lies along the ground.

This listening hour may ease our hearts of pain,
Now, when the trouble in the trees has turned
To these slow syllables of quiet rain
That tell and tell again what they have learned —
An old rain's tale of summers that are spent,
And autumns and the golden way they went.

Homes for Workers

By William Green

The President of the American Federation of Labor presents the working man's side of the home building question

In depressions of the past, the building industry has often been an early help toward recovery. In 1921 construction took the lead toward an upward movement and started to advance before industrial production made its upturn. In 1924 the unchecked growth of building operations helped to keep the country from sinking lower into business depression, and the recovery came quickly.

Of all branches of the building industry, by far the most important is the construction of homes and apartments. From 1923 to 1928 between 41 and 46 per cent of all building was for this purpose. And it was home building in the days of the 1921 depression that started up most rapidly and did more than any other type of building to hasten business recovery. Again in 1924 the advance in home building was the chief influence for improvement.

The present home-building programme starts a new precedent. Today conditions are very different. In the years of high building activity which made up the war deficit, homes and apartments were overbuilt. That is, they were overbuilt for the groups of people who could afford new homes at the present prices. Consequently the last two years have seen a decline in home building amounting to 31 per cent in 1929, and in 1930 home building has been 46 per cent below even 1929. Instead of being the mainstay of the construction industry, home building has dropped to 23 per cent of all construction in 1930, as compared to 41 per cent and more in former years. From far and near come tales of houses standing vacant and apartments which can not be rented.

Obviously this side of the problem must be carefully considered. We are starting on a home-building programme at a time when incomes are reduced, and when there is apparently an oversupply of houses and apartments for certain groups of the population. There is another large group of people, however, who need and want new homes — the wage earners. Hundreds of thousands are living in quarters that are anything but suitable for family life. They would gladly move into a better environment if they could find houses and apartments within their means.

Here is a real need for better housing, a demand for homes which can be a mainstay to the building industry. The problem is to construct homes at reasonable prices, within the reach of working people. A home-building programme which can accomplish this will indeed bring nation-wide benefit to American citizens as well as to the building industry.

FIFTEEN years ago it was as expensive to buy an automobile as it is to buy a home today. Mass production was introduced and today thousands of wage earners own their cars. Can we not hope for measures which will reduce the cost of home building as the price of automobiles has been reduced? At present it is not possible for the vast majority of wage earners to own their homes, and most even have difficulty in finding modern apartments with the equipment and surroundings which will make a suitable environment for their children.

There is nothing more important in forming the character of the American people than the homes where our boys and girls grow up. Home surroundings help to mold the moral fibre that is to measure up in the tests of later years, or start the physical and mental defects which later on bring downfall.

For working men and women particularly, a good home is all important. Because it can not be supplemented by clubs, travel, opportunities for independent living, the workman's home is definitely the centre of family life, the formative influence for growing children. When we consider that 80 per cent of our 122,000,000 men, women and children are in the wage earner group, it is obvious that good homes for workers are a matter of national significance.

The large majority of our citizenry come from working men's homes. They are the group our industries depend on for steady and intelligent work. They must bear the strain of sustained productive labor, often under nerve-racking conditions of noise and speed and long hours. The man who can keep his nerves steady, who does not lose his precision after weeks, months, years of hard work, is the man our country wants and counts on for responsible management of his part of the nation's work.

GROWING children must have the environment that builds strong bodies. Sunlight and fresh air, a safe place to play, with grass and trees if possible, cleanliness and comfort at home, with running hot water and bath — all these are necessary to build bone, muscle, nerves, and strength which will carry through in later years. Dark rooms, foul air, cramped surroundings, may be the start of lifelong physical defects. It makes all the difference whether windows look out on an inner court or into the open air; whether children play in crowded rooms or outdoors in a playground.

No less essential are the other elements of environment. Beauty, neatness, the necessary comforts and conveniences, are part of that intangible background which means so much in mental and spiritual growth and reserve. The mother of a wage earner's family must be cook, seamstress, laundry worker, nurse, companion to children and husband, and an economist to expend the family income. She can not employ help to share her responsibility. If this busy mother of the family is to keep clean curtains at the windows, tidy rooms, spotless linen and clothing, she must have modern conveniences to help her. For the wage earner's wife does all her own housework, and often, when wages are low, she must supplement the family income by going out to work as well. She needs hot water, electrical wiring, adequate heating in her home.

But in spite of the great need for homes for wage earners, there are many old tenements in our cities where children grow up in dark inner rooms; mill houses in many communities, which were hastily built to provide for growing industries, still have no plumbing and even no water supply, to say nothing of central heating, gas or electric light. Yet the mental and physical health upon which the future of our nation depends is conditioned by all these elements in the home environment.

When a workman chooses his home, he has many things to consider. Probably the most dominating question is: How long can I keep my job? Can a wage earner count on steady work long enough to pay instalments on a purchase if he wants to buy a home? This question lies at the root of our home-building programme today.

With the swift and ruthless changes in industrial employment which have followed each other continually in practically all industries in the last ten years, few workmen can be sure that they will hold their jobs even for a year from now. New machines are introduced in one factory, and 500 are laid off; a new technique develops in another, and 50 or 60 lose their jobs. These figures mount up into the hundreds of thousands as the process of technical improvement spreads from plant to plant and industry to industry.

These are not rare happenings; they are going on continually as part of the vast industrial changes we are passing through today. The 20,000 business failures that occurred last year, have thrown thousands of wage earners out of work. A job today is a very doubtful security indeed. Even though our factories were producing 42 per cent more in 1929 than they did in 1919, 514,000 fewer wage earners were at work manufacturing these goods; 227,000 fewer were employed on the railroads transporting them, and 122,000 fewer were mining coal to furnish fuel and power. These are just a few figures to show the enormous number of workers who are losing their jobs through increasing industrial efficiency.

Seasonal changes also lay off hundreds of thousands, and many do not get their jobs back again when the next busy season comes. In 1929 in the automobile trade, 150,000 workers were laid off in the dull season. All these men lost an average of two months and many never got their jobs back. In the clothing and textile industries, the dull season meant 32,000 jobs lost for two or three months.

Some of these workers, of course, find new work in the same city, and near their homes. But a surprising number leave town and seek work elsewhere. "I'm lucky this year," said a painter the other day. "Last year I had to travel a hundred and twenty-five miles before I found a job." And thousands are less lucky and have to travel farther. A bricklayer who kept a record of his wanderings in search of work, travelled one year from Pennsylvania to Norfolk, Va., then to Washington, D. C., then back to Philadelphia for a few weeks and on to Williamsport. Each time his job lasted only a few months or less. Another year found him in Indiana and Tennessee.

UNLESS you have been through it yourself, you have little idea of the struggle to find and keep a job. With only a small savings account to fall back on at best, the wage earner who loses his job is in dire straits, indeed. A recent study shows that it takes on the average three months to find a new job of any permanence, and during this time savings are needed for food and bare essentials. How can a man invest in buying a home under these circumstances? Payments which could not be met when they are due would only bring the loss of all invested capital. Far better to buy a car which is paid for in a year or eighteen months. At least it will be a help in getting from place to place in search of work.

Two kinds of homes at low cost are urgently needed to meet the requirements of the modern age: (1) Homes which can be purchased on easy terms, providing security for the investment involved, so that money put into them can be withdrawn without great loss. (2) Apartments and rented homes which will be equipped with modern comforts and appliances, and situated in suitable surroundings.

At present, although there are many wage earners, especially of the more skilled group, whose jobs are more secure and who would like to own their homes, it is impossible to finance the purchase without high interest rates and difficult financial arrangements.

COMPARE for instance buying a car and buying a home. To buy a $500 car, you pay about $200 down, and after that $25 a month. At the end of a year, the car is entirely paid for. A $1,000 car requires only $55 a month for one year, with $340 down payment. Also, you can sell your car easily if need arises or you can use it as security to borrow money.

But to buy even a $5,000 home involves many complicated problems. First you must have at least $500 in cash. Then you may secure a first mortgage for $3,000 at 6 per cent, but to raise the final $1,500 you will have to take out a second mortgage, which with discounts will cost you at least 18 per cent, and if you happen on a sharp real estate dealer, it may cost you 30 per cent. To pay off these mortgages will take at least ten years. For the first three years payments will be $69.50 a month, then $30.30 for the next seven years, exceedingly difficult for a wage earner. When you have finished payments, you will find that with the high discounts it has cost you $1,099 to borrow $4,500. In other words, you have paid $6,099 for your $5,000 home. In the mean time you will also have taxes to pay. If you build your own home you have in addition fees for title search, and all the difficulties of choosing materials and design, about which you probably know practically nothing. Add to this the fact that once you own your own home you would probably find it difficult to sell without serious loss if you had to move. Is it any wonder that wage earners buy cars instead?

BETTER financing methods would eliminate much of this difficulty and expense. But no adequate programme for better homes for workers can stop with a plan providing for the purchase of homes. What millions of workers need in this country today is good homes to rent, either apartments or small houses. For until we succeed in stabilizing employment and until workers' living standards are higher, there will be millions who can not possibly afford to buy homes. They are the ones who suffer most from the congested living quarters of our slums today. And it is a tragic human waste that this should be so. For out of the families of many of these workmen comes some of the finest material for our future citizenship.

Slums can be redeemed. This has been proved often enough, but in most cases, redeeming the slums has not meant better homes for workers. Also experimental towns for workers in suburban districts are already being tried. These homes have a little plot of ground with grass and trees and a place for children to play, safe from motor traffic. Efforts to put such homes at the disposal of workers are most praiseworthy. The problem involves both the creation of homes in the suburbs and suitable houses and apartments within the city, and the redemption of unwholesome living conditions now existing.

As we consider the home building programme, let us not overlook the essentials but get right to the root of the problem: that of creating good homes for workers. To solve it will require the concentrated efforts of those interested in finance, construction, real estate, labor, building materials and many other groups. It has been possible to produce automobiles, radios, furniture and other articles in mass. Is it not possible to produce good homes on a scale which will make quantity consumption possible and profitable for all concerned? The construction industry depends on wage earners and small salaried workers for the rent or purchase of at least two-thirds of all homes and apartments built in the United States. If workers can afford better homes, there is no question of an increased demand.

IN THE present industrial crisis, a home-building programme which meets the needs of the working people and thereby taps an enormous potential demand for homes, can be a powerful influence toward recovery. A building programme begun now will help to increase employment and stimulate recovery and help to keep business on an even keel. As workers are better employed, better homes will be among their first requirements, and buildings started now will be ready for them. The problem of good homes for workers is one of the most fundamental in the future growth of our country.

The Holy City

By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah

A Moslem Pilgrim Describes the Journey to Mecca

In a fierce midday heat, enveloped in clouds of choking dust, sweating and with jaded face, I was among a heterogeneous mass of Moslem pilgrims, as we lumbered on our way to the Bombay harbor in India. Afghans, Persians, Javanese, Indians and Uzbeks, all staring at one another and endeavoring to follow diverse languages we had never heard of before. On the arrival of the medical officer, the babel of tongues died away, as all sat on the floor of the shed and were vaccinated. But as soon as a medical certificate was granted and the pilgrim was free to move, you could see him hurrying along the passage with his left shirt arm folded. A moment later you noticed him behind the shed, washing the wound inflicted by the vaccinator. Many think that the lymph is "an impurity of cow" and hence not fit to be absorbed by the skin of a Faithful bound for sacred Mecca, the mystic city of Arabia where only the Moslems can go.

Close by the quay platform lay the pilgrim boat to Jeddeh on the Red Sea, and when the final word of "depart" was given by the medical authorities, there was a rush to the gangway. Stalwart Pathans of the frontier, weak and ill-fed Bengalis, sleepy-eyed men of Bokhara, veiled women bearing children in their arms, made one dash. They carried their valuables along with them, in sacks, crudely made tin boxes, or bulging baskets insecurely tied with ropes. The sacks, however, were in predominance as items of "portable luggage" intended for "cabin only." All the passengers were excited, and the noise and smell of the East blended with the sanctified air of the pilgrim boat. They rushed the gangway, people pushing into the sacks, and bundles and baskets pushing into the people. A water receptacle now peeping out of a sack, now pushed up by the jolting crowd, and then slipping out of the hands of its owner into the sea. Thus the narrow pathway led the Faithful to the deck and away down to enormous cavernous depths.

Three shrill blasts, a thud of the engines, and slowly we moved away from the Indian shores amid the cries of "*Allaho — Akbar! Allaho — Akbar!* God is Great! God is Great!" As a pious Moslem, I had a craving to visit the Holy City of my faith. Taking, therefore, little or no account of the future, believing that what is written is written, relying on the philosophy of my fathers, I resolved to face the discomforts and perils inseparable from a pilgrimage to Mecca as stoically as possible.

EXISTENCE on the pilgrim ship, to one used to the ordinary comforts of life, was, to say the least of it, harassing. And although much has recently been done by the Wahabi Government to provide livable conditions, the devotees were packed like pilchards in a tin. The worst phase of the voyage began on the third day after we had left Karachi for Jeddeh, because practically every pilgrim was in the throes of *mal de mer;* and one of them, who only the day before had told me he could not be seasick, was prostrated and prayed loudly for death to release him. The shouting and harrying scenes had come to a standstill, for the sky was now gray, the wind swept the vessel, and the waves beat on the sides with more than ordinary force. Corpse-like men lay on the deck, on their charcoal sacks, on coiled ropes, everywhere, uttering not a word, hardly interested in existence and readily denying food and drink. They thought an evil spirit had come upon the boat. But it takes more than a rough sea to hide life altogether, for as soon as the waves subsided, the corpse-like ones rolled up their beddings, sat up, cooked their food, the Persians made tea, the Bengalis skinned fish, the Pathan was busy with his Palaw rice of excellent flavor.

During the spell of the sea-sickness the pilgrims had lost all clear idea of their purpose; but on recovering they soon remembered the solemn idea that induced them to journey to the city of their childhood dreams and lifelong prayers. The air on the boat was "thick with religion," prayer carpets were spread, recitations of the Koran were chanted, doctors of theology were busy reading to the devotees those chapters of the Holy Book of Islam which related to that part of the journey of the pilgrimage. In the afternoons, religious discussions took place, even political, and both used to end where they began. And thus the life of the pious on a pilgrim ship was spent, till one day, soon after dawn, the captain appeared on the deck and pointed out to us in the haze of distance a dark blue line, the Holy Land of Islam! The Arabian Coast! The port of Jeddeh!

We could hardly speak for excitement. Little by little it became clearer, as we stood watching it in our *ahram* — our regulation pilgrim costume — till the white city of minarets and domes of Jeddeh lay as cut in marble when the boat dropped anchor some two miles from the shore. From that point no ship could go near, as the reefs are very numerous and many traversed that portion in tiny sail boats tossing like cockle shells on the crests of the waves.

THE first sight of Jeddeh gripped me. I gazed at it as a Moslem with pleasure mingled with awe and reverence. Beyond that city, at the distance of fifty miles or more, lay Mecca, the goal of my hopes. The Holy of Holies of every Moslem. Life's dream, I thought, had at last been realized. The pallor of my face and those tears that dimmed my eyes were indications of my emotions. The scene was strangely familiar, for had I not faced the Holy City five times every day of my life in prayer? Absorbed in these thoughts, I remained in Jeddeh for the night, and next day in a motor car started towards Mecca, the Cradle of Islam.

THOSE of us who had more money than sense were bundled into a large motor car, and were told that by this means we were to travel the fifty miles to Mecca. We had not proceeded far when a halt was made at the reputed tomb of Eve. Curious as to the grave of my great ancestress, I alighted to examine it. She must have been a lady of formidable proportions, for the original grave, I was told, was some eight feet long. It was perhaps as well, therefore, that she had not survived to welcome us in the flesh, for although it is rumored that we Moslems have an eye for ladies of heroic proportions, we draw the line at the titanic. But I was told that the grave had mysteriously extended itself, by the time I arrived, to the altogether gigantic dimensions. On payment of a fee, I learned, one could receive an oracular message from the buried progenitress of suffering humanity. This was, of course, supplied by a confederate in an underground crypt, who, for a shilling or two, droned out a "prophecy." Fortunately the evil practice is now stopped, since the advent of the Wahabis.

As we trundled over the sandy tract, we felt the grilling heat of the desert overpoweringly. I was dressed in the traditional *ahram*, which consists of two sheets, one for the upper part of the body, another for the lower, knotted together, as pins or sewing are frowned on by Moslem law. In accordance with immemorial custom, too, my head was shaved and unprotected from the merciless sun. To make matters worse, no water was to be had. At last, after twenty-five miles of torture, with parched lips and baking limbs, we drew up at the post of Bahra, where, we were told, there was a well, and, thanks to the Wahabi King, we found not only water, but even cool drinks; a God-sent thing in the grilling heat of the desert.

HARDLY had we journeyed three miles beyond the well, when the rear wheels of our car sunk deep in a sand heap. We alighted, and strove to move the venerable vehicle, but to no purpose, and much to the contemptuous amusement of a passing Bedouin, who, from the back of his swift-trotting camel, jeered at us unmercifully.

"It serves you right for bringing that creation of Satan into the sacred land," he yelled. "Why can't you travel on camel-back like other folks? See, I can make my camel stop when I want and go when I wish him to. Take that iron contraption back to the devil who made it."

By this time I was well in the grip of fever, and it was with pounding head and swaying legs that I made the seven-fold circumambulations of the sacred Kaaba, that Holy of Holies, believed to have been built by Adam, which contains the sacred black stone set in silver. The Haram, or sacred enclosure in which it is situated, is surrounded on all sides by graceful colonnades, surmounted by white domes, forming Mecca's sacred mosque. On the day in question it was crowded by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the East, eager to kiss the holy relic.

FROM the moment the pilgrim enters Mecca to the time of his departure he is kept in a fever of excitement and pious frenzy. Ceremony after ceremony claims his constant and unfaltering attention. He is for hours wedged in swaying and seething crowds. One of the most arduous rites is the passing seven times between the space of Safa and Marwa, the alleged tombs of Hagar and Ishmael, a distance of perhaps three hundred yards, which is known as the Sai Ceremony, and from which one may acquire much merit. The road is not narrow but is constantly crowded with pilgrims. Add to this prayers five times a day, and one has not much time to see the sights of Mecca. Not that there is really much to see. Moreover Ibn Saud has rightly banned all diabolical amusements. Mecca is drier than Milwaukee by many degrees, and to light a cigarette is to call down anathemas from pious Moslems.

The most striking picture in Mecca is that provided by the vivid and colorful life of its wonderful bazaars. The most celebrated of these is the Soayqa, which occupies one side of the Haram, and which has a great reputation throughout the East for its fine silks, its wonderful beadwork and its rich and choice perfumes. The latter are a necessity of life in Mecca, where the sanitation of the rest-houses till lately was most execrable. Indeed scented woods had constantly to be burned in these houses to keep down the effluvia of overcrowded humanity which is constantly rising.

But purchasing an article in Mecca is scarcely the same sort of business as in Fifth Avenue or the Strand. Goods in the bazaars are unticketed, and if you fancy anything the merchant will ask six or eight times its value. Of course, the turbaned gentleman well knows that you will at once depreciate it, which you proceed to do, if you are skilful, with a flow of rhetoric which bamboozles him. But when he has recovered, he comes back at you with an eloquence of praise for his goods worthy of a Hafiz. So it goes on until one or the other is exhausted. On one occasion I bought a melon, which, the merchant assured me, was "sweeter than the honeycombs on the hills of Paradise." On finding the inside blacker than Eblis, I returned it to the seller, who looked at me pityingly.

"Oh, my unwise brother," he chanted, "the melon was made by Allah. Why not complain to him about it? His house is hard by!"

ONE might describe Mecca under Wahabi rule as a "Calvinistic" city, the metropolis of the Moslem purists. It has no lighter side to its austerities. Indeed, Mecca should be nothing else. Yet the very colorfulness of its crowded and enthusiastic life, and the sight of thousands of devotees massed together from all the lands of the East, can not fail to rouse a lasting sense of the picturesque and the devout, never to be effaced; and the security it offers has been possible only since the Wahabi régime.

After much prayer and meditation in the Holy City of Islam, I resolved to trek northward, not as a scientific explorer, but as a wanderer, without knowing that the raiding season of recalcitrant Bedouins begins in the desert at the termination of the Pilgrimage.

Caravans for Basra and Mecca were now constantly passing across the desert to and fro from the Moslem Holy City, on the termination of the world-wide pilgrim season there. Those who pay tribute to the Bedouins are immune. If they do not — well, sand leaves no traces, even of green turbans. It was during this season that I fell into the hands of the bandits, about whom much has been heard lately as raiding the British mandatory region of Irak. The only way to get out of their clutches was to play the brigand, and then watching an opportunity make good one's escape.

Three ruffians stood before me with loaded rifles. "I shall shed no blood," I protested, "if you insist upon my becoming one of you." After that there was nothing for it but to "savvy," and I fell into the line. I must explain that the Government of Irak at the time had about as much authority in its south-western outposts as the London police have in the Scilly Isles. It has been said that the desert Arabs do not abuse their fellows — no; perhaps as much as Rob Roy did not abuse fellow Christians, I fancy.

About a couple of days after I had unwillingly joined up for safety's sake, a rumor ran through the camp that a caravan from Koweit was crossing the desert to Medina, and that it would hold by that part of the frontier where we were situated before striking south for the sacred places. Naturally the news aroused the wildest enthusiasm among the eighty-odd blackguards who composed the band. Life in the camp had been somnolent enough before, a matter of occasional scouting, interspersed with coffee-drinking and smoking dried tobacco slightly mixed with hashish. Now vedettes were sent out all over the horizon and an extraordinary feverish activity prevailed. Even so, it was another three days before we got reliable news of the whereabouts of the caravan and this necessitated a camel ride of more than thirty miles.

It was in the evening that we got our first sight of it, a thin black streak on the pale face of the limitless sands, a moving thread of life among the far hills of the desert. Down we swooped with a wild whooping calculated to scare an *impi* of Zulus, and I can not help laughing as I remember that in my nervousness of the ugly chieftain I gave vent to some of the most blood-curdling yells ever heard out of transpontine drama. If the talkies ever want anyone to shriek in a peculiarly ghastly manner, I offer my services as an invisible ghoul. Yes, indeed, it was great!

The caravan came to a dead halt, and the ends drew back on the centre. Not a shot was fired, for the payment of the tribute was the usual custom. Shortly we came up with our victims, who were obviously demoralized. The leader of the train rode out and explained to us that it was composed of exceptionally poor pilgrims, who were unable to pay anything in the way of blackmail. In the name of all that is holy, would the chief not allow them to pass?

But the Chief had heard that story before. "We shall investigate their poverty," he said sternly, and then the fun began. Fat Hadjis and portly merchants were manhandled and forced to part with their personal jewelry, money and other belongings. Bales of costly merchandise were unwrapped and hypothecated. Camels of pedigree and valuable dromedaries were impounded. Fine Arab horses were selected. And those who complained or resisted were badly beaten up and mauled. Cries of fear and indignation, curses and malediction, resounded on all sides.

I felt the Chief's eye on the man standing next to me. He strode up to a little wizened fellow who was making more uproar than half a dozen others. The chief presented his Arab blade near the old man's head. "Pay up," he yelled, "or by the beard of the holy priest, I shall scratch your neck in a fashion of my own."

"Brother," he shrieked, "I have nothing, nothing, but the holy memory of my aunt, which I carry to the shrines; let the angels hear me."

"Off with your turban," growled the Arab menacingly, "or the devils will hear you quick."

Weeping, protesting, he drew off his greasy headgear. Within its folds was a handful of choice turquoises from Persia. On these the brigand chief swooped like a hawk, giving him a look of commendation.

IT WAS a sorry train that was left in the desert after we rode back. But now came my opportunity. That night as the raiders sat in the moonlight dividing their loot, and much too busy to notice me, I quietly mounted my camel and made off. By morning I was well on my way to where I thought lay the track to Basra in Irak, and, endeavoring to avoid all Black Tent dwellers of the desert, rode on till dusk had swallowed the shimmering sand dunes, and I lay down utterly exhausted beside my camel.

I HAD been asleep, and woke to find the business end of a jezail rifle rammed so hard into my neck as to be near breaking the skin. I struggled into a sitting posture and saw a lean dark face peering through the opening of the tent curtains into mine.

"Hallo," I said. "What about it? Take that shooting iron away from my jugular, will you?"

"Peace be with you!" said my visitor devoutly. "I thought for a moment that you were an infidel."

"There's another think coming to you," I told him; "but what's it all about?"

"Truly you are a man of strange words," replied my new Arab friend, "Don't you know that in the country of the Bedouins sleeping men are apt to be rudely awakened?"

I assured him that I had gathered the idea previously, but had resolved to ignore it. And as the trusting son of Shaitan laughed consumedly, I raised my heavily sandalled foot and kicked him so hard on the knock-out area of the chin that he began to dream of the planets at once. As nearly painless as might be.

So I roped him up, and knowing that some of his crowd would be along soon, took his camel and left him mine. His was a fleet one of the desert, one of the best, I saw at a glance. The camel, however, is a froward beast. He will obey his master grudgingly, but being lawless at heart, he is only too prone to rebel against others. And before I had well mounted him this demon of the desert made off like the tempest towards the place of sunrise, bumping me at every stride till I felt like the makings of an omelette.

Great Scott, and then some! How that brute did career over the burning desert. And then, just like a Margate donkey, he stopped dead and I went over his long neck, ploughing my way down, down, through seeming oceans of hot sand.

When I came to the surface again, blaspheming in an argot of six languages, and shaking the burning particles out of my eyes, ears and hair, I was amazed to hear a woman's voice greeting me. Now women unsponsored in the desert are about as rare as larks in December, and I gazed through my watering eyes in amazement, until I saw by her dress and lack of veil that this was what is known as one of the "Free Women" of Arabia, a caste of ladies who for some reason or another have always been regarded with especial reverence by the Arabs, and who are not subject to their rather wearing social laws.

"And what can I do for you?" I asked rather weakly.

"Your *heri* has gone," she replied smilingly, "and unless I give you a lift on mine you'll have to remain here, as far as I can see."

"Very kind of you," I assured her. "Come, let us be moving, for there are certain people in this vicinity who are looking for my heart's blood, and I haven't a drop to spare at the moment."

"I will help you on one condition," she said very firmly, "and that is that you take me to wife."

"But I thought you Free Women never married."

"That's just it," she remarked pettishly, "and I am tired of the single state."

Now I didn't want to trice up with this lady, and I knew it would be suicide to tell her I had a wife at home, so I merely nodded gravely. She made her camel kneel, I mounted behind her and off we went.

"Where do we go from here, Bulbul?" I asked.

"We go to Koweit," she said, "for I want to see the pictures. And my name's not Bulbul, but Khawala; so please remember."

The pictures! A traitorous thought leaped into my mind.

Five hours of clop-clopping through the sand, and we were in Koweit. It must be the pictures at once, hungry and thirsty as I was. Night had fallen, as we entered the picture house, and the interior was as dark as the cave of Eblis. So far, so good!

The film on the screen was one of those sob-stuff torments which turn most women into perfectly good understudies of Niobe for about six reels or so. My prophetic hopes, I found, were correct. Khawala was no exception to the rule. At the first sad caption she began to sniff, and when the Italian heroine writhed on a marble seat on reading the telegram that told of her lover's accident, she reached for my hand. At last, when the said lover returned on crutches, she broke down entirely and laid her head on my shoulder.

"You are overcome," I whispered; "let me get you some coffee. A cup will just put you right."

The cup of coffee is to the Arab woman what the cup of tea is to her European sister, a never-failing solace. Khawala peered up at me through the gloom.

"You are so good," she murmured. "Yes, I think I should like a cup. But you won't be long, will you, dear?"

Assuring her that I would not, I crept from the picture house and made for the docks at greyhound speed. A felucca was in the act of weighing out for Basra. The lateen sails were going up and the anchor was on the deck.

"Hi, hi!" I shouted to the skipper; "take me with you and I'll split a gold piece with you when we get to Basra."

"Jump, then," he cried, "and save your neck if you can. I can't put back."

I closed my eyes and jumped. A broken neck seemed a mild way out compared with what waited for me at the picture house yonder.

For I should have told you that Khawala was forty-five if she was a day, and that she had quite three teeth in the upper gum and a smile like that on the visage of the proverbial tiger.

Pressed by circumstances, I may go "back to Alabam'," as a popular song assures us its hero declares he will do. But come weal, come woe, I shall *not* return to Koweit. There are other and less exciting ways of facing Azrael.

* * *

Gold

By H. R. A. Garnett

The Statement of a Great Economic Problem

If the greatest problem before mankind is the preservation of peace, the second most urgent problem is the stability of prices. Falling prices bring unemployment, a drastic curtailment of trade, lack of confidence and all the other evidences of business depression. Prices of goods and commodities are quoted in their relation to currency, and as stable currencies are on a gold basis, prices are, therefore, quoted in terms of gold. From time immemorial gold has passed as the medium of exchange because of its known durability and its scarcity.

The quantities of gold existing in the world and produced each year have been fairly accurately measured since 1493 or beyond that date. If, therefore, gold can be accurately measured, what effect does it have on price level? If this question can be answered by stating that either the lack or the maldistribution of gold affects consumption and therefore production — or in other words price levels, which are nothing more than the world production of goods paid for by world consumption — it is pertinent to examine the present distribution and supplies of gold.

We have had falling price levels since 1921 intensely aggravated this year. It is obvious that if there is over production consumption becomes less, and there is less purchasing power available in the world. In other words, purchasers are not available, because the exchange of goods is imperfect.

This can only mean that currency and credit, which form the basis for exchange of goods, have ceased to flow into those channels where they were most needed. Hence purchasing power must diminish. If, therefore, it can be shown that price levels (or the price exchange of goods or commodities) have declined and at the same time large quantities of gold, upon which currency and credit depend, have been immobilized, it must follow that the supplies of gold available have been insufficient for currency and credit needs, and the exchange medium has, therefore, failed to arrest falling prices.

Statisticians agree that the world production increases about three per cent annually and world population one per cent annually. Price levels increased nevertheless from 1896 to the outbreak of war. Exchange and production were then functioning normally. The following table, based on Sir Henry Strakosch's able article in *The London Economist* of July 5, demonstrates price levels from 1924 to date and shows the amounts of gold in each year that have been immobilized:

In Millions of Dollars

Date	New gold becoming available for monetary purposes	+ Released gold on balance − Immobilized Gold	Net additions to monetary gold reserve	*London Economist's* Wholesale price Index. Rise or fall 1913=100 Per cent	
Dec. 31, 1924	359.6	−228.42	131.18	172.4	+ 6.1
1925	17.72	+106.92	124.64	153.	−11.2
1926	340.2	− 92.34	247.88	145.1	− 5.2
1927	233.0	+ 19.54	242.54	141.9	− 2.2
1928	398.5	−116.64	281.86	136.5	− 3.8
1929	291.6	−359.64	− 68.04	126.9	− 7.0
Jan. 1–Aug. 1, 1930	224	−284.6	− 64.6	109.3	−13.7
Aug. 1–Nov. 12, 1930	224	−511.2	−287.2		

It will be observed that from 1925 to 1927 inclusive there was a decline of 18.6 per cent. At the same time $194,300,000 was immobilized. For each one per cent of drop in commodity prices during this period, $10,400,000 of gold was sterilized. For 1928, the rate was nearly three times as rapid, for each percentage drop $30,600,000 were kept unreleased in various centres. This prepared the way for the fall in commodities for 1929 and 1930. In 1929, although commodity prices fell twice as rapidly as in 1928, no effort was made to achieve a free exchange of gold and each percentage drop reflected an imprisonment of some $51,300,000 in gold. This year up to August 1, a drop of great severity occurred in commodities, and it should be noted that the curve of rising gold amounts in relation to the percentage drop in the Index was greatly reduced from 1929, the actual figure being $21,500,000. At the time of writing, however, the wholesale Index figure for November 1 is not available, but it may be pointed out that in just over two months (August 1–November 12) the newly immobilized stock of gold reached the colossal total of $226,600,000. There will be some corrective to this, as this immense total reflects in part the exports of gold from commodity nations to protect their exchanges. The evil of centres having heaped-up stores of gold to the detriment of free exchange movements is all too apparent.

The chief centres of immobilized gold are in Buenos Aires, Paris and New York. Gold held in Argentina at present amounts to $39.80 per capita, in France to $49.15 and in the United States to $25.20. These figures can be compared to $8.44 for Holland (with her large Eastern trade), $8.73 for Italy, $16.91 for

Great Britain and $8.14 for Switzerland. A brief survey of the difficulties at each of the hoarding centres for the release of gold will make it evident what reforms are needed.

By the Currency Law in Argentina for one gold peso withdrawn from the Caja de Conversion 2.22727 paper pesos are required to be withdrawn from circulation. The rigidity of this law practically compelled the Argentine Government to close the Caja de Conversion in December, 1929, when exports were dropping and gold would have been shipped for profit in exchange transactions. The amount of gold withdrawn might well have caused a currency stringency of severe proportions. There are two reforms in Argentina which can be suggested, a new currency law providing for a flexible system, and an increased use of checks as opposed to currency. Happily press announcements indicate that the Government is well aware of the inadequacy of the present law and proposes to remedy a situation which has long been an anomaly. As to the second, education and the growth of the country can bring about changes.

We now come to the position of France. Since January, 1925, to the latest available figures the stock of gold and claims to gold abroad have risen over 1,000 per cent. The causes of this great influx are many. During the flight from the franc the French placed heavy balances abroad; the country has ceased to be a lending nation, and the total balance of payments are largely in her favor. For instance, for the year 1928 the favorable balance of payments was calculated at 5,720 millions of francs.

With the enormous claim to gold abroad, with the Bank of France possessing further enormous gold deposits, with no exchange worries, with money cheaper than anywhere else, it is right to examine for a moment the apparent necessity for further imports of gold. We shall then be able to demonstrate the cause of sterilization of so much gold in France.

Without any discourtesy it may be said that the French money market is antiquated. In New York the money market is controlled by rediscounting with the Federal Reserve Bank, in London by the flexibility of control exercised by the Bank of England. In France, the Banque de France is a commercial bank in every sense of the word; and it charges its competitors excessive rates for discounting. Consequently credit being dear, it is cheaper to draw on foreign balances for any excessive demand. Currency, too, is in great demand. Hoarding among the peasants amounts to an appreciable percentage of the whole; tourist traffic is insatiable in its demand for currency and cash transactions still find favor over the check. The cheapest way, therefore, is to import gold, deposit it with the Banque de France and draw out currency. The following comparisons of currency may be found illuminating: England $37.90 per head; France $71.89; United States $11.4, and Italy $21.56.

There is a further reason for French claim to gold. Before the war France supplied foreign countries with large amounts of capital, In 1911, France floated 1,862.3 millions of francs; in 1912, 1006 millions; in 1913, 1538.4 millions; in 1923, 738 millions; in 1924, 235 millions; in 1927, 46 millions; in 1928, 182 millions; and in 1929, 517 millions. Since the war, France has kept her foreign commitments in comparatively liquid form, which can be realized on short notice. These amount to $266,000,000 for the Banque of France alone. Paris, therefore, has much to do to become an international market, but by accomplishing this she would help to solve the gold immobilization problem.

The necessary reforms seem to include the establishment of a larger bill market, some attempt to distinguish between the functions of the Banque de France as a Central Bank and as a Commercial Bank, the flotation of foreign loans, the substitution of excessive currency needs for the drawing of checks, and the solution (always a hard one!) of the peasant's persistent attempt to hoard his hard-earned francs. In the words of a distinguished French economist, "We should rather leave it (i. e. gold) in the possession of the United States, who, like King Midas, before long will vainly seek to rid itself of it." It is comforting to know that the United States has a companion in similar distress.

In brief, the United States has become the greatest creditor nation. Recovering from the war sooner than anyone, having no political entanglements, safe behind a customs barrier, she has lent prodigious sums, and is being paid annually the refunded war debts and interest and sinking payments on her loans abroad. Debtors after all can only pay their debts in services of goods directly by imports or by indirect imports, "invisible" services, or the exportation of gold. The recent rise in the tariff has tended to make payments all the more difficult, and gold shipments from South America and Japan have been made to bolster up exchanges. Without considering private investments placed abroad, America has floated in this market for loans abroad from 1925 to November 1, 1930, about $5,919,716,000 of new money, and if interest and sinking fund are put at 6.5 per cent it will readily be seen that America annually receives $381,781,540 and to this must be added over $200,000,000 on account of war payments. If these figures are considered and thought is given to the tariff, it is not surprising that gold has accumulated here. A reduction in the tariff would undoubtedly ease the situation, but not cure it.

The suggestions that have been made in respect of Argentina and France do not apply here. At present the Federal Reserve System keeps a gold ratio nearly twice the legal minimum of 40 per cent. There is little doubt that we are using excessive gold for our currency requirements. Take the statement of November 12 of the Federal Reserve Bank.

Currency outstanding	$1,371,148,000	
Deposits	2,539,661,000	
	3,910,809,000	
Against which is held gold	$1,632,506,000	per cent 41.7

Gold Settlement Fund	492,364,000	12.6
Gold and Gold Certificates	903,626,000	23.1
		77.4

The problem is not how to retain gold, but how to lose it. A loss of a billion dollars in gold would leave the substantial cover of gold of 51.9 per cent. It can be forced from the country by excessive cheapness in money rates, by again lowering the Federal Reserve rate. Critics argue that this was done designedly in 1928, and although the United States lost $421,873,000 in gold, the way was prepared for the bull market of 1929. The Federal Reserve authorities can cheapen money and yet keep a strangle hold on the market by buying Government securities. At present they possess $600,000,000 of Government securities against $200,000,000 in 1928. This is a greater potential force than they possessed in 1928. The only other way of exporting gold is by exchanges moving to the gold point against this market, and there seems small probability of that at the moment of writing. The first method is driving gold from the country artificially, the second by allowing it to depart by the usual laws of supply and demand.

The Interim report on Gold, published by the League of Nations Committee, estimates that the net amount of gold available for monetary purposes in 1931 will be $220,000,000, and by 1940 will only amount to $170,000,000. An earlier table has shown the amount of gold available for monetary use in the past few years. Calculations are made to show that if notes and sight liabilities increase at the rate of two per cent a year with a gold cover of only 33 per cent, there will be a shortage of gold in 1938. If the gold cover be raised to 40 per cent with a two per cent yearly increase, the gold shortage is set for 1933. Consequently, quite apart from the actual distribution of gold, the world is faced with a serious gold shortage. All the experts seem to be in agreement that large discoveries are improbable.

While the final report on the question has yet to be made, certain obvious reforms are suggested. The most important is the coöperation of countries in reducing their ratios of gold to currency. The usual covers of gold have been formulated through custom or fear. No country could be expected voluntarily to lower its ratio without concerted action on the part of the large gold-owning countries. Each geographical expression can not by itself stand the strain. Only by the contribution of each for the benefit of the whole can the labors of man be successfully rewarded and shielded from the horrors of economic privations. The shortage of gold is one problem, the distribution of it another, the stability of prices yet a third, but closely allied. No one country, industry or bank, however powerful or however small, can hope to solve these problems without the hearty coöperation of all. Peace is the panacea of mankind, but economic distress is the greatest bane of it. Boldness and coöperation can alone maintain peace with prosperity.

Recollections of Mark Twain

BY CLARA CLEMENS

Last Years of the Humorist

NOT only did Mother have the satisfaction of knowing that she was indispensable to her husband in his work, but she knew she was equally so in every detail of his life. I think it was largely her idea that, when he was in a towering rage over some misdemeanor committed by a man residing in a distant town, he should express all his condemning thoughts in a letter — but not mail the letter. Father was so pleased with this scheme that he used it frequently. He did not like to lose altogether the satisfaction of expressing his feelings when they were so violent, but he realized that time often cooled them down until he was forced to admit they had not been well measured to the size of the cause.

"Do you know, Sue," I once heard Father say to my aunt, "whenever I have failed to follow the advice of Livy to change this or that sentence, or eliminate a page, I have always come to regret it, because in the end my better taste in thoughts and their expression rises up and says: 'You should have done as she said, she was right.' And never once can I remember wishing I had left something as I had originally written it after it had received the censure of her unfailing vision."

"What would you do without her, Samuel?" Aunt Sue asked.

"I don't know; nor do I know what my publishers would do without her."

FATHER was inclined to spend the mornings reading or writing in bed, which Mother feared might be a weakening habit. She sent in the suggestion to him now and then that he would feel better if he arose at a reasonably early hour and took a walk in the fresh air. Once I brought to him a biography of Bryant that I was reading aloud to Mother and showed him a page that we hoped might make a big impression on him. It described early rising and a vigorous walk which formed part of the poet's daily régime, although he had reached the great age of eighty, whereas Father was not more than sixty-six at this time. In reply Father wrote:

> Feb. 14 — being St. Valentine's Day. And so this is to my Valentine — my especial Valentine and darling and best beloved — with kisses therewith, and many! I have read that half page. Mr. Bryant was wonderful to do those early risings and all that at

eighty. If ever I get to be eighty, I mean to do them, too.

Sleep well, Livy dear — I shall get up as early as I can, and go out and get fresh air.

Good night, Dear Heart.

Y.

THE Bestower of Peace entered and set my precious Mother free. Her wish to die before her husband had been granted and she passed unconsciously from the earthly to the unknown state. Father stood helpless as a little child while the beloved soul glided away. He softly stroked an unresponding hand and called her name. No answer, but the silence of the dead, a silence that denuded our hearts of all comfort and cheer. Where should we turn? What should we do? The rudder of our ship was lost and we were tossed in restless seas. Father wrote in his note-book:

> At a quarter past nine this evening she that was the life of my life passed to the relief and the peace of death after twenty-two months of unjust and unearned suffering. I first saw her thirty-seven years ago and now I have looked upon her face for the last time. . . . I am full of remorse for things done and said in these thirty-four years of married life that hurt Livy's heart.

We sailed on the *Prince Oscar* for America the last part of June. Mother's remains were on the same boat with us. The tragic melancholy of Father's mood can best be described by his own notes, which Albert Bigelow Paine also used in his biography:

> June 29, 1904. — Sailed last night at ten. The bugle-call to breakfast. I recognized the notes and was distressed. When I heard them last Livy heard them with me; now they fall upon her ear unheeded. In my life there have been sixty-eight Junes — but how faded and colorless sixty-seven of them are, contrasted with the deep blackness of this one!

> July 1, 1904. — I can not reproduce Livy's face in my mind's eye — I was never in my life able to reproduce a face. It is a curious infirmity, and now at last I realize it is a calamity.

In the early autumn Father rented a house on Fifth Avenue, at the corner of Ninth Street, No. 21, where he, Jean, the faithful Katie and the secretary settled down for the winter.

He started *Eve's Diary* that winter and wrote various articles, only one or two of which were completed or published. Most of the time he lived very quietly, with music for his chief companion; music made by a great mechanical instrument called the Æolian Orchestrelle.

HE WAS mentally active in one way or another all day long and into the night. This helped to modify his grief and gave him courage to continue his broken life. I believe that if Mother had lived, age would never have had the power to enfeeble Father's fiery temperament or diminish any of his enthusiasms and youthful forces. He was fundamentally young to the day of his death and would in no way have been marked by the increase of years had not sorrow clutched at the vitals of his heart. I remember thinking, when I saw him lightly running up and down the stairs on the day that a large banquet was to be given in honor of his seventieth birthday, "Father is younger now than I have ever been." His movements were quick and decided. His laugh was spontaneous and hearty. His eyes never lost their brilliance, except when softened by a dreamy haze.

His interest in all important matters of the day never flagged, and his instinct to reply in print to reports of evil acts in the daily papers was as compelling in these last years as it had ever been. Most of what he wrote he destroyed, however, as soon as it was written. Often he expressed his feelings in private letters to intimate friends, Mr. Twichell, Mr. Howells and others.

WHEN the hours of dictation were over Father often received callers, among whom were usually a few strangers. In one instance we had a good laugh. A pathetic sort of old lady arrived, who wished to pour out her adoration of Mark Twain and his works. Before leaving, she begged permission to kiss Father's hand in reverence. Quite seriously and sympathetically he submitted to this trying compliment. At the door she said: "How God must love you!" and when it closed behind her, Father said to us with a twinkle in his eye: "I guess she hasn't heard of our strained relations."

Although Father loved the great Italian bed with a cherub on each post, in which he had slept for many years, he sometimes complained that it was too large. Once when he was lying in it dictating to the stenographer, he wanted to quote from a newspaper notice, but hunted and hunted for it in vain among innumerable papers lying on the bed. He got madder and madder. Finally he asked the stenographer to leave the room so that he might swear. Mr. Paine helped Father search for that clipping which could not be found. Father muttered angrily with interspersed profanity: "One could lose a dog in this bed." Finally Mr. Paine suggested that possibly the clipping in his hand was the one he wanted, and so it proved to be. This was too much for a saint to bear. Father went into geysers of profanity and then remarked: "There ought to be a room in this house to swear in. It's dangerous to have to repress an emotion like that."

Some of the time when dictating, Father walked the floor instead of lying in bed, and then it always seemed as if a new spirit had flown into the room. There was something supernatural in his ability to pour out thoughts that flowed in finished phrases. He would start, for instance, to give a history of man, leading him from Adam through all the mysterious recesses of the ages, and end by giving comparisons between the qualities of man and the house-fly, or man and the tiger. The gestures he naturally used to emphasize his speech, and the poses that belonged to his personality, turned such hours into dramatic experiences.

A LETTER written to Jean reflects a bit of Father's social mood at this time:

Jan. 1./07

Jean dear, we had grand times last night. "Sham" played by Clara — burlesquing Grand Opera — assisted by Witter Bynner, George Gilder and Miss Burbank — most delightfully played. "Pain" played by me as a baby, with Miss Burbank for the mother. "Champagne" played by Bynner and me as the Siamese Twins (I getting drunk on wine drunk by him.)

At 11.55 there was a prepared surprise; lovely music — played on a silent piano of 300 keys at the corner of Broadway a mile and a half away, and sent over the telephone wire to our parlor — the first time this marvelous invention ever uttered its voice in a private house. Two weeks from now it will go by wire 1,000 miles to Chicago and furnish the music for the Electrical Convention and within a year or two the artist will play on those dumb keys and deliver his music into 20,000 homes — and cheap as water; only 20 cents an hour; and you can shut it off when you please, like the gas.

The company left at 1 and Mr. Paine and I played billiards till 3 o'clock.

Happy New Year, and a heap of hugs and kisses,

Father.

P.S. . . . Jean, the idea is that these formidable new war-inventions will make war impossible by and by — but I doubt it. Man was created a bloody animal and I think he will always thirst for blood and will manage to have it. I think he is far and away the worst animal that exists; and the only untamable one.

Mark Twain was now so generally recognized by everyone on the street or in public places that it was difficult to realize he was only a man of letters. Sometimes he was greeted by applause when he entered a theatre or public dining-room. I remember one little incident a friend related who had accompanied Father to watch a professional game of billiards played by two young men, one of whom had achieved fame for the excellence of his game. A large crowd was witnessing the spectacle when Father entered the place. At once the billiard players were forgotten and rousing applause greeted the white-haired gentleman as he approached. When the game was concluded Father was invited to make a speech, so he told an experience he had had some years before. He went into a billiard room and began to play by himself. A man standing near by watched him for a few minutes and then asked Father if he would like to attempt a game with him. "Yes," replied Father in an eager tone; but his eagerness cooled, because his pride suffered a shock when the man said: "I'll play you left-handed." Father chalked his cue while his adversary started to play. He kept on chalking his cue and the man continued to play. Was this never going to end? Apparently not. The stranger hit the winning score and Father had not touched a ball. "Goodness!" exclaimed Mark, "I never saw such a thing! If you can play that way left-handed, what could you do right-handed?" "Nothing at all!" said his opponent, "I'm a left-handed man."

Father spent two summers in Dublin, N. H., a charming spot where the people and scenery gave him pleasure. He wrote to me from there:

Dublin, Sunday, 9.30 A.M.

In my bedroom, Dear Heart, in my bedroom, and drunk again with the autumn foliage. The fact is, I am drunk with it all the time; it began weeks ago and I have never drawn a sober breath since. The colors that wash the wide sweep are infinitely tender and subdued and delicate now. Down the slope of Monadnock there's a rippled and ruffled landslide of hellfire toned down for Sunday consumption, the aforetime flames all there, but the fierce anger all gone — softened down to mottled yellows, every ruffle smitten through with a jet of sunlight, the whole avalanche daintily luminous, exquisitely luminous. The people are lamenting, they say the forest has faded; but it is a mistake to think damage has happened.

Good bye, dear, dear, most dear little ashcat.

Father.

P.S. *Two hours later.*

Clara dear, you think you have seen autumn foliage, but it is not so; you have seen only attempts, partial successes, and failures. And you have not had these attempts properly grouped, properly neared and distanced, properly leveled for vivid display in the fore-ground, properly retreating and softening away through a spacious gate in the gorgeous hills and dimming to smoldering embers under the hazy mountains on the verge of the world. I have to shut my eyes to shave, this painted dream distracts my hand and threatens my throat. And I have to stop and write this postscript to quiet my mind and lower my temperature, so that I can go and stand between the windows again and without peril resume.

Father.

P.S. There is to be a reading of the horse story in this house, Thursday, with four invited guests; a man, a woman, and two girls of fifteen. In the last chapter there are bugle-calls and war music and someone will break in at the precise places and play this, as I read. We practised it last night and got the cues right, and it was dramatic and stirring.

ALONG about this time Father took to wearing white clothes daily at all seasons of the year. Sometimes on very formal occasions he returned to black clothes, but unwillingly, for more and more he abhorred gloomy colors. He felt that men should be gaily clad like women, and since he did not dare venture upon the street in blues and greens, he had to content himself with white, which of course was conspicuous enough. Even when he went lobbying to Washington for the purpose of changing the copyright law, he wore his white clothes. And it was reported that although at first people were a bit startled at this apparition clad in white from foot to crown, they came to feel nothing but emotional pleasure in the sight, backed as it was by the dramatic delivery of a brilliant speech.

One of the great moments in Father's career was when he received the invitation to go to England and have the Oxford degree conferred upon him. "If only Livy could have known of this triumph!" he used to exclaim. It seemed a long trip to take, but the goal at the other end shone with magnetic brilliance and Father sailed across the seas, taking a young man with him to fill the post of secretary. His reception far surpassed anything he could possibly have hoped for. It was likened by one of the newspapers to Voltaire's return to Paris after his long exile from home. And so conspicuous were the attentions paid to Father on the day of the Oxford Pageant that one of the papers called it "Mark Twain's Pageant."

FATHER was often critical of our domestic Government, and wrote to me once: "I'm reading Suetonius again, oh, good land! This country is not Rome in the days of the early Cæsars, but — there are resemblances. And they are increasing. In a hundred years there'll be a King roosting here. His grandfather is among us now; I'd like to know his name. I already know the monarchy's ancestor, the same being the Republican Party; after which comes the Labor Party, and after it the Monarchy."

He never tired of discoursing on the evils of our Government, graft and other abuses. Always he maintained that no man could fill a high official position in the Government without succumbing to corrupting temptations, in some small degree at least. "Personally I should not care to face my conscience after four years as President of the United States."

He spent a great deal of time reading about the stars, and took pleasure in trying to figure out the time required for the light of some of them to reach our earth, according to the means used by authorities on the subject. Once when occupied with these interesting calculations he remarked: "I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: 'Now here are these unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.' Oh! I am looking forward to that."

In the summer of this same year, 1909, Ossip Gabrilowitsch narrowly escaped death from the result of a mastoid operation performed in one of the New York hospitals. When he was able to be moved he came to our country home to recuperate. Several weeks of rest finally brought him back to health, and towards the end of September, it was decided to give a concert in our home for the benefit of a library Father and others were starting in Redding.

The affair was a great success and even more money was taken in than hoped for. After this public entertainment in the afternoon followed a private event that evening, for I became engaged to Gabrilowitsch. Two weeks later our wedding took place in the same room where we had held the concert. Father was happy over this news, because he had always felt great admiration for Gabrilowitsch both as man and artist. The only sad feature was that I should live so many miles away from home, but Ossip and I hoped to spend a good deal of time in America.

The latter part of the next month we went to Europe to live and had been only a short time in Germany when the shocking news came of Jean's sudden death. It occurred in Redding when she was taking her morning bath and it was believed that she died of heart-failure from the cold water. In Europe I received the following letter from Father:

> Redding, Conn., December 29, 1909.
>
> O, Clara, Clara dear, I am so glad she is out of it and safe — safe! I am not melancholy; I shall never be melancholy again, I think.
>
> You see, I was in such distress when I came to realize that you were gone far away and no one stood between her and danger but me — and I could die at any moment, and then — oh then what would become of her! For she was wilful, you know, and would not have been governable.
>
> You can't imagine what a darling she was that last two or three days; and how fine, and good and sweet and noble — and joyful, thank Heaven! — and how intellectually brilliant. I had never been acquainted with Jean before. I recognized that.
>
> But I mustn't try to write about her — I can't. I have already poured my heart out with the pen, recording that last day or two. I will send you that — and you must let no one but Ossip read it.
>
> Goodbye. I love you so! And Ossip.
>
> Father.

It must have been a lonely house with none of his own family left in it, and the tragedy of Jean's life and sudden death haunting his thoughts. At Mr. Paine's wise suggestion, passage was engaged to Bermuda for Father and his butler, Claude. He arrived there in pretty good physical condition but stayed in bed a good part of the day. Sometimes he drove out to make calls or to enjoy the picturesque scenery. He had had attacks of pain in his chest before leaving Redding, which indicated a more serious form of heart disease, but they recurred only at rare intervals.

Letters poured in, as at other times during his life when his health was not good, offering marvellous remedies for his malady, whatever it might be. He tried to acknowledge all such messages and sometimes did so in a whimsical way. For example, one of his replies was worded as follows:

> Dear Sir (or Madam): — I try every remedy sent to me. I am now on No. 87. Yours is 2,653. I am looking forward to its beneficial results.

According to reports, his sense of humor never flagged during this last and cruelly painful illness. In the midst of suffocating lack of breath and torturing pain he managed to pant out droll remarks, ridiculing the weaknesses of the human being or the incapacities of the doctor, but always in playful vein.

SUDDENLY my husband and I received a message to come to America at once. We could only fear the worst. There was no delay in getting passage on the first steamer. Yet the voyage was filled with the dread that we might arrive too late. At last on April 17 we arrived at the Branchville Station and from there had but a short drive to the Redding home. Mr. Paine met us at the train with the encouraging news that Father seemed a little brighter that morning and was anxiously awaiting our arrival. How good the Fates had been! When we entered the sick man's room a sweet smile lit up his face, that loving smile that would soon fade out forever. He was ready to talk, but spent no words on complaints about his illness. He was pathetically anxious to inform me about the financial state of affairs, expressing regret that there was less money than he had hoped there would be. He appeared skeptical also as to whether the sale of his books would continue for more than a brief period after his death. I was too much moved by this evidence of his lingering care for me, to trust myself to speak.

Except for a gray look in his face his appearance was about as usual, and for several hours he filled his conversation with the same vivacity as of yore. Most of the time during the first days after our return he talked normally and did not seem inclined to sleep much, barring short naps he dropped into now and then.

ONCE when I had left his room and was looking at the landscape from my window, wondering how I could endure parting with the last beloved member of my family, Mr. Paine brought me a message. Father wished me to sing for him. Sing to my dying Father — I made an inarticulate response. Then some higher force surrounded me which seemed to say: "Will you refuse his last request?" And another power revived within me, the power that says "I can!" Thus I faced the ordeal and have been grateful all the succeeding years that I did not fail to give Father the serene sense of comfort he evidently received from hearing three little Scotch songs he had always cared for. The next day he talked almost constantly, but less lucidly. Sometimes it was difficult to understand him. He was able to make himself intelligible to my husband more easily than to anyone else. Two days more I was permitted to watch that magnificent head on the pillow and the wandering eyes, expressive to the end. On Thursday morning, April 21, 1910, he awoke with mental clarity and vigor, but not inclined to converse. Part of the forenoon he read, and much of the time meditated in silence. Then he dozed off. I was sitting by the bedside, when suddenly he opened his eyes, took my hand and looked steadily into my face. Faintly he murmured: "Good-bye, dear, if we meet — " His face was illumined with smiling peace. And Halley's comet was once more shining in the sky, as it had done at his birth.

Prescience

By Adele de Leeuw

I am aware of coming snow.
Something tells me, and I know.
Before the first flakes drift through air —
I am aware.

Long, long ago I may have been
Cloistered in snowy wastes, shut in
By cruel walls built up by snow,
Long, long ago.

I may have heard the silence wait,
Pregnant with an ominous fate;
Before God spoke the doomful word
I may have heard.

There is no way to be assured
That those dim tortures I endured
Will not return with snow today —
There is no way.

Only my heart, before snows fall,
Leaps like a deer against its wall,
Over and over . . . *I* do not start —
Only my heart.

The Loudest Squeak

By James E. Boyle

A farmer's old proverb: the wheel which has the most squeak gets the most grease

In these latter days, the farmer has many a Homer to sing the Iliad of his woes. A recent magazine article pictures the "tragedy of the farmer." But in it as in similar articles and in recent books on the same subject, there is an assumption, expressed or implied, that the farmers of the past lived in a sort of Golden Age of agriculture. The assumption is that this farmer of the past was a very prosperous and contented man; that he had all the sterling qualities of independence, self-reliance, thrift, conservatism and piety; that the farmer in recent years has been travelling down an inclined plane toward a very much inferior condition. The facts show exactly the opposite to be true.

The farmer has been travelling up an inclined plane. His standard of living has been getting higher and higher. He does less work and has more leisure. He has more wealth and better health. He is a more significant member of society now than at any time in the past. For lack of space, I can cite only a few pieces of evidence to prove this thesis.

We are told that a straw shows which way the wind blows. I recall a small episode of a few years ago, in the life of the then movie queen and idol of the world, Mary Pickford, which shows the new position of the farmer among business men. Mary Pickford was visiting the Chicago Board of Trade, and, in fact, made a speech to the members. But she was not given the privilege of the floor, that is, permitted to visit the trading floor. The rule of the Board was then and still is, that no female be allowed on the trading floor.

A short time after this visit of Miss Pickford, I saw several females on this same trading floor. An official guide was showing them about with much deference. These young women were, I soon learned, farmers' daughters, who had won honors in certain farm and home projects which they, in competition with thousands of others, had carried on successfully. This Board of Trade incident is significant, showing the new place held by the farmer in the esteem of business men.

Each year, young women and young men from farms, winners in farm club projects, come to Chicago for the International Grain, Hay, and Livestock Exhibition. At the last meeting of this kind which I attended, I noted with pleasure the attention paid to these young farmers. The Wilson Packing Company gave them a banquet; the Swift Company a theatre party; other powerful business interests did their share in making these young people from the country feel important.

One of the finest business buildings in the great city of Winnipeg is the head office of the United Grain Growers. Some time ago, one of the officers in this farmers' company, Roderick Mackenzie, was showing me about the building, and I made some surprised comments on the white marble stairways and marble wainscoting. The old Scotchman smiled and said, "There is nothing too good for the farmer." He added, as a canny afterthought, "It is all paid for."

Some of the latest pictures of our own President on the White House lawn show him in the midst of a group of boys and girls — all farmers. They are the national leaders of the Boys' and Girls' Four-H Club movement. Their triumphs are acclaimed on the front pages of all our metropolitan dailies.

IN THESE ways I have cited, and in a hundred other ways more subtle, the farmers are made to feel that they are important. Agriculture is exalted and dignified. Agriculture is now commercialized, meaning that the farmer sells what he produces and buys what he consumes. And being commercial, agriculture is a hundred times more competitive than it was in the old self-sufficient days. Now, since it is more competitive, it is also more scientific. It is a profession for trained men and women. With the coming of our agricultural colleges and schools, and our present-day scientific farming, there have passed out of circulation most of the reproachful names once applied to the farmer.

HE IS no longer a Rube, a hick, a hayseed, a mossback, a clodhopper, or a yokel. The farmer is, in economic parlance, a manager of land, labor, and capital, and is, therefore, a capitalist. In fact a surprisingly large number of farmers own stock in corporations. Since the farmer has become a business man and a capitalist, those still more ancient social distinctions between urban man and rural man have disappeared. We learned in our Latin books at school that *urbs* meant city; *rus* meant country. We learned further that *urban* was a derivative from *urbs*, and meant courteous in manner, polite, refined, elegant; while *rustic*, from *rus*, meant rude, awkward, rough, unpolished. Those were the distinctions between farmer and city man two thousand years ago. If Julius Cæsar should enter any legislative assembly in America today, he would be unable to tell the farmer from the banker. The farmers and bankers listen to the same music, the same talk, the same jokes, over the same radio at the same moments. When the farmer's daughter drives to town in her automobile, she is wearing the same style of hat and gown as her city cousin.

The prophets of gloom who write the lugubrious articles about the farmer have one theme in common.

"See," they say, "the farmers now constitute but one-fourth of our population, and therefore they have lost their voice in the affairs of the nation." But are the farmers inarticulate?

THE farmer is very articulate. Not only does he ask, but he receives. Here are a few things he has asked for and received at Washington:

He asked for a Department of Agriculture, which would deal in a fundamentally constructive way with his problems. He received a Department, staffed by twenty-five thousand trained persons, a Department as large as any five similar departments in the other great nations of the world.

He asked for a Parcels Post, and for a Postal Savings Bank. He got both.

He asked for the regulation of "big business," and Congress responded by passing laws for regulating both the railroads and the trusts. First came the Interstate Commerce Act, which curbed the railroads and made rebates illegal; then the Sherman Anti-trust Act, which made all combinations in restraint of trade a crime; then the Packer and Stockyards Act, to control the big meat packers; then the Grain Futures Act, which set up governmental supervision and regulation of all grain futures markets. Congress did not stop at these regulations. It passed the Clayton Amendment to the Sherman Law, authorizing farmers to form combinations without incurring the penalties of the criminal statute. Later, Congress passed the Capper-Volstead Act, making still more liberal the farmers' right to combine without going to jail for it.

The farmers were in debt and asked for more credit. Congress responded with three epoch-making credit measures providing for long-time credit, short-time credit, and intermediate credit. In one of these last—the Federal Farm Loan Act — the Government even advanced the money to start the twelve land banks, and provided for the issue of tax-free securities as a special favor to farmers. Under this act the farmers of Wyoming or Nevada or any other State can borrow funds on long-time loans at as low a rate as the largest business corporation in America.

THE farmer asked for educational facilities specially designed to promote agriculture. Congress answered by passing a series of five of the most important laws ever enacted in any country. First came the law setting aside lands from the public domain for financing at least one agricultural college in each State. Then came two laws providing for establishing Experiment Stations, in order that scientific research might keep ahead of teaching. The United States Department of Agriculture and these Experiment Stations now constitute our first line of defense in the unremitting war between man and insect and between man and the various plant and animal diseases. These institutions also provide the new knowledge of plant and animal and soil that is so necessary in this age of international competition in agriculture. After the Experiment Stations and the Colleges, Congress came along with another law providing for what is known as Extension Teaching — that is, carrying the educational message back to the farms and the homes. The farm women now are taught to eliminate the drudgery of housework, and are given inspiration and instructions to make their homes places of comfort and culture. Finally came a fifth law, providing federal funds for the teaching of agriculture to the farm boys and girls who have passed beyond the common schools and have entered the high schools. This vocational agriculture, as it is called, is thus brought into high schools or within reach of our farm boys who want it. And still more important, in my opinion, is another type of vocational agricultural teaching, now common in the South, namely, evening classes for adult farmers — men from eighteen to seventy-five. In any event, farmers asked for agricultural education, and their request has been answered far beyond the dreams of the original seekers.

THE farmer asked for a protective tariff. There is, of course, much honest doubt as to just how much of the tariff is pure humbug. Nevertheless, the farmer took the stand that if any favors were to be passed around, then he wanted his share. The official organ of the farmers' largest organization in the United States contained the statement that when the 1922 tariff was made, the farmers wrote their own schedules. In the 1930 tariff, again they wrote their own schedules — after considerable bargaining and trading.

The farmers asked Congress for good roads, so that the toilers on the soil might pull themselves out of the mud. Federal roads were provided and then State and county roads, and now most of our farmers live on surfaced roads. Coupled with the good roads came the rural free delivery of mail, which reaches nearly every farm in America. The farmer, for example, living within fifty miles of Kansas City, receives his morning and evening papers at about the same time the city man does.

And, finally, the farmers asked for "farm relief." Evidently the voice of the farmer was quite loud, for in the 1928 campaign both Presidential candidates committed themselves to embarrassingly large plans of farm relief. The candidate who was elected signed a bill setting aside half a billion dollars for farm relief. While the farmers have no agrarian party, as do the farmers of Central Europe, yet they have their Farm Bloc in Congress which gives them the balance of power.

I HAVE spoken at some length of the farmer's voice, as Washington hears it. It is a loud, raucous, insistent voice, and it does get attention. No other group in our population has had so much specific legislation in its favor. President Hoover truthfully said to the new Farm Board, when he launched it on its way: "By your appointment I invest you with responsibility, authority, and resources such as have never before been conferred by our Government in assistance to any industry." The farmer is very articulate. The farmers have long had a proverb which says that the wheel which has the most squeak gets the most grease.

"But," say the men who write the jeremiads on farming, "the farmer back in the hills is after all a subservient, subordinate, and insignificant member of human society." He is, they say, a sort of peasant; not organized; an incurable individualist; soured on the world; not able to meet the competitive conditions of modern life.

How helpless and insignificant is the farmer? This question brings up another: Is the farmer organized? Is he mobilized?

FARMERS are organized more completely than any other economic group of our society. For over seventy-five years the farmers have had an educational and social organization, a secret order, known as the Grange, with its ritual, its own literature and even its own songs. In the field of purely economic organization, the farmers are mobilized in an extremely large number of organizations — tens of thousands of them. In most of the States of the Union, the farmers are represented in the American Farm Bureau Federation. This association counts, in round numbers, about one million members. Also nation-wide in scope and economic in purpose are the Farmers' Union, the Equity Union, the Equity Society, and various others. For purely commercial purposes, there are the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company, carrying over six billion dollars of insurance, and the farmers' twelve thousand marketing associations with an amount of business of over two billion dollars.

The farmers are also mobilized by counties into county farm bureaus. These institutions are influences for promoting scientific agriculture, and have an importance of the first magnitude. Through these farm bureaus, information is channeled from the Federal Department of Agriculture and from the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations down to the individual farmer.

The American Bankers' Association has a national committee on agriculture, and has, furthermore, in each State a State committee, and has, in addition to all these, a key banker in each section of the State to serve as liaison officer with the farmers. The aim is coöperation for mutual benefit.

The United States Chamber of Commerce has also a committee on agriculture, which engages in research, and in coöperation with farmers' organizations with particular regard to long-time programmes for agriculture.

THERE are five hundred farm papers in the United States, each active as an attorney and fighter for the farmer, and deriving its support from the farmers. There are two thousand county agricultural agents in the United States, each one living among the farmers he serves, and promoting their interests in every legitimate way he can. These agents are supported chiefly by public funds.

The farmer is significant. The evidence just cited shows that the farmer as a farmer is recognized to be a very important member of his community, and that agriculture as a business is recognized as being of vital importance in the nation as a whole. The farmer has the largest single business in America, and he is treated accordingly.

The evidence which I have presented thus far tends to prove that the farmer not only has a voice in legislative matters at Washington, but that he is a very significant member of his community at home. He counts. He gets very much consideration from the other groups and classes.

THERE is one more criticism to consider. Many writers picture the lot of the farmer as hard. His toil is arduous; his day is long; his reward is meagre; his home is without the modern conveniences. It is a difficult and strenuous life.

Is the lot of the farmer hard? This question should be, "Is the lot of the farmer harder or easier than it was in the past?" Is he going up or down the inclined plane? Surely any one with some acquaintance with economic history will agree that the farmer's lot is progressively better century by century, and that his standard of living is now the highest it has ever been. The farmer does less work and has more money than ever before. He has better health. He has more education. He has more leisure. He has more culture. The "gentleman farmers" of our early history — men like George Washington — were in reality great capitalists. They were not typical farmers. For every gentleman farmer of this type, there were two thousand obscure farmers who were mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The Jacquerie in France, the Peasant Revolt in England in the days of Wat Tyler, the Peasant Revolt in Germany in the time of Martin Luther — these are but milestones in the long rebellion of the farmer against hard and undesirable conditions. What little the farmer gained each time, he had to hold by a new rebellion. Yet, up to the time of the French Revolution, the small farmer was pretty much the under dog. There never was a Golden Age of agriculture. The farmer has fought his way up, overcoming one by one the political, legal, economic, and social inequalities which beset him. He was once the under dog. He is so no longer.

THE early farmers of America were suffering from many of the inferiorities and many of the hardships which oppressed the contemporary farmers of Europe. The early American farmers were, therefore, always found on the side of rebellion, and active in opposing law and order as they knew it. The farmers fired the first shots at Concord; they staged Shays's Rebellion, the Whiskey Rebellion, and various other disturbances of those days. Their lot was hard, and they sought to better it by the strength of their own good right arms. They felt that they had more to gain than to lose by resisting the order about them.

Old letters, diaries, and journals give us a clear picture of the hard life of the early New England farmer. Take, for instance, the hill farmer of Vermont, or the inland farmer of Connecticut and Massachusetts. Men, women, and children wore no shoes or stockings in the summer time because they could not afford them. The working day was fourteen hours. Each farmhouse had one or more spinning wheels, depending on the number of females. To spin yarn, weave cloth, make clothes, tan hides, make shoes, knit stockings, make soap and candles, can food, and keep the farm and housework going, required the labor of all hands. They were literally all harnessed together in the producing process, young and old, male and female, from grandmother knitting under her spectacles, to the small boy riding the plow-horse.

Yet this was very ineffective labor. They worked hard and had little or nothing beyond a bare subsistence level. It was a low standard of living and was supported only by arduous and unremitting toil. While there was a wide distribution of the ownership of land, yet there was much poverty and even pauperism. A large item in the yearly budget of each town was the sum appropriated for the support of paupers. Charles Francis Adams tells us that in one year the town of Quincy spent as much on poor relief as on churches and schools combined.

At this same time, intemperance was almost universal among the farmers. Every important occasion in home or church life, every rural festivity, was made the occasion of excessive indulgence in intoxicants. The haying season in the summer, the barn raising in the fall, the hog killing in the winter, could not be successfully managed without the whiskey jug. Husking bees, house raisings, training days, christenings, burials and ordinations, were often disgraced by the drunkenness of participants. The craving for strong drink came in part from the coarse and unvaried diet of the farmers, in part from a desire to break the hard and depressing monotony of farm life. If our Prohibitionists today would turn to the annual numbers of the old *Farmer's Almanac*, they would find a great arsenal of admonitions against drunkenness.

The coming of the Industrial Revolution gave to the farm as well as to the factory the use of machinery and power. With better physical equipment, the farmer could produce more with less human labor. One hundred years ago, two men working with six oxen could plow in a superficial manner two acres in a day. It took a large part of the crop to feed the six oxen. Today, on that same farm, a boy with a gasoline tractor can plow, in a shorter day and in a better manner, three times as much. And the tractor will not eat when it is not at work.

In short, the farmer is more productive today than ever before. Many plant and animal diseases, once a scourge, are now under control. Scientific farm management has increased the yields of crop per acre, and the yield of milk per cow, the number of eggs per hen. These increases in production, with less labor, have given the farmer more leisure. Eighty years ago, the Iowa farmer had no time for picnics. Now the Iowa farmers' picnic, held each year in Los Angeles, California, brings together thousands and thousands of farmers, most of them in their own automobiles. The prairie farmers in the Dakotas and other frontier regions no longer have the curse of isolation upon them. I recently spent a night at a farmhouse in North Dakota. After supper, two of the young boys drove their Ford to a moving picture show at the little city of Minot, sixty miles away. These boys were back home in time for a good sleep and were ready for work in the morning. It was a rare thing for the colonial farmer to get six miles from home.

There are writers on the farm problem who will admit that the farmer is no longer inarticulate; that he no longer is the inferior man in our social structure; but these same writers claim that the farmer is now undergoing a depression so severe as to put him permanently into a class of social and economic inequality. A depression we do have at the present time. Depressions we have had intermittently, as far back as historical records go. An extremely severe depression occurred in Greece, for instance, five hundred years before Christ. Similar depressions occurred during the Middle Ages and in the centuries since them. The worst agricultural depression ever known by the farmers of New England occurred just twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1640.

SINCE the Revolution, our farmers have experienced four depressions, each worse than the present one, namely, in 1819, 1837, 1873, and 1893. Lack of credit and lack of transportation made these early crises extremely severe. In the present depression, there is a scarcity of neither credit nor transportation. Under our modern system of commercial credit, with its Federal Reserve and its elastic currency, a financial panic at present can not be as severe, or so long drawn out as those of our Nineteenth Century. But the farmer who is now in debt for land bought at inflated valuation is indeed in a bad way financially. Bankruptcy for him seems inevitable. However, the number of farmers in this class is relatively very small.

Depressions come and go. The country survives them. The farmer also survives them. The present depression should, therefore, not loom too large in our present discussions of the farmer.

THE question is, "How prosperous is the average farmer?" To get a picture of the "average farmer," I recently directed a study of one hundred and four typical Ohio farms. These farms are scattered around in seven counties. To simplify the study still further, I had a detailed and personal study made of the twenty-two farmers at the top of the list and of twenty-two at the bottom. The result is a cross-section which gives us a true picture of farming in a typical farming State. All forty-four farmers kept records showing their "labor income"—that is, the amount of money they received for their labor, after deducting interest at four per cent on their investment, as an expense.

The average labor income of the forty-four farmers was $1,997. The average of the top twenty-two was $3,368. The average of the bottom twenty-two was $626. The range of incomes was from $81 for the low man to $6,754 for the high man.

The conclusion seems warranted that the average farmer now is getting as much reward for his labor as the average man with similar ability in other occupations; and the average farmer is travelling slowly up the slope towards higher standards of living, more wealth, more health, less work and more leisure.

Our Barbaric Christmas

By Avis D. Carlson

A Protest from the Plagued

On December 21 or thereabouts of last year I expressed a hope that some good propagandist would launch a campaign for civilizing Christmas. The group about me was composed of people who like to think of themselves as "emancipated," but the instant my unwary little remark was in the air, they pounced upon it fiercely. What was barbaric about Christmas? they demanded to know. In the parry and thrust that ensued I failed to acquit myself with honor. If I remember correctly, I was so overwhelmed by rhapsodic recitations of this and that phase of "the Christmas spirit" as half to conclude that I was only tired and peevish.

I have long since recovered entirely from the weariness of that evening, but I still feel that a large part of the holiday activity is not very civilized. "The Christmas Rush" is most appropriately named. Everything gets off tempo and every one goes off poise. For three weeks the world shakes off its regular routine and abandons itself to a gigantic game where the pace is faster, the rules more exacting, and values different from those which hold in the humdrum rest of the year.

A homely little cartoon that appears annually in a slightly new dress shows a harassed *pater familias* facing a sheaf of papers labelled "Christmas bills." Sometimes it is accompanied by another cartoon in which he mournfully regards the assortment of unwearable neckties and unsmokable cigars that seems to represent his "value received" from those bills. We always smile, but if we have recently sat in at the adjustment of an average family budget to meet the crimp put in it by the December orgy of spending, we understand the bedevilled look on the face of *pater familias*.

We may even know another reason for it. Perhaps he is a dentist or an oculist. In that case people have generally been much too busy during December to attend to their ordinary need of him, and now they are certainly much too distracted with their department store bills to pay any attention to the statements he has sent out. Perhaps he is a doctor or a lawyer, who knows from sad experience that his patients or clients will have had "too much Christmas" to settle with him. If he sells bonds, insurance, or real estate, he has not been able to get appointments with prospects. Unless his is a business which profits from Christmas, he has complained nightly that business is slow, and he knows that during the next month he will complain nightly that collections are slow.

THE average man in his position undoubtedly thinks somewhat sourly that the Christmas game is an invention of woman's — a flowering of her diabolic desire to keep life from being settled and comfortable. He may even grumble that if women had to worry about digging up the money they wouldn't be so keen on all this nonsense. Almost certainly he will assert that next year Christmas will be put on a more sensible basis in at least one household.

One sympathizes with him. But his is not the heaviest burden imposed by the Christmas game. Somehow or other he will worry through. When the last bill is paid, he will dismiss the whole matter until next January 2. But about the first of December his wife must begin to make gift lists. Her church expects several hand-made articles for its bazaar. Half of her clubs are having Christmas parties and the other half are giving "benefits". The telephone rings continually with invitations to various festivities. Her own entertaining must be planned. And all the shopping must be got through. Each day the whirl grows more intense.

Much of the Christmas activity has grown into a sort of ritual. This must be done by such a day; that must not be done until exactly three days later. Parcels must be wrapped with so much white tissue paper and so many twirls of fancy twine. However much he worries about bills, *pater familias* is never the one who stands in line at the gift wrapping counter or the postoffice. Neither does he wrestle with the greeting card problem. He merely looks stern when he discovers by the simple method of inquiry that the Smith-Browns were in some way forgotten.

No. If women keep alive the hurly-burly, they also pay more dearly for it.

BUT I seriously doubt if they have had much to do with nursing it up to its present proportions. They like much of its cyclonic activity and are devoted to the custom of family reunions. Most mothers of small children also like treating them to a glorious celebration which they may gleefully anticipate throughout the year. Still, unless my memory of strained faces and half-shamed exclamations has played tricks upon me, increasing numbers of women wonder wearily during the latter half of December if there is not a little madness in the Christmas which America has fashioned for herself. We must go deeper than the witless desire of the female to keep herself up to the ears in work, if we are properly to explain all the hubbub that begins to boil as soon as Thanksgiving is well over and the papers commence to carry the disturbing notice, "Only twenty more shopping days."

May not that notice itself be the best index to the cause of the hubbub? I am told by a friend closely related to a department store management that the Christmas trade equals the combined sales volume of the store's three big annual sales. Those three sales are planned for weeks ahead by buyers scouring the markets for "specials" and by advertisers as skilful as the store can get its hands on. Yet the combined sales volume is only equal to that of Christmas! No wonder we are urged to shop. Christmas naturally means Business. By a little judicious spurring it can be made to mean more Business. By turning the whole world somewhat awry during December it can be made to mean Business of a magnitude that simply shames the unimaginative merchandisers of the past.

The stage was all set for just that kind of advertisers' spree. The traditions around Christmas linked up most of the sentiments dear to the human heart — friendship, smoking hearths, reunited family groups, ecstatic children, peace and good will to all mankind. The sanctions of religion tied into it. The Santa Claus myth was one of the prettiest humanity has conceived. The situation was simply made to order for the science of advertising. That it has not been slow to exploit this mine of sentiment is proved by the pages of any newspaper or magazine distributed during December.

A GENERATION ago Christmas in the average home meant a different kind of spending from what it does now. Gifts were less numerous and less expensive, but that was not the chief difference. Then they consisted mostly of toys, candy, books, flowers, and clothing knick-knacks. Such a system of Christmas spending meant that a very few businesses absorbed the trade.

The constant effort of advertising has been to widen the circle of commercial groups which profit from the holiday sentimentality. The slogans, "Buy a gift for the house" and "Give the car a gift" ushered two great industries into the enchanted ring. The rage for greeting cards brought in engravers, printers, and verse-makers, besides opening green bypaths for bookshops and department stores. The new fad for outdoor trees is a bonanza for the electric companies. A gentle little lady of my acquaintance was miserable one Christmas because a company took advantage of her husband's *carte blanche* order for yard decoration to set the front of the house fairly ablaze with blue, red, green, and yellow lights. Think, if that custom becomes general, how rushed the electric companies will be!

Nor is that all.

IN A desperate effort to turn a little of the golden December stream into their own coffers insurance advertisers exhort us to take additional insurance as the best possible gift to our family. Business colleges advise us that a scholarship is the only lifetime gift. Bakeries insist that the one perfect gift is a hostess cake. Sport shops suggest guns and reels. A great bottling works calls attention to the value of its "right merrie drink to add new zest to a well-cooked Christmas dinner." Ice-cream plants announce that special creams and individual moulds are the one thing needful to crown the good cheer. Packing companies want us to include hams in our gift list. Beauty shops insist that a "permanent" is the gift of gifts. The gas company spends a half page in urging us to the decency of making "her" kitchen efficient by giving her a new gas range. (The plan of finance is simplicity itself: the payments can go on the monthly gas bill.) The power company suggests an electric washing machine or refrigerator as an ideal gift, assuring us that the down payment is only a trifle.

The most memorable instance I saw of this type of advertising last season was a poster above an electric refrigerator gleaming in solitary majesty in a softly lighted window. The poster said pointedly, "Give the finest little woman in the world a gift worthy of her. Twenty dollars will take it home." I happened to know the price of that refrigerator to be well over two hundred dollars. As I thought of all the "small monthly instalments" the finest little woman would have to juggle her budget to meet, I laughed. Peace on earth, indeed!

Almost as significant was a neat little advertisement of a loan company advising people to condense their Christmas bills by taking out a loan to be repaid in weekly or monthly payments. Another timely suggestion lay in the screaming banner of a large clothing company, "Do your Christmas shopping where your credit is good."

LAST November the credit manager of a jewelry house told me that numbers of people were still paying on their Christmas purchases of the preceding year. "The worst of it is," he said with humorous ruefulness, "that we can't expect to sell them anything this year. They will go to another credit place because they don't like to come back to us until they have cleared up last year's account." I smiled too, but I was conscious of a sudden disgust for the whole crazy system. In eleven months a girl may have completely broken with her sweetheart, may even be married to some one else, but alas, still paying for the forty dollar watch by which she sought to express "the Christmas spirit."

I AM sorry if I have dwelt on this phase of our Christmas game with too much detail. It is certainly not an inspiring picture, but it does illustrate what seems to me barbaric: our insistence that Christmas shall be magnificent, at no matter what cost in confusion and absurdity or what aftermath of worry and disillusionment.

Nor does the situation seem likely to improve soon. Whatever hope of it I may have cherished was badly shaken by a conversation with the president of a department store, who declared bluntly that to men in the mercantile business Christmas is simply harvest time. During that one month of the year, he continued, sales mount until the overhead, though greatly increased, seems almost negligible. People buy and buy of stuff that ordinarily they would hardly even finger longingly.

Yes, he was willing to admit that much of this spending is wasteful, because gift merchandise is largely of a kind that people do not buy for themselves and because it is the rare person who can choose for another the exactly right article. He knew, too, he assured me sympathetically, how I felt about the burden of it, because his wife had been complaining that it became heavier each year.

"But," said he, "Christmas is our big opportunity to get in on the family budgets of this trade territory. Competition today is more complex as well as stiffer than it has ever been before. We have to meet not only the old competition with other merchants, but also the buying pull of nonrelated industries. The people in our territory have only so much income. It is up to us to get as large a share of it as we can. Our fiercest competitors are not other department stores, but amusement houses, automobile companies, investment and real estate firms. These all have their good months. Here is one exactly created for us. And as long as advertising will hold it for us, Christmas will go on being 'bigger and better'."

AT THAT point I gathered courage to wonder if Christmas afforded as much actual profit as it seemed to. The toy trade, for instance, is practically concentrated in December, but might not people buy more toys in May and September if Santa Claus were not so lavish? The volume of December business is immense, but January and February are sluggish and dull. Could this slump be in part due to the swollen December sales?

"Positively not," asserted the man of affairs. "It is true that January and February are not good months, but could any one guarantee that they would be if sales did not soar in December? January is the month when people are taking financial stock of themselves and resolving to be more economical. They have finished buying seasonal clothing. The weather is against lively trade. Surely those are reasons enough for the first-of-the-year slump without looking for another in the Christmas rush."

"And yet," I urged, "it's a plain fact, isn't it, that people in general must have January in which to get caught up?"

He agreed. He did better than that. His tone as he added that many of them need February, too, reminded me of the one in which the credit manager had said, "The worst of it is —"

"Well then?" I persisted.

"Well then," he repeated, "Christmas is ours and we wouldn't be human or business-like if we didn't use it for all it is worth to us. I'm sorry if it doesn't seem civilized, for there is every reason to believe that the only change on the horizon is in the direction of greater intensity."

EVER since that interview I have been thinking of this downright way of looking at the matter. It was a sincere attempt to state what are apparently shown by credit and debit records to be good business principles. There was no flaw in the argument. Given a period of inter-industrial competition, this capitalization of sentiment is logical enough. It is also logical to believe that the capitalization will continue to intensify as advertisers become more skilful.

And yet is it not a veritable Wonderland with all the inconsistencies and absurdities that so puzzled and annoyed Alice — this modern world where one set of business men finds it profitable to add such an impetus to a month's buying that people can not spend during the next month or two? And is it not still stranger that profit can lie in a course which once each year temporarily upsets the general equilibrium by diverting so much buying power into what are admittedly wasteful channels?

Profit must lie in that procedure. Men who keep accurate records and have their fingers close to the pulse of the economic world declare that it does — for them, at any rate. But to one who makes no pretense of knowing anything about the magic books labelled "cash" and "journal" it all seems very strange. Such a one feels much as Alice must have when the White Queen admonished her to try again, with a little practice she could manage to believe it. He has spells of wishing, before he makes the effort, that some young person getting ready to take a Ph.D. in a School of Business Administration would choose the Christmas Rush for his thesis subject.

That such a study will some time be made I have no doubt. If, when it comes, it shows that the profit accruing from artificially inflated sales volumes in December is not so great as merchants have thought, the whole tenor of the Christmas system will begin to change at once. Business is quick enough to take advantage of whatever scientific findings are placed at its disposal — witness the way it snatched the infant science of psychology from its cradle and put it to work.

MEANTIME Christmas is a problem for individuals to face as best they can. Especially for those individuals who really care about the things for which the season has stood. Neither peace nor good will is to be had from pushing about in throngs of hurried shoppers who do not know what they want but must have something. No love can go into gifts that are bought mechanically and calculatingly. Little joy can go into hospitality that is a strain. No beauty can hallow a senselessly complex ritual that serves no purpose but to make money for the commercial groups which have had the ingenuity to develop new elaborations for it. The more we concentrate upon and organize Christmas, the more it must degenerate into a crazy display of prodigal spending and frenzied activity.

The Pilgrim Trust

By Thurston Macauley

Actions Speak Louder Than Words

What is so rare as the man — especially if he be politician or editorial writer — who can resist an opportunity some occasion or other affords of quoting such worn out platitudes as "hands across the sea" or "blood is thicker than water" or the like?

And yet the impossible has happened. Edward S. Harkness, a kindly American "blessed with worldly means," has given Britain £2,000,000 — $10,000,000 — "for some of her more urgent needs" and, for once, the platitudes are conspicuous by their absence. This is significant, for an eloquent silence can surely be worth a million trite words of praise. There are times — and this is one of them — when people are too deeply stirred to be able to give full expression to what is in their hearts and minds.

The former Premier, Stanley Baldwin, gave formal notification of the Pilgrim Trust, founded to administer this most generous gift, in a letter to *The Times* (London) of September 29. There are no strings attached to it, the only condition being that the discretion of the five trustees selected by Mr. Harkness is defined by the legal limits of the word "charitable."

The observation in *The Spectator* that "never has a donor displayed more thorough confidence in the wisdom of the recipient, and never has a donor by sincere compliment suggested more gracefully that the recipient is the better partner in a friendship," is amply borne out in the preamble to the Trust Deed, in these words:

> Whereas it is acknowledged by all that Great Britain in the War spent her resources freely in the common cause, and, in the years that have elapsed since Peace, has sustained, honorably and without complaint, a burden which has gravely increased the difficulties of life for her people; and Whereas by the bounty of Providence America has of late enjoyed an ample measure of prosperity and the donor himself has been blessed with worldly means; and Whereas the donor feels himself bound by many ties of affection to the land from which he draws his descent; and Whereas it seems to him that it is right for a private American citizen to show his admiration of what Britain has done by a gift to be used for some of her more urgent needs; and Whereas he is in hopes that such a gift, wisely applied, may assist not only in tiding over the present time of difficulty, but in promoting her future well-being —

Nowhere is Mr. Harkness's unerring judgment better seen than in his choice of trustees — Mr. Baldwin, Lord Macmillan, Sir James

Colquhoun Irvine, principal of St. Andrew's University, Sir Josiah Stamp, a leading financier and administrator, and John Buchan, M.P., a well known writer with wide experience in public affairs. They will be ably assisted by Tom Jones, who resigned from his post as Deputy Secretary to the British Cabinet to take up his duties as secretary of the Trust.

"What will be done with the money is impossible to say," was Lord Macmillan's reply to the bombardment of questions after the gift was made known. "We are simply on the threshold of the project. Mr. Harkness has given us a free hand and we can use the money for any purpose covered by the word 'charitable' in its legal sense. Charity, in law, covers almost everything."

SCARCELY had the first announcement been made when appeals for assistance of every conceivable sort began to pour in at the London headquarters of the Pilgrim Trust — an Eighteenth Century Adams house that has just been taken over in a quiet Adelphi street, not a stone's throw from that Terrace long associated with Barrie and Shaw.

No decision is expected to be taken by the trustees concerning particular cases for some time yet to come, their first meetings having to do with the general policy along which the fund will be distributed. Mr. Baldwin intends to give much of his mind and time to the project.

Apart from the terms of the gift, the only clue to the use of the fund is the report that the trustees are said to view with favor the expenditure of considerable sums to enable promising students of either sex to have the advantage of a university education, and also to enable graduate students to undertake research work in any department of learning and in any land. Mr. Harkness's many benefactions to education, both in America and in Britain, are, I feel, sufficiently well known to need no enumeration here. The name of Harkness is, perhaps, best known here in England through the Commonwealth Fund, established in 1918 by Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness — Mr. Harkness's mother — to give selected men and women from Britain and the Dominions the opportunity of two years' contact with the life of the United States in its universities.

IN ADDITION to education, the fields that lie open to the Pilgrim Trustees include medicine — the endowment of research into the origin of such diseases as cancer — social and industrial experiments, such as might alleviate unemployment or help in the solution of housing problems; the preservation of those "ancient monuments" which Americans especially delight in that are in danger of instability, and the maintenance generally of the beauties of the English countryside by keeping them from modern encroachments — indeed, the possibilities are legion.

Mr. Baldwin concluded his notification of the Trust with this statement: "We are confident that this splendid benefaction, inspired by such a purpose, will be received with the warmest gratitude by our countrymen." To which *The Times*, in an editorial, added its own comment thus:

In the nature of things it can not be easy to find a collective voice to express authentically the spontaneity and warmth of a myriad individual responses to today's announcement, but Mr. Baldwin's concluding assurance can be taken literally. This splendid benefaction will be received by his countrymen with unqualified gratitude.

The Spectator has remarked — "if we may read between the lines of American comment" — on the surprise caused by the Pilgrim Trust having received less publicity here in Britain than in the donor's own country, the reverse of which might naturally have been expected, adding: "Nothing could be more unhappy — or more untrue, for the matter of that — than a belief in the United States that the British people have not been startled into deep gratitude not merely by the magnitude but by the whole character of Mr. Harkness's gift." Then follow some observations on "the quiet and apparently casual ways of this country" in so far as the press is concerned.

A WRITER in *The Landmark*, monthly magazine of the English-Speaking Union of the British Empire, sees in the Pilgrim Trust "the most dramatic aid for years to the cause of Anglo-American understanding." And Lord Reading, presiding at a recent dinner of the English-Speaking Union in London, confessed that he was touched by "the evidence of Mr. Harkness as one of America's citizens who had understood, perhaps better than we sometimes think, what is taking place in this country."

Another speaker at this same dinner, which I happened to attend, was John Drinkwater, the distinguished dramatist, who made certain acute observations on the problem of understanding between the peoples of the United States and Britain, which, he said, presented a curious difficulty.

"IN AMERICA, you will find a great many uneducated people — there are uneducated people even in America — who talk stupidly about England," Mr. Drinkwater went on to say. "That is not a very serious matter, because it is merely a case of not having been shown better about it. It is not nearly so serious a matter as another circumstance, which is, that in England you find a great many *educated* people talking stupidly about America. One does meet constantly educated people, people of, shall we say, culture and refinement, people with some historical knowledge and philosophic understanding, who talk about America just as the 'boneheads' in America talk about England. That is a grave problem. That is on this side the gravest issue in the problem."

I have deemed it not inappropriate to include these remarks made by Mr. Drinkwater here for two reasons: because, unfortunately, they are true (which I can testify to from my own experience as an American in London), and, what is most important, because I feel it will be largely by the means of such a significant factor in the relationships of two peoples as the Pilgrim Trust that they will cease to be true.

The City of the Future

By Arthur Dewing

The last of a series of three articles describing the public's architectural rights

Each year swells the number of educated men and women who have elected to spend their lives within the four walls of an office. The percentage likely ever to rise beyond the $5,000 to $10,000 a year class of minor executives is almost negligible. In addition to these are millions of clerks and other workers who constitute the floating business population. Except for brief vacations, short week-ends, occasional holidays, and their evenings, the world these people know is the office where they work. America is becoming a nation of indoor workers without its builders, in general, recognizing the new obligation this change in life entails.

The last ten or fifteen years, to be sure, have brought advances in the plans of skyscrapers. For instance, we have come a long way from the irregular and badly lighted and ventilated entrance halls and corridors of earlier tall office buildings. Architects now realize that opportunity for free movement within the skyscraper itself is a dominating factor in the building's success. Entrance halls are deep, well lighted and airy; corridors wide and straight; few occupants of the best buildings have to walk more than one hundred feet to reach a battery of elevators — express and locals. But such achievements make ever clearer how much can still be done to improve the living conditions and the everyday surroundings of inhabitants of skyscrapers — the environment which for modern man has superseded fields, trees, streams and sunlight.

The typical modern office, with its cream walls, gaunt windows, standardized and marshaled furnishings, is at best a dismal place in which to confine a man for life. High salaried executives, in tacit recognition, see to it that their private offices are equipped with comforts and so decorated as to be congenial and inviting. Why should not the surroundings of the rank and file of white collar workers — that growing portion of the population which is rapidly becoming, if it is not now, the dominant public of the United States — be made more pleasing, more interesting, more beautiful as well?

Often architects have no hand in the furnishing of office buildings, but architects can hardly shunt responsibility for the windows and the walls. Windows in skyscrapers do not have to be grim and obtrusive, as Ralph Walker's prove. Nor has color received from designers the study its importance merits. Though color is one of the most active influences on the human mind, and though virtually the only color a modern city dweller knows is artificially created, the number of designers of all kinds in America who have studied color scientifically until they thoroughly understand its use could probably be counted on both hands. Neither cold white nor drab cream is the best color for walls with which men are going to live. If architects, instead of assuming knowledge of all art's multifarious phases, would diligently study such special fields as color, or else consult specialists like Robert Andrews of Chicago, they might find themselves improving astonishingly the morale of the organizations for which they build.

QUITE apart from the white collar worker's social right to the best surroundings modern business can provide, the standard of his work naturally and inevitably bears a direct relation to his instinctive satisfaction with, his immanent enjoyment of, his environment, and the opportunities which it affords. Most certainly understanding this relation, a large corporation, now planning a skyscraper of its own, intends to equip its new building with comfortable rest rooms, complete restaurant facilities, and even recreation rooms for its employees. Why should not improved conditions of the white collar workers be an integral part of every new office building? Why should there not, at least, be terraces among the set-backs (as on skyscrapers devoted to apartments) where some workers could go at noon for fresh air and sunshine instead of out upon crowded streets? Why should not every office building be equipped, on an upper story, with first rate restaurants where luncheon could be had in relative peace? These or similar advantages for the workers must be brought about if man is to rule industry rather than industry rule the mental besides the physical destiny of man.

IT IS madness to build in a way which endorses the preposterous theory that industry is more important than mankind. Man, rather, in so far as possible, should be liberated from our frantic modern industry which in a century or so of life has not yet found a goal. Because man works to live it does not follow that he lives to work, or that he should be subordinated to whatever other men, intent on always keeping busy with never leisure to reflect, choose to produce. Industrialism can justify itself only if it improves man's material existence and at the same time, by decreasing the individual's share of necessary toil, gives man more sheer joy of life and more time to cultivate leisure and the arts. Ironically, nowhere has the modern irrational fixity on output irrespective of results reacted against man more clearly than in building, which he originally began to satisfy one of his most fundamental needs.

In examining the relation of the

common citizen to the new way of building, the skyscraper, a form only dreamed of by a few men a half century ago, we have advanced certain opinions which should be reviewed if the full significance of the largest single architectural undertaking in many years is to be understood.

BRIEFLY, we have found the very essence of the skyscraper to be concentration, specialization, and up-to-date services and conveniences possessed mutually by its occupants. We have seen the skyscraper as a necessary part of modern American industry and city life, but one whose function is so revolutionary that this new kind of building requires new means of regulation, and new plans for streets as well as for itself. We have suggested that as the skyscraper economically owes its existence to its power to serve the public, to the public's willingness to accept the new way of living it entails, and to the public's savings which directly or indirectly supply a large part of the money used in its construction, the public has a new and vital right to thoughtful consideration from architects and builders. And we have expressed the belief that to date the public has not received its due, that in general more attention has been and is being paid to height, speed of construction and output than to developing skyscrapers admirably suited to the needs of common citizens, of the city and district in which the skyscrapers stand, and of the city of the future. That nebulous city, of which the skyscraper will inevitably be the salient feature, and which has afforded Hugh Ferriss subjects for some of his most striking drawings, is not without beginnings at this time.

The announced plans for the Rockefeller New York entertainment centre (Reinhard and Hofmeister; Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray; Raymond Hood, Godley and Fouilhoux: architects) which is to occupy three square blocks between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, at an estimated cost of some $250,000,000, introduce "new standards of city planning," as the authorized statement published in *The New York Times* asserts. This city within the city is to be a "complete architectural unit" which will include a sixty-story office building, four great theatres, and possibly a symphony hall, twenty-seven broadcasting studios, a multitude of offices and shops, a garden plaza that will cut through the development from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first Street, and a grand corridor from Fifth to Sixth Avenue.

THE central structure, an oval building of moderate height, will front Fifth Avenue, on its roof will be a restaurant, and the entire building will be encircled by an outdoor promenade. This central building will extend westward to the garden plaza, the width of which will almost equal the length of a city block, and throughout which statuary, garden plots and fountains are to be interspersed. The sixty-story office building will extend from the west side of the plaza through to Sixth Avenue, tower above the whole development, and be connected with the other office buildings by the grand corridor, about three stories in height.

"The streets surrounding the new development will be widened to give the new structures fronting them more light and air, to provide better curb facilities for shops and buildings, and to add to the beauty of the whole architectural unit. Transportation arteries from every direction will lead to and from this new radio city, but the traffic problem will be reduced to a minimum by huge underground bus terminals and by subterranean parking arrangements that will take care of many thousands of cars and form underground boulevards for automobile traffic."

SUCH a conception, if executed as outlined in the published report, may well be the beginning of the cities America's best architects have long visioned. But despite its promise, notwithstanding the superiority of its plans to those customary in the production of new skyscrapers, it should be regarded as a beginning only.

For one thing, the future city, if American architecture turns modern invention to its ends, will have new materials for the walls of America's new type of building. A hundred years ago no one thought of building indefinitely upward. The only method of doing so would have been by the construction of impossibly cumbrous and expensive masonry walls. The steel skeleton gave architecture literally a new direction, and individual buildings new forms. As a facing for the skeleton man naturally turned to masonry with which he had so long been familiar. That he should continue to employ masonry for this purpose is neither to be expected nor hoped.

Frank Lloyd Wright, some time back, designed a building to be constructed with walls entirely of metal and of glass. That the future should bring, in place of masonry, a substance which could be a functional part of the skeleton, a substance which would admit light but not excessive heat, and which would permit those on the inside to see out but not those on the outside to see in, is no wilder a conjecture, if men put their minds to it, than proposals for automobiles, airplanes or radios would have seemed a century or so ago. There is little, one is tempted to believe in view of modern science, ultimately beyond the powers of man's invention. And should such a material come to be, if not before, artificial illumination might at night convert tall buildings into splendid beacons of many different and often changing hues, bringing back to man the color that the smoke of industry has driven from his buildings and in a large measure from his life.

WITH pedestrian and motor traffic separated, with skyscrapers specialized as to function, with ever improving conveniences for the occupants, with larger base areas and bigger towers but wider spaces between them to admit greater shafts of air and light and broader vistas, and with a non-partisan planning board constantly examining prevailing conditions and striving to improve them from the public's point of view, the city of the future may be a better place to live in than any that the world has known.

How, then, can it be brought about — even in part?

The best start would be free speech. While professional critics judge music, paintings, books — every other kind of art — new buildings are opened amidst fanfares of blatant enthusiasm or noncommittal silence. The general press confines its comments principally to news of real estate. The architectural magazines, edited for the profession, observe the architect's unwritten law — never publicly to condemn another's work. Architecture is unique among the arts for its complete lack of thorough criticism. Why? A skyscraper is regarded as a form of business enterprise, and derogatory criticism of any specific building can result in suit, as *The New Yorker* learned.

But a skyscraper, we have remarked, houses thousands of people and directly affects millions more. Architects like to be known as artists, and builders employ publicity agents to insure the appearance of praise for their new skyscrapers in the public press. Not without reason, architects and builders may sometimes be glad criticism is suppressed; but such fear can in no way justify the general silence about buildings widely disliked. For architects and builders to guard their work from free and vigorous criticism would be amusing were not such protection, in its reaction against the public, grossly unjust.

In a population of more than 100,000,000 persons is it likely that there are not 500 fitted to comment fairly upon architecture? There would be incompetents — of course, as in other fields of art and criticism, as among architects and builders. But in architectural criticism such incompetents could cause little harm to anything except the name of criticism itself. If anyone thinks that the interested public, that is, those people who care what their buildings are like, those people who beside (let us hope) architects and builders would read the criticism, that such people would follow the printed word solely, he should eavesdrop on his neighbors in galleries and museums, and also inquire whether his acquaintances ever enjoy books or plays literary or dramatic critics have condemned. A skyscraper is obvious enough, and can be inspected gratis: no critic could make the public call it bad — if it were good.

Life today moves too rapidly for many of those concerned with production or marketing in any field to have time for the analytical reflection the best work demands. Consequently the critic, watching trends, estimating past and present work, pointing the way by relating both to the future, has a more vital function than he ever heretofore enjoyed. In architecture, specifically, a free and vigorous criticism could estimate each new skyscraper in terms of its effect on the public, the city, the district, the square, and, in so far as possible, the future. It might prod builders into a realization of the public's architectural rights, and even city governments into beginning reconstruction of the public's antiquated streets. It could certainly gain wider recognition for good work, yet it would constantly reiterate what the public needed next. And in this way, as well as by pitilessly denouncing building for profit at the expense of beauty and convenience, a free architectural criticism could take the lead in the urgent tasks of diminishing the proportion of bad architecture, and of giving substance to that now long-heralded city of the future which today, in spite of the public's need and its evident beginnings, is too often regarded as an unachievable Utopia, the stuff of idle dreams.

The city of the future can not rise tomorrow, but it can evolve rationally as each new building is erected if architect and builder recognize their responsibility to the public — the public's architectural rights. In spite of die-hards, the responsibility of business to its workers and its customers is increasingly admitted. It remains for the architect and builder to accept the same responsibility and build for the best interests of the new populations of our cities. The world, especially America, is on the move, is speeded up by modern industry and science almost beyond most men's power to comprehend. Unless leaders find time to give the common man's incessant activity social direction, chaos results, as America's cities already show. Today America is building. This is the time, if ever, for her so to build that the condition of her citizens is improved in proportion to the recent increase in the nation's wealth. That this can be accomplished with the skyscraper while maintaining the speed of production modern industry requires, progressive American architects and business interests have demonstrated beyond doubt. But only when this principle rules building in America will the new skyscraper architecture fulfill its youthful promise and keep pace with the best tendencies of the times.

◆

Cobwebs of Antiquity

By Montrose J. Moses

A Plea for Folk Basis in American Drama

I HAD a conversation at one time with an historian who was writing an introduction for a group of pictures dealing with the American Theatre. "What I'm going to do," he said enthusiastically, "is to begin with the Indian rituals, and show how the American drama sprang from them." I hated to spoil that man's enthusiasm, I hated to disrupt his academic love of tracing phenomena from the seed to the flower, I hated to have to confess that there was no such basic beginning to American drama, despite the fact that the Indians have their corn dances, their war and death ceremonies, their hymns to the rising sun, and their reverence for Manito.

I gave this man long arguments about the dependence of the American theatre on Britain; I outlined for him the joy with which Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer — our early but famous theatre managers — ransacked the farce trash-baskets of France and Germany, and refurbished the flimsy situations for American consumption. "But certainly," he argued, "our native actors must have learned something of costuming and make-up from the Indian!" I bethought me of Edwin Forrest's gaudy headdress as Metamora, and the long row of cigar Indian imitations I had seen in the weak line of Western dramas, which used to be called typically American, and I smiled.

This smile was met by a sharp retort. "Look at Eugene O'Neill's masks in *The Great God Brown;* surely here one finds traces of the Indian ceremonial masks." I wonder if O'Neill ever thought, when he wrote that play, of the Choctaws and the Eries. I don't believe so. I think he was nearer Æschylus than the Chief of the Crowfeet. I really don't think he considered either. I feel that he was seeking for new ways of expressing new psychological states rather than of reviving any old custom or making use of any native decoration.

NO, AS much as I should like to find a folklore basis for the American drama, I can detect no basis at all before the beginning of the so-called renaissance in our theatre. Then a self-conscious realization of the poverty of our foundations made us go back to the soil, and it is only recently that the strictly native drama has begun to flourish.

Drama is not folk speech; it is folk passion, and in contemplating the peculiar way of expressing that passion, one gets to the bone of local life and local outlook. A few "Ahs" for "I" will not make a Southern play any more than "by goshes" scattered through the dialogue make a New England play.

AUGUSTIN DALY once declared that merely because George Henry Boker wrote a tragedy on *Francesca da Rimini* was no reason that he should not be regarded as an American dramatist. The humanity in this drama, Daly contended, was the same humanity rampant in the mountains of Kentucky. All of which is begging the question. Foreigners who came over to visit us in the early years went back and said our manners were those of the Indians; all the more reason, therefore, that our New York social dramas should assume the manners of Mayfair, just to show the English that we knew a drawing-room when we met one. That point of view doesn't worry me about the American theatre. But what does seem a shame is that for so many decades, though we have made stabs at depicting Yankee types, and cowboys and miners and mountaineers, we really didn't seem to know them. We let slip their folk quality. Our drama in the past has touched the soil as lightly as we touch it when, by train, we roll from one State to another. Our dramatists have become as nonchalant as that about it. Even in Jim Tully's *Outside Looking In* it didn't very much matter where the action ventured, though specific indications gave the locale as North Dakota and Montana. The only thing that counted was that it was somewhere West.

There is no more significant date in American letters than the year of the publication of *Uncle Remus*. There was, in this collection of tales, a mixture of folklore and of creative art that set something going in the American mind. From about 1882, the American soil began to tremble and bear fruit. New England, the Kentucky Mountains, the Southern Negro, the South itself, were discovered literarily, taken from the mists of conventionalized romanticism, and looked at with a sympathetically realistic eye. This soil was the true basis for a folk literature, but, unfortunately, for some years to come, no American theatre was built on that soil, eager to claim it.

WE MADE faint stabs at the prairie soul in *The Great Divide;* we showed a Bret Harte loyalty in Belasco's *The Girl of the Golden West;* we romanticised without a spark of reality and truth about the mountaineer in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine;* our Negro conception was not up-from-slavery but still down-at-slavery in slow, drawling, insignificant Southern war plays. Even our sense of dialogue peculiar to locality was rather weak. The cry against Uncle Remus was that he was hard to read. We became impatient whenever the native stuff of value began to raise its head. Those who didn't like the New England stories of Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett — forerunners of such a play as *The Detour* — called them drab and plain level; the reading public were still hankering after Lords and Ladies. That is why they read so persistently the paper backed novels of the Duchess. *The Arundel Motto* and *Lady Audley's Secret* for them!

What we had to contend with in the theatre was that our civilization was a transplanted one. Though our physical experience was native, our mental trappings were inherited, and our spiritual backgrounds were traditional. Columbus might take the Indian gold and the Indian land; Britain and France might fight the Indians or woo them as allies; but neither Spain, Britain nor France could buy the Indian background, the Indian inheritance. The Department of the Interior may today approach the Indian as citizen, but the folk quality, the tribal guardianship of tradition, is inviolate in the tribe itself. We might bring the Negro from Africa and enslave him; we might free him and economically make him a part of American life; but the tribal inheritance of the Negro was and is his own; the angle of vision is his own; his psychology is in his dance and gesture and speech.

THE Negro gave a picturesque addition to plantation life in the South; his paternalistic comfort somewhat compensated for his moral degradation. His folk tradition began to flower on Southern soil; his picturesque tribal differences were evident in the rice fields of South Carolina and in the canebrakes of Louisiana. The Southern kitchen rang with the hymns of the cook; the Southern cotton fields swung with the communal songs of the cotton pickers; the banjo was a recrudescence of tribal music. For an instant the theatre reached out for this phenomenon and Negro Minstrelsy was the result. It was provocative of a sincere creativeness. But the fault with minstrelsy was that it did not remain true to its basic origin, a fault characteristic of so much of our American drama. We soon found the black-faced minstrel singing Irish love songs. All that is left of the halcyon days of minstrelsy is the old plantation lyric.

WHAT is really happening in the American theatre is this: nearly three hundred years after its beginning in this country, it has started building its native foundations. The planter settler didn't write *Hiawatha;* he was more likely to rest from his labors — as in the case of George Sandys — by sitting down in the primæval forest and translating Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. We are now resurrecting what we should have taken cognizance of long ago. Sculptors are picturing our broad-breasted pioneer mothers, who never were recreated on our stage as they should have been; mural painters are coloring panoramas of our national youth which the theatre ignored as material for drama; the folk song musician is recording spirituals and chanties and mining songs which have only now and then filtered through into our *entr'act* music and the radio. We have been inclined to let our native dramatic material go to waste.

And the curious thing is that we have realized our shortcomings with a benign indifference. Whenever we meet with the real thing in the theatre we thrill over its sincerity, its picturesqueness, its richness of human interpretation, its rightness as truth. Out in South Dakota, down in North

Carolina, far across to California, Professor Frederick Koch has told the ambitious drama student: "Don't write about Piccadilly, where you have never been, or about Fifth Avenue, which is not your Main Street. But write what you know around you, make use of the soil beneath your feet, of the tradition in your heart, of the struggle in your soul, of the breath of your hills. Sing not the syncopation of Irving Berlin but the age-old crooning songs that have come from generation to generation down your family life."

There are many like Koch who have become conscious of how far from the soil the American theatre has travelled. Susan Glaspell, Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, DuBose Heyward, and now Marc Connelly have shown us the harvest ahead of us. I can't connect — as that Professor wanted me to — the beginnings of our theatre with the tomahawk, though I believe our literary artist has foolishly denied the tragic significance of that weapon. It does seem to me a sad commentary that all the theatre of the past could draw from the clanking chains of slavery was the melodramatic lithograph of a dramatized *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which slid, by the way, in locality from Kentucky to New Orleans.

Even if no one had thought of the significance of *The Green Pastures* as a milestone in the history of American drama, that play could not have done other than grip attention by its sweeping sincerity and its folk humor and dignity. But when I witnessed it, I was additionally entranced, for I saw in this visualization of simple minds a gorgeous utilization of those things at our very threshold which the American theatre has so blindly ignored. Paul Green's *In Abraham's Bosom*, Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*, the Heywards' *Porgy* and now *The Green Pastures* are to the theatre what Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus* was to American literature of 1882.

Whether it was Harris sitting on a fence rail noting down the faithful tone of Negro dialect with the essence of its picturesque music and rhythmic peculiarities; whether it was John Synge, the Irish poet-dramatist, with his ear to the floor, in an upper room in the Aran Islands, secretly noting the psychological tenseness of a strange people; whether it was Percy Mackaye in the mountains of Kentucky, consorting daily with the fiddler, the mountain patriarch or the granny, the heritage of folk culture can not be drawn from the air. It has either to be lived near and absorbed gradually, or else it has to be obtained by intensive observation. Lulu Vollmer lived in the pine section of North Carolina before writing *Sun-Up*. Marc Connelly went through certain counties in Louisiana with Roarke Bradford to meet the unsophisticated plantation or field Negro who still believes as those in *The Green Pastures* believe. Such life sap, which has rarely entered the American theatre, is not a superficial element — though some dramatists try to pour it in as though it were treacle. Our playwrights strive to model a drama after the manner of Werfel's *The Goat Song* and Teller's *Man and the Masses*, without experiencing any of the social indignation, the revolutionary

Communism which these men have thrilled under as they wrote.

I remember one noon hour in Thomas A. Edison's laboratory. I had called by appointment on a business matter, and fortunately found him alone by his work table, with a regular dinner pail before him, eating his lunch. We talked of many things, and he told me of a trip he made among the Kentucky mountains in his first Ford car — the first automobile ever seen in that region. The natives, wherever he went, crowded around him in utter amazement and profound awe; for the machine was diabolical to them, just as the caravels were to the natives when Columbus hove into sight. Mr. Edison said that they stood there talking the object over, fingering it gingerly, and asking questions in a patois which was as new to him as the car was new to them. "I heard Elizabethan speech in all its untouched richness," he said. "These folks might never have been in America for all they cared about our contractions of speech and our vulgarizations."

It is this near approach that is lacking in so much of our American drama, this handling directly the material which so many dramatists glibly elect to treat. "I will write a Western play," says the man in Connecticut, and the nearest he has come to the West is the movies. One has to fall under the magic spell and note how far short one's imitative response is to the actual thing. Walter Eaton once described with some acumen the reaction of five men from different sections of the country, suddenly coming to the top of a high peak in the Yellowstone at a time when the sun was coloring everything with unspeakable glow. They felt it, but had to give expression in their own particular ways. It is that flow of American life through and over one that is lacking in the American theatre.

I sometimes wonder whether our playwrights are aiming to do anything more than write plays: they are not spiritual-minded; they are not political-minded; they are not really deep-minded on any subject. But they have creative exuberance, and a pleasant facility and that goes a far way with the box-office. But as they come into this new field, the folk quality is making them more consistent-minded about the condition they deal with. So it is in every other field of American art. The musical interpretation of *Skyscrapers*, of Lindbergh's *We*, show that the new rhythms of American life are finding musical expression. Our architects are aiming to interpret the American scene, to measure the American energy, to carve the American incident in stone. Mass living and mass production are finding measure in mass building. The Los Angeles and San Diego architects are not concerned with Colonial structures; the Connecticut builder would think out of place the hacienda type of dwelling. New State capitols are designed to represent State tradition in history, in climate, in verdure. Even our Little Theatres are so pictured.

The same spirit is besetting the American drama, and it is from this standpoint that the Professor I have spoken of should have started his investigations. I have shown where the Negro is being duly exploited. Sectional life is being painted with rare detail. I do not mean that speech is being phonetically recorded. However deep Mrs. Heyward's knowledge of the Gullah language of the Charleston Negro, it did not obtrude itself in *Porgy*. But I am certain that while studying this language, she was forced to look deeper into the life of this curious tribe. Dialogue should not be clogged with local peculiarities, not easily heard or distinguished across the footlights.

In pleading for this folk quality in American drama, I am not asking our dramatists to be provincial. The Manchester school of playwrights, the Birmingham group, the Irish Dublin crowd, gave us more than local condition in their dramas. They gave us material common to all countries facing economic problems. But they gave us something they knew as intimately as Blackmore knew the sweeping spaces of *Lorna Doone;* they gave us something as profoundly human as the stories of Eden Phillpots, whose *The Three Brothers* should be better known. Joseph Hergesheimer showed us epic soil condition in *The Three Black Pennys* and in *Java Head;* Frank Norris dealt with soil in *The Octopus;* Ellen Glasgow selected rich Virginia condition in *The Inheritance;* James Lane Allen gave us spiritual phlegm in *The Reign of Law;* Hawthorne an entire Puritan state of mind in *The Scarlet Letter;* Edith Wharton New England concentrated in *Ethan Frome*. There is not much of this same quality to show in American drama. We are just beginning.

Locality is something deeper than a street address. The curious thing is that, just as the drug and tobacco companies have branches all over the United States, so localities as far as human characteristics are concerned have a habit of cropping up in all directions of the compass. George Kelly's Aubrey Piper, with his vacuous conceit, is not peculiar to West Philadelphia, with his *Show-Off* finery: I've seen him in New England and also below the Mason and Dixon line. But he is a type that, wherever he is, attaches himself very meticulously to the neighborhood, and your dramatist must know it. The genius of George Kelly is that he understands his neighborhood, its folklore.

Curiously, I have found many dramatists at sea as to where they did actually lay their scene: probably they thought "on the stage" was the real objective! "Somewhere in the Middle West," they have said. That's a big contract, and requires the consumption of much gasoline to find the way. And after you have found it, it doesn't matter much to the play, which might have been laid as well in Antarctica as in East Aurora for all the relationship that existed between the characters and their background. "My play deals with any small city people," says another. So the stage directions generally run: "A colonial room," "a university town," "a deserted farm house," "Long Island," "the East Side," "a tenement."

Clyde Fitch once wrote a play called *The Girl and the Judge*. It was laid in a Western State merely because the incident on which the plot was based was told him by a friend who was a Probate Judge in a Western town. Very few of our dramatists have ever been identified with a definite locality. To mention George Ade is to recall the Hoosier land; to suggest George Cohan conjures up the one and only Broadway. Speak of Bret Harte and California is the echo (even though some Californians scorn him). Refer to George Cable (not too loudly if you happen to be in New Orleans) and he curiously is the only literary prophet of the fascinating Creole life.

THERE is a group of younger men in the theatre, who like Paul Green — rooted to North Carolina — point to local attachment. As an interesting verification of my contention that coming down to bed rock of American life means contact, I see that, in the Theatre Guild plans for the coming season, a play by Glen Riggs, entitled *Green Grow the Lilacs*, will require the stage director's presence in Oklahoma to study Western manner. Note how quickly the directors react to the broad poetic sweep of anything fundamentally basic — either in soil or in racial custom. Could there be anything more compelling than Mamoulian's handling of the scenes in *Porgy*, than Connelly's depiction of the children coming out of bondage in *The Green Pastures*, than the Emperor Jones's reversion to tribal fear in the forest? We have asked constantly in the past years for a poetic drama in our American theatre. This new realization of the inner flow of life is giving it to us.

And what are we finding in this folk quality? That there is a universality in the poetic glamour of folklore; that this poetry is bringing back to the stage, with the aid of scenic design and direction, a certain flow of words that give to the actor more scope; that allow him to rise above the mere reserve of ordinary conversation. Notice this in most of Eugene O'Neill's plays. There is a universal appeal in any folk basis which somehow lifts the play out of its definite locale, and makes it available to all countries.

We are greatly mistaken when we approach this local matter with the idea that all plays of foreign tinge must be brought within our own territorial vision. We saw how deplorably wrong the attempt was to turn Gorky's *The Lower Depths* into American colloquial slang: to temper the Russian temperament. And if *At the Bottom* (as they called it) appealed at all, it was because, first, there is a quality to the play, written from the depths of a burning Russian soul, which could not be disturbed by such surface depredations; and secondly, because the Russian director put his hand upon the pulse meaning of the drama and never lost it. You can't kill the real native thing.

YET we and other nations have always tried to do it. I remember when Colonel Henry W. Savage returned to America, after successfully bidding for *The Merry Widow* in Vienna. He made a statement then regarding America: "We will never have a real native musical comedy here," he declared, "because we have no picturesque native peasantry." In the economic sense we may not have a peasantry; but we have hosts of unused native characters that still are available to the dramatist searching for material.

American life holds the worker, and all work invites its own special passions. The fact is that our dramatists have never tried very seriously to dig into the heart of American character and catch its saga. And this is what the Russians always have done, whether it is the saga of the dying aristocracy as in Chekhov, or the saga of incompetency as in Gorky.

I am not pleading for our dramatists to be finicky in this matter of giving every play a local habitation. We find no Indian war paint in Walt Whitman, but a consciousness of a common urge in a young democracy. We find no blatant Americanism in Emerson, yet he showed us our American soul. It is that consciousness which Dvořák suggested in his *The New World* symphony, wherein he made use of Negro spirituals. Locality is not wholly a matter of peculiar speech. We do not want plays that need glossaries. We do not wish our actors taught race phonetics. Maeterlinck, not able to speak English, learned his first American lecture by a phonetic system, and broke down dismally. Eliza Doolittle, in Shaw's *Pygmalion*, taught to be a lady by accent as well as by manner, when she was overcome with natural feeling threw to the four winds all she had learned, and reverted to the life and manner she knew. Under such strong emotion the basic life returns. And my contention is that if our American dramatists wrote more often out of strong emotion, they would realize that locality, climate, tradition, play not a little, inconsiderable part in the lives of the people they are writing about.

◆

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

IF THIS number of the Landscape sounds a bit tired it is because the Landscaper has just been indulging in some severe mental exercise. He has spent three hours in the smoking room of the good ship *Europa* trying to explain Prohibition to a Spaniard and a Greek, both men of good will and very friendly to America, but both puzzled beyond words by what they had seen of the liquor situation in New York. It is not possible to realize what a tangled question Prohibition really is until one tries to reduce it to simple and understandable terms, and especially to justify it in the slightest degree to foreigners who are accustomed to seeing every one drink and no one drunk. How well the Landscaper made out with his task it would be difficult to say, but add to the original burden the handicap of the necessity of trying to make the explanation in Spanish and French, and the resulting fatigue should be easy to understand. Most troublesome of all it is to attempt to explain how a nation looked upon as intelligent and progressive — the leader of the modern world — can continue to put up with so complete a farce as Prohibition. Both Spaniard and Greek assured the Landscaper that they had had anything they wished to drink from the moment of their arrival in the United States, and one of them spoke no English!

Of course, this has very little to do with literature. But it has a good deal to do with life, and even a Landscaper has to emerge occasionally from the seclusion of a cabin piled high with books to look about him; to sniff the good salt air and warm himself in the summer breezes from the Gulf Stream. And to consider his fellow man; to watch the other passengers and speculate about them and to listen when they talk, always opening new vistas of personality. Usually, too, there is spy work to be done on board ship to see what people are reading. This time, only one book has been sighted, a detective novel. The Landscaper has no explanation for the absence of reading matter, although from the reports of publishers during the early weeks of the autumn few books were bought for farewell presents, or for any other purpose. . . . The majority of the passengers are probably too eager to get back to their homes in Germany to bother about the diversions of reading; besides, at the rate most people read, there is hardly time to start a novel on one of these sea-going expresses before Cherbourg is sighted.

An Abundance of Books

THERE are many good books available just now; the promise of the early fall season has been amply justified, and no one in search of inexpensive and satisfactory Christmas presents need look any further than the nearest bookstore — not drug store. Or if this number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW does not reach the reader's hands in time to be of assistance at Christmas, New Year's remains; for that matter, no real excuse is needed at any time to give books. Almost any one beyond the age of thirty or thirty-five is sure to be pleased, for example, with *Pre-War America*, the third volume of Mark Sullivan's remarkable history of the United States, the general title of which is *Our Times*. The new book covers the years between 1906 and 1908, although it rambles backward and forward; like its predecessors it is pieced together from innumerable scraps, bits of popular songs, fads, news stories, the weight of William Howard Taft, and what have you. The illustrations are from contemporary cartoons, portraits and advertisements, and they add enormously to the interest of the volume. It is even conceivable that the younger generation might enjoy this book, thinking with the slightly fiendish delight of all younger generations what a quaint lot their elders must have been in those days of long ago. Two and a half decades, actually, and what changes! Even if one isn't at all certain that the world moves in a forward direction, it manages to change its face pretty completely in these days in no time at all. Mr. Sullivan's book, which is published by Scribners at $5, deserves a triple-star.

A Great and Wicked City

FOR those who enjoy dipping even further into our past, Edward Van Every has furnished delightful entertainment in *The Sins of New York, As Exposed by the Police Gazette* (Stokes, $5). F. P. A. supplies the introduction for this dip into the gaieties of the 'Forties and 'Fifties and the 'Seventies and 'Eighties, and there are more than one hundred illustrations taken direct from the pages of Richard K. Fox's own journal, which every American boy of older generations must have read, blushingly, in some barber shop, even if he never dared buy a copy for his own private perusal. Mr. Van Every makes it clear enough that we really aren't so far advanced along the primrose path; styles in sins change, perhaps, but fundamentally they remain the same. While we are on the subject of books of this sort, *I'm Sorry I Have Offended, And Other Sob Ballads*, collected by Clarence H. Knapp (Putnam, $2), also deserves mention. There are introductions by both Frank Sullivan and Corey Ford, both slightly superfluous, since the songs are really funny enough without having their humor underlined, and there are highly amusing woodcuts by Donald Streeter. This is an important addition to current Americana; there is no telling what might be deduced about our changes in manners and morals by studying these ballads in comparison with the boop-oop-pe-doop songs of the moment.

A Dip Into Our Past

THE books by Messrs. Van Every and Knapp can be given with safety only to persons with a sense of humor, while the Mark Sullivan book is likely enough for anyone. And if you happen to know a serious-minded American who is interested in the civilizations that have flourished and died on this continent, the most promising book for him is *Ancient Life in the American Southwest* by Edgar L. Hewitt (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), with many handsome illustrations. This is about as far away from the usual dry-as-dust archæological study as anything that can be imagined. Dr. Hewitt treats these civilizations as if they were still alive, and is as much interested in the legends of the Hopis, Navajos, and other peoples as he is in the ruins of their villages. Before we have done with our digging in the Southwest, we shall probably have discovered that a state of civilization had been reached by more than one of these ancient tribes to make us blush when we look at our own — think of Hollywood, for example, in comparison with the Seven Cities of Cibola. . . . What a lot we have learned about our continent in the past twenty-five years and how infinitely more fascinating both North and South America have become because of the admirable work of archæologists and ethnologists! Dr. Hewitt deserves congratulations for a really splendid book, which is scholarly without losing any value as entertainment.

One other volume comes to mind with excellent possibilities as a holiday gift, and this is Paul Morand's *New York* (Holt, $2.50), which has fourteen striking illustrations by Joaquin Vaquero, a young Spanish painter and architect. M. Morand's book has been one of the outstanding successes of the year in Europe, having sold more than 200,000 copies in France alone, which is fully significant of the interest the city has for foreigners. Much of the interest of the book lies in the point of view, of course, and the highly travelled and keenly intelligent Frenchman has many shrewd comments to make, including the conclusion that in time New York may give place to Chicago. Written primarily for the French, *New York* should serve as a practical if somewhat informal guide-book to the city, a careful revision having been made to bring it as nearly down to date as is possible in any volume about a city that changes as rapidly as this one. M. Morand's critical attitude toward New York will probably please the millions of Americans who say they wouldn't live in it if they were given the City Hall for a private residence.

More Books About America

SEVERAL of the books mentioned might have been classified under the familiar heading of Americana, material for which is never lacking. Indeed, the section of the Landscaper's library devoted to books about his own country threatens to crowd out other divisions, and there are several shelves — long shelves — crowded with nothing but books about the West, all published within the past four or five years. A recent addition to this general group, which is also filled with interesting literary reminiscences, is Hamlin Garland's *Roadside Meetings* (Macmillan, $3.50). Mr. Garland came to New York in 1884, and met William Dean Howells first of all; afterward he came to know just about everybody, and there are many tales in his book of Whitman, Kipling, Cable, Mark Twain, Riley, and scores of others. This is really an informal literary and cultural history of the period covered by its author's lifetime, excellent for reading and useful for reference.

Those of us who read Vernon Lee Parrington's two volumes on *Main Currents in American Thought* some three years ago have looked forward eagerly to the completion of the publication of this splendid work, and the third volume is now available. It is called *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America*, and covers the period between 1860 and 1920 (Harcourt, Brace, $4). Professor Parrington was not able to complete his task before his most untimely death, but the early part of the volume is finished, and the remainder is made up of notes which are quite as interesting and provocative as the earlier chapters. The first two volumes, it may be recalled, won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1928, and the committee has never made a better choice. The theme of the new volume is the industrialization of the United States under the leadership of the middle class, and the rise of a critical attitude toward that class. Some of the writers discussed are Dreiser, Lewis, Zona Gale, Anderson, and Cabell, and the comments are always interesting. If the Landscaper were asked to choose a work of this period likely to survive the test of time, *Main Currents in American Thought* would certainly be one of the first selections. It bears comparison easily with the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization;* one can not escape a feeling of sadness that its author had to die when his career was hardly begun. Men of his type can not be spared in any country, and least of all at the present time in our own.

A Study of the South

ANOTHER book of importance to Americans is Howard W. Odum's *An American Epoch: Southern Portraiture in the National Picture* (Holt, $3.50), a study of the South in the first thirty years of the present century, and the result of ten years of research. Dr. Odum has attempted an original method for presenting his story in applying the peculiar technique of his two books about Black Ulysses, *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and *Wings on My Feet*, to sociological and historical material. This does not make for the easiest reading in the world, but anyone with patience will find that it does result in a curiously rounded and well-balanced picture of the South, by far the best that has been done up to the present time. It is a critical study, with some unsparing attacks upon certain evils, but the censure is prompted by affection; many of the pages glow with the warmth of the author's love for his section of the country. There is a complete bibliography and index, and after the book has been read, it will probably become a standard work of reference even in small private libraries.

An engaging contribution to the story of our country, which will serve as a guidebook for those who make pilgrimages to Mount Vernon is Marietta Minnegerode Andrews's *George Washington's Country* (Dutton, $3.75), a book in which Mrs. Andrews's well-known flair for interesting gossip is at its best. There are innumerable stories in the volume, and descriptions of many other famous homes in Virginia.

Brandes on Voltaire

THE biography shelf seems especially rich just now, the offerings being both numerous and of high quality. Most tempting of all, perhaps, is a translation of Georg Brandes's *Voltaire* (Albert and Charles Boni: two volumes, $10), which for all its high price is the sort of book that ought not be missed. It is as much a study of the Eighteenth Century, which belongs forever to Voltaire, as it is of the man himself, a masterly analysis of the birth and growth of Rationalism, the greatest blessing — or curse — of our own age. The whole background of the period is painted in, and against it moves the slight figure of the Frenchman who turned the world upside down, or right side up, according to the way one looks at these matters.

Those who have sampled the splendid life of Jeb Stuart by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., which has been running in Scribner's, will be interested to know that it is now available in book form, and with excellent illustrations by the author. There is no more purely romantic figure in all American history than the Confederate cavalry leader, who was a personification of the old South, and Captain Thomason has done a portrait of him that is a notable addition to biography in this country. The book is published by Scribners at $5. It should find a large group of readers waiting for it; the Landscaper suspects that more than one person has wished for just such a book about General Stuart. He died at thirty-one, which added the last necessary touch to his flashing career, the ideal *beau sabreur*, and one of the last great cavalry leaders of a line that reaches all the way back into the early history of the race, or at least as far back as the use of horses in warfare. Captain Thomason has done the battles with complete understanding. Also available is a life of another Confederate cavalry leader, Nathan Bedford Forrest, who, if less romantic in appeal than the dashing and handsome Stuart, was as good a leader. This life is by an English officer, Captain E. W. Sheppard, who belonged to the Tank Division in the World War, and who has made a most comprehensive study of Forrest's campaigns and his remarkable tactics. English military men have never neglected Southern leaders, and it is interesting to know that the tradition continues, although there is little reason to believe that knowledge of the kind of warfare waged by Forrest will be of any use in the future. Captain Sheppard's book is published by the Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, and the price is the same as the Stuart volume.

Lives of Mrs. Eddy

TWO new lives of Mary Baker Eddy are current, Fleta Campbell Springer's *According to the Flesh* (Coward-McCann, $3), and a more or less "official" study, *Mary Baker*

Eddy, by Lyman P. Powell (Macmillan, $5). Of the two books, Mrs. Springer's is by far the better, although, if one may go on making comparisons, neither can hold a candle to Dakin's excellent biography of last year. Mrs. Springer's book is better in its earlier chapters, which are concerned with the childhood of the founder of Christian Science. Dr. Powell is, one hears, an Episcopalian clergyman who has been for years interested in mental healing, and who wrote about Mrs. Eddy a good while ago in a somewhat different tone from the present pæan. The trouble with his book, official or not, is that Mrs. Eddy appears a rather silly and tiresome prig, and this, one gathers, she was decidedly not. The impression grows upon this wholly disinterested observer that she was about as remarkable a woman as this country has produced, and this impression has nothing to do with the success of the movement she started. Sects rise and fall without any special relation to the truth of their teachings or the purity of motives of their founders. But as a personality, there must have been amazing things about Mrs. Eddy; one can not, even if one wished, escape a feeling of deep respect for her accomplishments. It is also undeniable that she founded a religion which has brought happiness to a good many thousands of people, and which has had its influence upon the practice of medicine generally. The more intelligent physicians of the day are respectful, at least, of the influence of the mind over the body. Of course the earliest physicians realized this connection, but there was a tendency at one time to substitute the charms of anæsthesia and asepsis for more subtle matters. . . . It is unfortunate, to get back to the Powell biography, that the church could not find a better book to give a leg up, but there is a curse on official biographies, and properly so. Perhaps it should be added that no one has informed the Landscaper of the official standing of the Powell book; he merely observed that there was a first printing of 50,000 copies in an extraordinarily dull season and made his own deductions. Mrs. Springer's book, it should be said in closing the subject, is written with a keen sense of humor, which does it no hurt.

Churchill's Early Years

An autobiography of unusual interest is Winston Spencer Churchill's *A Roving Commission: My Early Life* (Scribners, $3.50). This covers the first thirty-five years of the career of an extraordinary man who has managed to keep in the thick of things since boyhood, and who writes well. He has done a bit of history here that many people will find highly interesting. Another recent autobiography of English origin is *Retrospect* by Lord Balfour, which carries the subtitle *An Unfinished Autobiography* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), and which covers the years between 1848 and 1886. Lord Balfour's relations with Salisbury, Gladstone, Disraeli, and other worthies of the period are told. Then there is *Mr. Lloyd George: A Study*, by Sir Charles Mallett (Dutton, $3.50), which puts the character of the Liberal leader under the microscope, and which will help some people to understand a curiously baffling personality.

Another recent American autobiography that is history as well is *The Reminiscences of a Marine*, by Major General John A. LeJeune (Dorrance, $4). The author was commandant of the Marine Corps from 1920 to 1929, and actually saw some forty-one years of travelling and fighting before he retired to the relative security of a position as superintendent of Virginia Military Institute. He was an Acadian by birth.

Among the more or less miscellaneous biographies that have recently engaged the attention of the Landscaper are studies of *Albert Einstein* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50) by Anton Reiser, who is one of Einstein's closest friends; and another life of Byron, *The Passionate Rebel*, by Kasimir Edschmid, also published by the Bonis, the price being $3. This is a novelized biography, the principal emphasis being upon Byron's love for his half-sister, of which much is made. Edschmid is well known as an Expressionist in Germany, and there are striking passages in his book, although he is working with thoroughly shop-worn material. The tireless Hilaire Belloc has added a study of *Wolsey* (Lippincott, $5) to his long list, and while the book is informed with the prejudices of its author, it is good reading, and a really excellent picture of Tudor England. Recently added to the Bourbon Classics, published by Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, is a new edition of *The Memoirs of Marmontel*, in a translation by Brigit Patmore, with St. Beuve's essay on Marmontel included. Marmontel, it may be recalled, was a protégé of Voltaire, and a close friend of Mme. de Pompadour. His memoirs are among the brightest chronicles of the period, and they are now presented very attractively.

Plenty of Novels, Too

PERHAPS there is a little less of interest in the way of fiction just now than there was during the early weeks of the autumn, but there is not exactly a dearth of good novels. Francis Brett Young's long book, *The Redlands*, the Landscaper has barely seen, but it has had fine reviews in England and Mr. Young is usually safe, although there has been some variation in the quality of his fiction. At least he may be counted upon to write well and with intelligence; there has never been anything meretricious about his poorest books. This is not Mr. Young's first long novel — ordinarily it might have been expected to appear in two volumes — but it seems to be further evidence of a return in England, at least, to a suggestion of the tripledecker. This is a wholesome tendency, for there has been too much of a swing in the other direction; too many slightly long short stories masquerading as novels.

Readers who have followed the work of an English novelist who has preserved her anonymity with amazing stubbornness and success will be interested in *The Longer Day* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). It is by the author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out*, and a number of other quite extraordinary books, and to the Landscaper is the richest and fullest of the lot. Primarily it is a long character study of the unusual woman, Brenda, who labored under the strange delusion that life would be far easier for every one if it were lived as if no one had lived it before. Brendas are highly upsetting to an orderly world, and this one was born into the Victorian period. The background of the book is literary England under the good Queen, and it is beautifully executed, with many sly and cunning hits. The book is an exploration into the psychology of many people, and its symbolism may trouble those who wish all meaning to be on the surface; but even these will appreciate the subtle and very feminine malice of much of the story. It is told in the first person, and moves slowly, rising, however, to swift climaxes, with thunderous clashes of personalities.

Short Stories

LOVERS of short stories will find plenty of reading in the two annual collections, Edward J. O'Brien's *The Best Short Stories of 1930* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), in which many tales from the experimental magazines appear, and which includes Manual Komroff's *A Red Coat for the Night* from *The Yale Review*, a fine piece of work by the author of *Coronet;* and the *O. Henry Prize Stories* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The Landscaper had the pleasure of acting as one of the judges in the O. Henry contest, and his candidate for the first prize was beaten, but by a worthy competitor. He is still of the opinion that William March's *The Little Wife* is a corking short story; it may be read in the O. Henry volume. W. R. Burnett's gangster story, which won first prize, is also excellent. Whatever else the gangsters have done to this country of ours, they have been a godsend to several of our writing men. Then there is a collection of *The Short Stories of Saki* by H. H. Munro, published by the Viking Press at $3, with an introduction by Christopher Morley, which contains about as much entertainment as one is likely to find between the covers of a book this season, or next season, either, for that matter. And a new edition of Ernest Hemingway's first book of short stories, *In Our Time* — first book, in fact — which was praised to the skies at the time by all and sundry, including the Landscaper, but which sold in very small quantities. Edmund Wilson has written the Introduction and Scribners are the publishers. Some of the best work Mr. Hemingway has ever done is to be found in this collection; none of his admirers should miss it. In the early days one would have said that he was so much at home in the short story he probably would never develop into a novelist, and one would have been wrong, as is so often the case.

There is also a collection of short stories by Edith Wharton called *Certain People* (Appleton, $2), which contains six tales, all of them admirably done, and one of them *A Bottle of Perrier*, which the Landscaper read a matter of four years ago in a third class Spanish railway carriage, a horror story of the first order. Mrs. Wharton's craft never fails her. And, too, there is *On Forsyte 'Change* by John Galsworthy, a collection of tales about various members of the Forsyte clan, nineteen in number. Devoted followers of the Forsyte Saga will want to read them all, but, one hopes, not too critically. They are, on the whole, as far inferior to the earlier short stories of Galsworthy as the second volume of the Forsyte Saga is to the first.

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

No country in the world has a more fascinating coastline than Norway. Fringed by countless deep blue fjords and embellished by hundreds of enchanting little islands, it stirs every ounce of your curiosity, for every few miles you are tempted to venture into a fjord more fresh and captivating than the one before. And you never feel quite satisfied until you have discovered for yourself just how far the towering mountains that border these bold little arms of the sea will let them go without bringing them to a halt. One of these fjords runs as much as a hundred miles inland. So that if you care to visit Norway on a cruise you have an ideal opportunity to see not only the coast but something of the country as well. Perhaps this accounts for the extreme popularity of the cruises, particularly those to the North Cape and the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Winter Sports in the Highlands of Norway

There is a certain part of Norway that seems very remote from "Arctic" Norway, the Land of the Laplanders, the unnumbered isles and the great bird cliffs. It is even quite distinct from the gentle beauty of the eastern part of Norway, where brooks and flowers and farms nestle in the quiet comfort of each other's company. It is the vast highland plateau in the central southern half of Norway which fairly outdoes itself in providing a world of gently rolling heaths, soft with heather, gay with flowers; thousands of silvery blue lakes winking up at the sun and traversed by friendly motor boats; and, as though to guard all this precious beauty, ice-bound mountain peaks, silently stealing glaciers and snow fields, which invite skiing even in the summertime.

This summer and winter pleasure land lies conveniently between Oslo and Bergen, and while the gateways to this glorious spot may be speedily reached by rail or motor, he who would sojourn in all this loveliness must either walk, or if he choose, ride through the country, for its precincts are preserved for lovers of nature. Not a hot-dog stand anywhere, or even a sign board! Over this varied landscape sweep sweet fresh winds, bracing and often sharp, but forever bearing the fragrance of black forests of pine and fir. Here the Norwegian spring steals ingratiatingly over the land, bringing its long sunlit days when the climate is generally anything but agreeable elsewhere, and it is a well known fact that here in the Norwegian Highlands the winter sports season continues some six weeks after it has closed in Switzerland and Canada.

Joys of an Out-door Museum

In the little town of Lillehammer Norway seems to epitomize this spirit of summer and winter recreation. I like that word — rec-reation. Lillehammer is the haunt of an active colony of artists and writers; and you will find here one of the most famous museums in the world. Even if you don't like museums, you won't scowl at this one. You will never think you are in a museum, it is so delightfully different. This Sandvigian Collection — an open air museum of Norse antiquities — consists of about two hundred old-time farm houses, barns, ancient churches and other characteristic buildings which have been transplanted from their scattered locations to this charming natural park, and instead of wandering from room to room in some vast structure with hard cemented floors until you are sure you have done with museums forever, you follow the bewitching windings of forest paths from one homestead to the next, sometimes alone with great trees, again companioned by the silvery waters of a quiet lake. The collections are quite unrivaled among their kind in the world, the rural or peasant culture represented surpassing even the Open Air Museum in Oslo. It is not a dead thing, either, this museum, for ancient customs are revived in plays and pageants, music of days of long ago is played on the old instruments that knew those tunes in their youth, and last but not least a most engaging restaurant serves such delicious snacks and unforgettable Norwegian meals that this museum makes an undeniably satisfactory impression.

Down the Old Santa Fé Trail

It is sometimes difficult to choose from all this world of beauty in which we live just which spot holds for us the greatest charm, yet after all we need never choose one spot alone, for we have it all to see and value and enjoy. Just now many of us who have oft dreamed "of the purple canyon haze, of the painted mesas' silhouette, of the high blue days," of New Mexico are answering the call and following along the winding Santa Fé trail (albeit we travel in the last word in pullmans) to its very end in old Santa Fé. This seems like the end of the rainbow itself, so splashed with color is the quaint old town, while La Fonda (the inn) sweeps back from the shady plaza, the embodiment of Spanish beauty,

By Way of Introduction

Reginald Wright Kauffman (*The Cigarette in Europe's Powder House*) is a member of the International Association of Journalists accredited to the League of Nations.

H. R. A. Garnett (*Gold*), an Oxford man, is connected with a large banking firm in Wall Street.

Walter Gilkyson (*Contempt of Court*), formerly a Philadelphia lawyer, is now a writer, resident at Southern Pines, N. C.

Robert Cruise McManus (*Raskob*) is a newspaperman in the political field who makes his home in Connecticut.

Lupton A. Wilkinson (*Pinchot's Programme*) is a metropolitan publicity man who has recently gone South for a year.

Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah (*The Holy City*) is an Afghan, Oxford educated, who is at present in England.

William Green (*Homes for Workers*), is nationally known for his position as president of the A. F. of L.

Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch (*Recollections of Mark Twain*) contributes to this issue the last of the series concerning her talented father.

James E. Boyle (*The Loudest Squeak*), Kansas born, served for twelve years as the head of the department of economics at the University of North Dakota.

Avis D. Carlson (*Our Barbaric Christmas*) is the wife of a Kansas attorney.

Thurston Macauley (*The Pilgrim Trust*) is on the London staff of *The New York Times*.

Arthur Dewing (*The City of the Future*) is on the faculty at Dartmouth.

Montrose J. Moses (*Cobwebs of Antiquity*) is a well-known dramatic critic.

alive with soft colors. Even as far back as 1609 the goal sought by travellers in this section of the country was La Fonda, at the trail's end. And ever since, though Old Santa Fé has known the governing hand of the Spanish, the Mexican and the American régime, and many La Fonda's have appeared and gone, travellers still seek the famous hospitality of La Fonda. Into the courtyard as it has existed down through the centuries have straggled weary pack horses, patient burros, rattling covered wagons and gallant stage coaches laden with their adventurous passengers and precious mails. Soldiers of fortune, prospectors, gamblers — all manner of adventurers from De Soto down have slept under its roof, and something about this part of the world where Indians "wear squash flowers cut in silver and carve the sun on canyon walls," makes it all just as thrilling today as it was when only the shadowy forms of the Indians crept across the mesas.

It is all fresh, unspoiled. You travel the very same moccasin-worn trails. If you listen you may hear a bright-eyed Indian child sing snatches of some age-old ceremonial to her corn-shuck doll, and if you have "an understanding heart" you will treasure the experience of having seen the Indians in their great Eagle Dance, or in the weird Hopi Snake Dance, or perhaps in their Hunting Dance, the latter taking place at San Ildefonso on January 23. Witter Bynner tells us that, "Only by watching them in their own spirit, may any one of us deserve to see them."

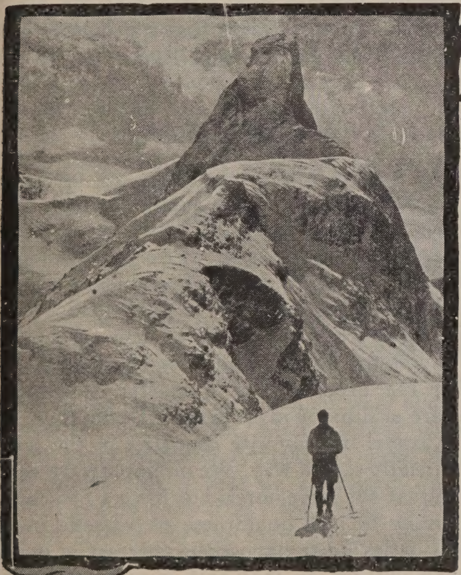
Going about to these dances and visiting much of the beautiful Spanish and Pueblo Indian country round about Old Santa Fé is made not only possible but well-nigh irresistible by well arranged motor cruises and what are known as the Indian-detours. The latter last from one to three days and afford a delightful introduction to this picturesque country. And after all, an introduction is all that is necessary to bring you back again and again. The motor cruises, on the other hand, have no limit save the inclination of the travellers. They may be arranged with facility to take in the thousand and one interesting places between Trinidad, Colorado and Phoenix, Arizona, and the magnificent stretch of land from the Carlsbad Caverns to the Rainbow Bridge and the Grand Canyon. A staff of courier guides who know their Southwest and whose joy is in showing it to you intelligently and unobtrusively adds much to your stay in and appreciation of this part of the world.

A National Exposition in Mexico

Mexico is going to have a National Exposition in 1931! This is indeed good news. It gives us all a perfectly valid excuse for packing our best luggage and going down to Mexico City during February when the erstwhile capital of Tenochtitlan, where Montezuma once ruled in regal splendor, will be turned over to the gaiety and festivity of an occasion which no people know better how to plan and carry through than our gracious neighbors to the South — the Mexicans.

President Ortiz Rubio and other high officials of the Mexican Government are sponsoring the Exposition, which will be held in the Alameda on the grounds of the National Theatre and the adjacent gardens. Inaugural ceremonies will be held on February 5, when the public will have an opportunity to discover an immense amount about Mexican national arts, industry, agriculture, mining and communications. New Yorkers who have of late availed themselves of the courtesies of the Metropolitan Museum have seen something of the charm and individuality quite inseparable from Mexican artistry in the splendid exhibit there. Pottery of sturdiness and grace, glass as fragile as flowers, embroideries and woven materials of startling beauty and intense colors — these things capture our affections and imaginations before we ever set foot in Mexico. They are exceedingly fine ambassadors to send into our midst. So what will happen to us when we find ourselves in the very heart of their country, under their sunny skies and a battery of those "Spanish sort of eyes?" *Quién sabe?* Right here we had best adopt the Mexican philosophy and never let anything trouble us today. And *mañana?* Well, tomorrow never comes.

Mexico City is just reeking with background and romance. There on the Heights stands in startling majesty the Castle of Chapultepec, once an Aztec fortress, where Montezuma II established his summer residence, his harem, his fish ponds and his hunting lodge. But we need not stay on these heights to find this nonchalant blending of the past with the present. There is the National Museum filled with its storied antiques (and they have stories I can assure you) as well as the exciting precincts of the irresistible Thieves Market, where antiques may not only be seen but purchased. We revel in the flowers everywhere and get a tremendous thrill out of sampling all sorts of curious dishes in the restaurants. Ever taste *guacamole*, that indescribable result obtained by using *avocados* and transforming them with a bewildering, if torrid array of spices? Only in Mexico City does this dish taste the way it should. And it's almost worth a trip to Mexico City to eat it, some of us think. Besides, they are such a gracious people, the Mexicans. Our supply of Spanish phrases always seems perfectly adequate, for even if they don't quite comprehend us, we never know it.



Norway

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Elsie McCormick, famous columnist, writes in the New York World: "There are few things more futile than attempts to describe the Norwegian scenery. It was so beautiful it actually reduced American tourists to silence. There ought to be special adjectives to be used only on the Norwegian fjords or on the automobile roads through what seems to be the white attic of the world. The leisurely trip from Bergen to Nidaros I rank highest from the scenic standpoint of all the vacations of my holiday-loving life."

Transportation in Norway is comfortable and fast, this applying even to the recently inaccessible wilds, and the hotels are renowned for their comfort, cleanliness and cuisine. The cost, too, is surprisingly small.

We supply authentic and complete information about Norway and Northern Europe. No obligation — we sell nothing.

Norwegian Government
Railways Travel Bureau
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N-Y-U-S-A

90-Day Cruise

SOUTH AFRICA

It is Summer now in South Africa . . . land of majesty and mystery . . . forty days of unsurpassed sightseeing . . . amazing Victoria Falls . . . astounding Zimbabwe ruins . . . visit Cape Town . . . diamond mines of Kimberley and Pretoria . . . gold deposits of Johannesburg.

Sail January 31, 1931, in "CITY OF NEW YORK", new American motor-liner . . . the ONLY direct route to South Africa . . . fare to Cape Town, $435 up . . . 90-day cruise, all inclusive, $1350 up.

Other Sailings Monthly
Write for Illustrated Booklet R

AMERICAN SOUTH AFRICAN LINE
39 Cortlandt Street New York

$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E165"

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

33 days EUROPE $255

Foremost Student Tours, All Expenses

Over 5000 satisfied members in 1930. Small parties. First class hotels. More motor travel. 250 tours, 26 days $235 to 80 days $790. Seven-country tour $375.
Send for Booklet

COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Dorothy Bradshaw

will SHOP *for* YOU
in NEW YORK

●

SEE PAGES 4 AND 5
Front Advertising Section

Near the Mexican Capital

Round about Mexico City are attractions sufficient to keep us entertainingly engaged for days. Cuernavaca, a two-hour drive over the mountains; the Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, more familiar to us as the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, the largest artificial mounds in America; Tacuba, where we may still see the "Tree of the Dismal Night," beneath which Cortés sat and wept in 1520 as he saw the straggling remnants of his army steal past in their retreat from the Aztec capital. Then there is that great holiday making centre, Xochimilco, with its famous floating gardens. These flower-strewn gardens floated about once upon a time, but they must have thought Xochimilco a good place to linger, too, for they eventually took root and now form groups of shady islands which you reach over canals as winding and strewn with romance as those of old Venice.

And then there is Yucatan! Not too far away if you have that unconquerable desire to see the famous Mayan ruins of Chichen-Itza in all their breath-taking grandeur. It has been estimated that fifty years will scarcely be enough to complete the work of excavation now being done there by Dr. Morle and his staff from the Carnegie Institute, yet today much of the city with its imposing temples and altars may be seen. Think of it! All these things just waiting for you — and the Mexican National Exposition as an excuse.

Intimate Travel by Motor

Robert Louis Stevenson had his own inimitable way of vagabonding through the highways and byways of the world. Sometimes his means of transportation was a little donkey and again it was in the meagre confines of a slim canoe. In his day getting off the beaten track and arriving anywhere was a matter of some ingenuity. How successful he was and how thoroughly he enjoyed the experience is a matter of record. There are still many of us beset with the R. L. S. urge to travel our favorite countries in the intimate, friendly sort of way. We do not always care to put up at the large hotels but have a penchant occasionally for the quaintness of wayside inns. Rushing cities must have their contrast in quiet confiding villages, so that each may be properly appraised; we seek the sweet freshness of some country lane and forget for a moment the vista of a highway conducive to speeding. It took the leisurely R. L. S. days and weeks to accomplish his intimate journeys, and of course we can take months and weeks too, if we will, but the point is that we can accomplish the same purpose today by motor. Particularly is this true of Europe, where so much of old world loveliness is still only approached by some romantic winding road.

Motor travel in Europe is delightful. In France, after leaving the cities, you may drive for hours meeting scarcely a car. Unbelievable, but true. Roads are excellent, many of them laid out by Napoleon and lined with his tribute to his troops — double rows of great trees on either side — for his soldiers must have shade on their marches. Motor tours may be arranged which cover all of Europe, the British Isles and North Africa as well. Of course North Africa is in the limelight for the traveller at this season, and when you realize that you can skim the very edges of the great African deserts and even penetrate their vastness in such cars as Isotta-Fraschinis, Hispano-Suizas, Packards, and Rolls-Royces with chauffeur-guides of trustworthy calibre who are familiar with the language of the countries your itinerary includes, you have little hesitation in accepting the facilities for motor travel in countries you may never have contemplated visiting in this manner before.

Winter Holds High Carnival in Germany

WINTER sports have taken such a hold on Germany and her people have gone in for them with such zest, that it is but natural their enthusiasm has attracted many sport-lovers thitherward. Each year recently has shown an increase in visitors to the many fine German sport centres. Those who have enjoyed the majestic beauty of the Bavarian Highlands in the summer are becoming equally enamored of them as an ideal setting for winter sports as well. Fuessen, not far from Munich, will be the scene early in January of the International Ice Skating Tournament for the Leinweber Trophy, while the German Ice Hockey Championship will be fought out in the same place later in the month.

Just in the neighborhood of Fuessen is the Hohenschwangau, whose hospitable doors are open to the public winter and summer alike. This romantic castle where Mad Ludwig spent so many years, where he brought his friend Wagner, and where, legend tells us, Lohengrin and Elsa "lived happy ever after" with their children, is full of interest for the traveller as is this entire "district of the Swan."

In February sport enthusiasts from all over the world will gather in Berlin to witness the world championship contests in single and double fancy ice skating at the Sportpalast. And wherever you may go in Germany in the winter, you will be constantly surprised at the thousands of people of all ages and sexes who are keenly interested in

NORWAY

MIDNIGHT SUN TRIPS
***by* PLEASURE CRUISER**

"Stella Polaris"

Four North Cape cruises, sailing from Havre June 3rd, from Newcastle June 18th, July 2nd and July 16th, Spitsbergen cruise from Newcastle July 30th. Visiting Fjords, North Cape, Spitsbergen, etc. *For particulars, apply local steamship agent or write Dept. S.*

B & N LINE

280 Broadway New York

NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE

TO

NORWAY

NATURE'S WONDERLAND IN 8½ DAYS

Travel by our comfortable steamers

"STAVANGERFJORD" & "BERGENSFJORD"

To the land of the Midnight Sun and the land of fjords and picturesque mountains. Hotels are excellent, railroads and other means of transportation are of high standard. Apply for literature and information to

THE NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE AGENCY, INC.

22 Whitehall St. New York, N. Y.

Readers not impervious to the lure of far or romantic places should welcome these titles, which will appear in forthcoming issues:

Exile on a Coral Beach

by Lieut. Frank Dorn

The Princess Tarhata on her lonely island of Tulayan.

The Fantastic City

by Amelia Ransome Neville

Memoirs of San Francisco in its romantic days.

Exit the Windjammer

by Tom White

Honey Along the Road

by Melanie E. Keiser

Story laid in Cuba.

What Price Travel?

by Wallace Irwin

The South Seas change.

Tan in February

by James Noble Gifford

Palm Beach and its denizens, seen with humor.

Through Inferno

by Mrs. Cyrus B. Woods

Her experiences during the earthquake disaster in Japan.

The
NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW

skiing. Railroads make concessions for skiers, and run special winter sport excursion trains to the winter sport centres on which a reduction of one-third of the regular fare is made. As the tickets are valid for different stations, this proves an incentive for making regular ski tours throughout the beautiful countryside. Ice hockey has its devotees in Germany, as has ski-joring behind horses, but perhaps the most thrilling sport of them all is bob-sledding — and Germany is the proud possessor of no less than fifteen bob runs of most modern construction.

A Cruise to the Antarctic

AND now in this season of cruises — the first pleasure cruise to the Antarctic Icebarrier! Seven days cruising in the Ross Seas, dropping in to visit Admiral Byrd's old base on the Bay of Whales, and, weather permitting, entering the McMurdo Sound to see the bases of the expeditions of Shackleton and Scott. A most amazing cruise, you will have to admit, even before you have heard half of it. The *Stella Polaris*, an ocean motor cruiser of the B and N Line, which is to make this voyage, is to be commanded by a master hand at arctic travel, Lieut. Commander Stenhouse, who was in charge of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition ship *Aurora*, and the Royal British research ship *Discovery* at another time. When it comes to "doing" the Antarctic, it is comforting to feel that you are going with someone who has been there before. This midsummer Antarctic cruise of over four months' duration, however, is not going to confine itself to the habitat of polar bears, penguins, and the midnight sun, but starting from New York will include in its magic circle a stop at Havana, Galapagos, Tahiti and Auckland, returning via Hobart, Sydney, a dip into the mysteries of the East Indies calling at Bali, Samarang, Batavia, Sumatra, Ceylon, then Bombay, and on through the Red Sea to Suez, to Messina, winding up at Marseilles.

Olympic Winter Games — 1932

LAKE PLACID in the Adirondacks will be the attractive setting for the great winter sport classic of 1932. The committee of the Third Olympic Winter Games has issued a tentative programme of events. Opening ceremonies are scheduled to commence at 9.30 on February 4, and from that moment until February 13, when the last winner will have accomplished his great feat, the crowds of winter sport enthusiasts who will gather for this fashionable international event will be well repaid. Throughout the ten days allotted to the games, contests will be held which include dog-sled races, ski jumping, bob-sled races, skating and hockey.

Traveller's Guide

Trans-Atlantic Sailings from New York:

Alfonse XIII, Spanish Mail, Bilbao, Dec. 24
Paris, French Line, Havre, Dec. 24
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Dec. 27
Lafayette, French Line, Havre, Dec. 27
Leviathan, United States, Southampton, Dec. 27
Milwaukee, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Dec. 27
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, Dec. 27
Pennland, Red Star, Antwerp, Dec. 27
President Harding, United States, Hamburg, Dec. 31
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, Jan. 3, 1931
Ausonia, Cunard, London, Jan. 3
Oscar II, Scandinavian-American, Oslo, Jan. 6
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, Jan. 17
Cleveland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Jan. 3
Deutschland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Jan. 8
St. Louis, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Jan. 16
De Grasse, French Line, Havre, Jan. 3
New Amsterdam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Jan. 6
Lancastria, Cunard, Liverpool, Jan. 17
Conte Grande, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Jan. 6
Drottningholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Dec. 27
Grispholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Jan. 17
Bergensfjord, Norwegian America, Oslo, Jan. 17
America, United States, Hamburg, Jan. 10
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, Jan. 10
United States, Scandinavian-American, Oslo, Jan. 24
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Jan. 24
France, French Line, Havre, Jan. 10
Paris, French Line, Havre, Jan. 16

Trans-Pacific Sailings:

From Vancouver —

Empress of Asia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Jan. 3, 1931
Empress of Canada, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Jan. 17
Empress of Russia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Jan. 31

From Seattle —

Shidzuoka Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Dec. 27
Pres. Jackson, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Dec. 27
Pres. McKinley, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Jan. 10
Pres. Grant, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Jan. 24

From San Francisco —

Pres. Pierce, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Dec. 19
Pres. Taft, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Jan. 2, 1931
Pres. Jefferson, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Jan. 16
Asama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Dec. 20
Chichibu Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Jan. 10. 1931

Sailings to Hawaii:

From San Francisco —

Sonoma, Matson Line, Honolulu, Dec. 23
Manoa, Matson Line, Honolulu, Dec. 24
Maui, Matson Line, Honolulu, Dec. 31
Wilhelmina, Matson Line, Honolulu, Jan. 7, 1931
Matsonia, Matson Line, Honolulu, Jan. 14

From Los Angeles —

Calawaii, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Dec. 27
City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Jan. 3, 1931

Sailings Round the World:

From New York —

Pres. Wilson, American Mail-Dollar, Jan. 1, 1931
Pres. Van Buren, American Mail-Dollar, Jan. 15
Pres. Garfield, American Mail-Dollar, Jan. 29

Tours and Cruises

Mediterranean, from New York:

Cunard Line, *Mauretania*, Feb. 21, 1931
Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, February 3, 1931
Frank C. Clark, *S.S. Laurentic*, January 31, 1931
Thos. Cook & Son, *S.S. Homeric*, January 24, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Scythia*, January 27, 1931
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Hamburg*, January 31, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Carinthia*, January 31, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, January 8, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, January 17, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, February 26, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, March 7, 1931
French Line, *S.S. France*, Jan. 10, Feb. 14, Mar. 20, 1931

Round the World, from New York:

Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Franconia*, January 10, 1931
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Resolute*, January 6, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Columbus*, January 21, 1931

West Indies, from New York:

Cosulich Line, *Vulcania*, Jan. 23, Feb. 14, 1931
Canadian Pacific, *Duchess of Bedford*, January 9, February 11, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Volendam*, January 21, February 11, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Statendam*, January 8, January 27, February 24, 1931
Cunard Line, *Carinthia*, Dec. 26, 1930
Cunard Line, *Carinthia*, Jan. 10, 1931
Cunard Line, *Caledonia*, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, 1931
Cunard Line, *Aurania*, Mar. 13, Apr. 1, 1931
Cunard Line, *Tuscania*, Apr. 16, 1931
North German Lloyd, *Steuben*, Jan. 31, Feb. 17, 1931

West Indies and South America, from New York:

Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, January 10, 31, February 21, March 14, 1931

Bermuda, Nassau, Havana, from New York:

Lloyd Sabaudo Line, *Conte Grande*, Dec. 23, 1930

Oriental Winter Cruise:

American Mail Line, *President Grant*, sailing from Seattle, Jan. 24, 1931

South America, Africa, Mediterranean Cruise:

Cunard-Anchor Lines & American Express, *S.S. Transylvania*, January 17, 1931

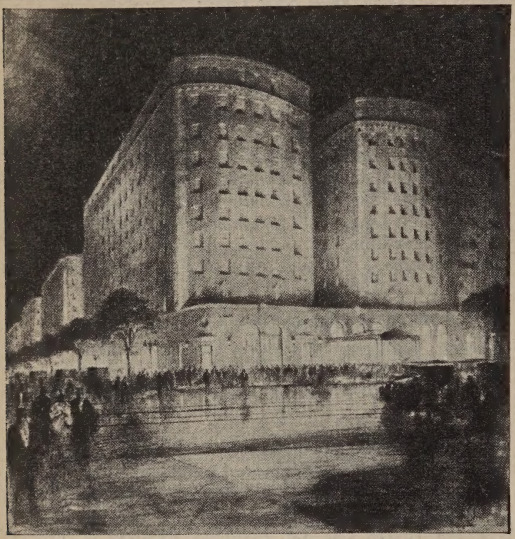
Cruise to Antarctic:

M.V. Stella Polaris, from New York, Dec. 23 on B & N Line returning to Marseilles, April 14, 1931

South African Cruise:

American South African Line, *S.S. City of New York*, January 31, 1931; 90 day cruise.

THE
MAYFLOWER



WASHINGTON'S
FINEST HOTEL

AN INSTITUTION
IN KEEPING WITH
THE BEAUTY AND
GRANDEUR OF
THE NATION'S
CAPITAL

Daniel J. O'Brien, President
and Managing Director
CONNECTICUT AVENUE AT L STREET

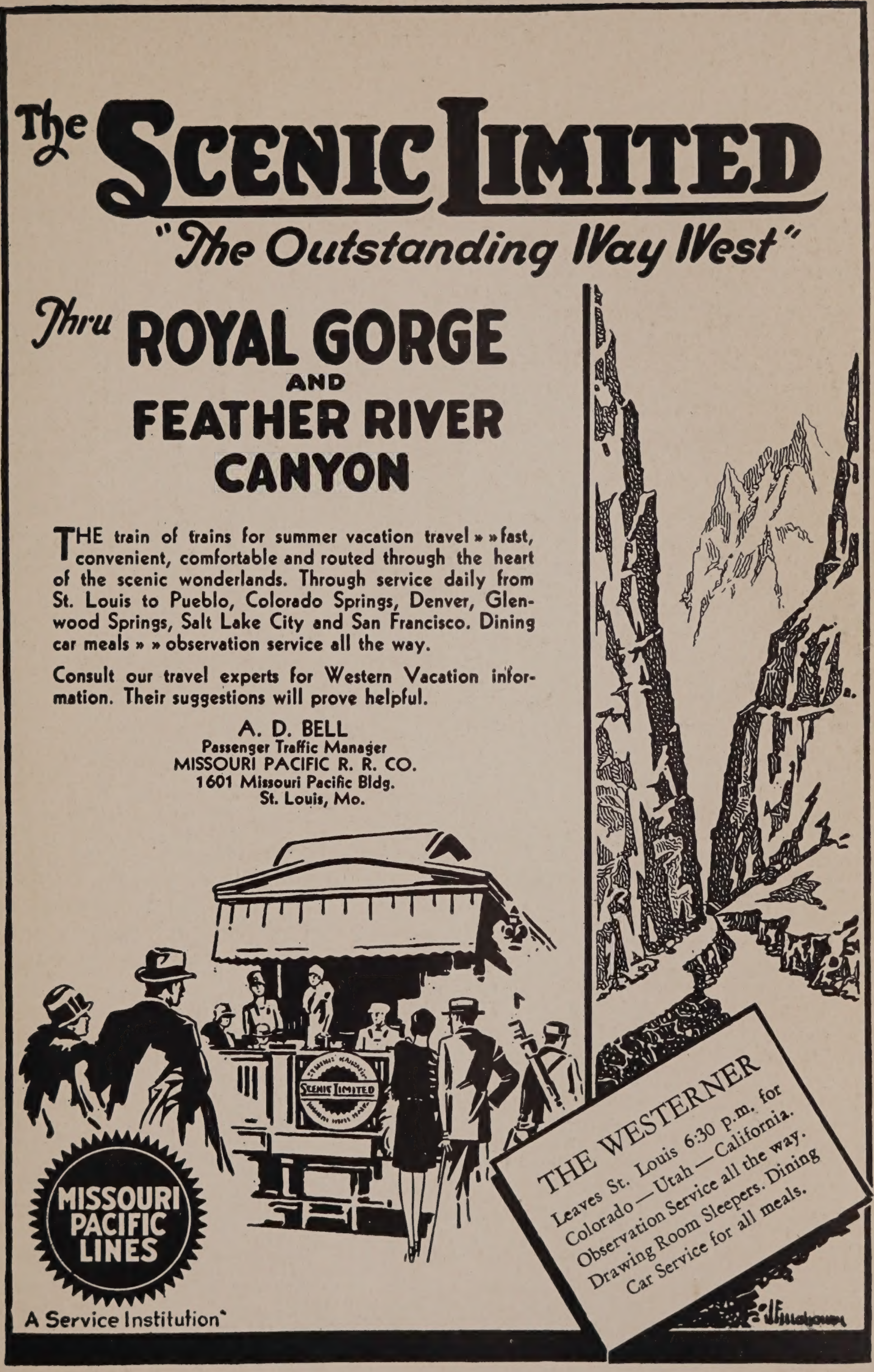
(*Continued from page XI*)

probably be the employment of a competent investment counsel, of whom a good number now offer their services.

For 1931

THE stockholder as well as the bond buyer can enter 1931 with hope. Whether the early part of the year will offer greater bargains than the closing months of 1930 remains to be seen; if so, bargains they will be, and doubtless they will be available only in the opening months. The United States has never suffered from two years of depression in succession, and there is not a convincing shred of evidence that the present cycle will constitute so notable an exception as to follow 1930 with a continuously depressed 1931. On the contrary the path should be steadily upward. The climb may be gradual and checkered, but it is certain that the rate of industrial production during most of this year can not suffice the country for another twelve months, and that it must increase. There are those who think the recovery could be hastened if the Federal Reserve System would make money still easier through its open market operations. If short term money were still more abundant the flow into long term capital would doubtless be expedited, according to the principles of hydraulics. But forcing the supply does not of itself create a sound demand, and the proponents of this purely mechanistic conception of business, in which the Federal Reserve Board is the engineer, seem to the writer to ignore entirely too many elements in the intricate complex of business to deserve support for their theory. Were the distressing bank failures in the South — well over a hundred in less than two weeks — caused by too little credit or too much? Undoubtedly the latter. If it be argued that the credit was merely mismanaged, the argument reveals where the mechanistic conception falls down. Misuse of credit is an inevitable accompaniment of an excessive supply. And it is just as possible to have an excess in dull times as in boom times. The vitally important time for the Reserve Banks to release more credit is after reviving business has begun soundly to demand it, not in a futile effort to boom business before it is ready.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N.H.



The SCENIC LIMITED

"The Outstanding Way West"

Thru ROYAL GORGE AND FEATHER RIVER CANYON

THE train of trains for summer vacation travel » » fast, convenient, comfortable and routed through the heart of the scenic wonderlands. Through service daily from St. Louis to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. Dining car meals » » observation service all the way.

Consult our travel experts for Western Vacation information. Their suggestions will prove helpful.

A. D. BELL
Passenger Traffic Manager
MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R. CO.
1601 Missouri Pacific Bldg.
St. Louis, Mo.

THE WESTERNER
Leaves St. Louis 6:30 p.m. for Colorado—Utah—California. Observation Service all the way. Drawing Room Sleepers. Dining Car Service for all meals.

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

A Service Institution

Harold L. Griffith

IF YOU WANT LOWER COSTS

CLEVELAND asks the business man seeking lower operating costs to check any other location item by item with this city. In such cost items as raw materials, electric power, fuel and labor per unit produced, the economies of the Cleveland location are often decisive. Cleveland also offers important transportation and sales economies. Relocation here may relieve a business from serious handicaps and reverse an unfavorable profit trend.

¶ This Bank has prepared a blank which facilitates comparison of the Cleveland district with your present or proposed location in ten prime particulars. Copy of this blank will be sent on request.

GUARDIAN TRUST COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO
RESOURCES MORE THAN $165,000,000

©G. T. Co.

B

North American Review

February

Rec'd
JAN 22 193
B. P. L.

Detour U. S. 72 . . . . Paul D. Hasbrouck
Sundown Sings *A Plantation Story* . . . . Lupton A. Wilkinson
The Country or the City? . . . . William Lyon Phelps
The Cuban Tangle . . . . O. R. Strackbein
Honey Along the Road . . . . Melanie E. Keiser
Exile on a Coral Beach . . . . Lieut. Frank Dorn
What Price Travel? . . . . Wallace Irwin
Tan in February *Palm Beach Idyll* . . . . James Noble Gifford
Exit the Windjammer . . . . Tom White
The Fantastic City *Old San Francisco* . . . Amelia R. Neville
Through Inferno *The Japanese Earthquake* . Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods
Brookhart, Insurgent . . . . Louis H. Cook

Departments by W. A. D., Barbara Scott,
Alan H. Temple *and* Herschel Brickell

Forty Cents a Copy *Founded in the year 1815* Four Dollars a Year

“PIATELETKA”

RUSSIA’S 5-Year Plan

by MICHAEL FARBMAN

TWO months ago The Economist of London printed a Russian Supplement outlining the scope and accomplishments of the Five Year Plan at the end of the second year. Copies which reached this country were in such demand as to be unobtainable except by borrowing. Everyone who saw the Supplement at once recognized its importance. Here was the first comprehensive appraisal of those vast projects through which the Bolshevik leaders hope to complete the work of revolution. Mr. Michael Farbman, author of The Economist’s Supplement, has furnished The New Republic with a revised text of his report which, with some additional material, will shortly be published as the 29th title in its Dollar Series.

The interest now manifested everywhere in the Five Year Plan is to be expected in view of the tremendous economic consequences either its success or failure will entail. An experiment, titanic in scope and purpose, is being tried out in a laboratory of vast dimensions. The destinies of our most deeply rooted economic beliefs and institutions are bound to be affected by the outcome. Michael Farbman’s calm, intelligent analysis of the Soviet’s achievements thus far, clarifies the issues presented to the Capitalist world and permits the reader to judge them fairly.

NEW REPUBLIC, INC.
421 West 21st Street, New York City

For the attached ONE DOLLAR BILL send me post-paid *Russia’s Five Year Plan.*

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Courage in Business

All modern industrial and mercantile expansion depends upon *Courage*. It explains progress. It determines the limits of individual success. It is the physical expression of confidence and belief.

Business moves forward only so far as it is led by men with the vision of new conditions, new ideas, new forces, new methods—*and the courage to put them through.*

Companies lacking this leadership are left behind at the end of every period of inflation. Courage is not governed by conditions; it controls conditions. It not only recognizes, but *corrects*, weak organization, backwardness, inefficiency.

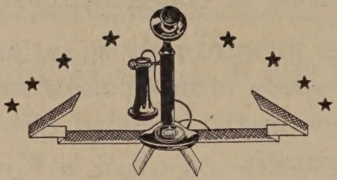
Courage is inspired by knowledge. Knowledge dispels fear. Exact knowledge of one's business comes from the analysis of facts incident to sound planning, and from the frequent comparison of operating results with a well-made Budget. Weaknesses and wastes are made apparent, and knowledge of better ways, *with courage*, eliminates them.

ERNST & ERNST

ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS
SYSTEM SERVICE

AKRON
ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BIRMINGHAM
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CANTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
DALLAS
DAVENPORT
DAYTON
DENVER
DETROIT
ERIE
FORT WAYNE
FORT WORTH
GRAND RAPIDS
HARTFORD
HUNTINGTON W. VA.
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSON, MISS.
KALAMAZOO
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PROVIDENCE
READING
RICHMOND
ROCHESTER
ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL
SAN ANTONIO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
TAMPA
TOLEDO
TULSA
WACO
WASHINGTON
WHEELING
WILMINGTON, DEL.
WINSTON-SALEM
YOUNGSTOWN

WHAT IS THE A·T·&·T·?



All that most people see of the telephone company are a telephone and a few feet of wire.

But through that telephone you can talk with any one of millions of people, all linked together by the web of equipment of the Bell System.

All its efforts are turned constantly to one job—to give better telephone service to an ever-increasing number of people, as cheaply as it possibly can.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company provides the staff work for the Bell System. To it the operation of the telephone service is a public trust. It pays a reasonable dividend to its stockholders . . . and uses all earnings beyond that to improve and extend the service.

There are more than 550,000 stockholders, and no one person owns so much as one per cent of its stock.

The Bell System operates through 24 regional companies, each one attuned to the needs of its particular territory. In addition, the 5000 members of the Bell Laboratories staff do the scientific work which makes it possible to improve and widen the service at least cost to its users. The Western Electric Company, which manufactures for the Bell System, specializes in the economical production of telephone equipment of the highest quality.

All these facilities are directly available throughout the entire Bell System, at any time or place. . . . Because of them, every dollar that you spend for telephone service brings you constantly greater value and convenience.

★ *THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

JOHN PELL
Managing Editor

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON — B. S. STANOYEVICH — WILLIAM ALTON DEWITT
Associate Editors

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

Volume 231 *February 1931* Number 2

Apéritif . . . . . *W. A. D.* 97
Detour U. S. 72 . . . . . *Paul D. Hasbrouck* 100
Sundown Sings (Story) . . . . . *Lupton A. Wilkinson* 107
The Country or the City? . . . . . *William Lyon Phelps* 120
The Cuban Tangle . . . . . *O. R. Strackbein* 123
Honey Along the Road (Story) . . . . . *Melanie E. Keiser* 129
Sketch (Poem) . . . . . *Elinor C. Woolson* 135
Exile on a Coral Beach . . . . . *Lieut. Frank Dorn* 136
What Price Travel? . . . . . *Wallace Irwin* 145
Tan in February . . . . . *James Noble Gifford* 149
Exit the Windjammer . . . . . *Tom White* 155
The Fantastic City . . . . . *Amelia R. Neville* 161
Camels (Poem) . . . . . *Virginia Stait* 170
Through Inferno . . . . . *Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods* 171
Brookhart, Insurgent . . . . . *Louis H. Cook* 178
The Literary Landscape . . . . . *Herschel Brickell* 185
The Reader's Turn 192

Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
I. DAVIS, *Assistant Treasurer*

The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

Title registered U. S. Patent Office. The contents of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW are copyrighted. Republication is permissible only upon special request in each instance.

The Financial Outlook

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

A Novelist Speaks

"THE unvarying progression — reassuring in its very monotony — of these human tragi-comedies which we call business cycles." The description comes not from a professional economist or business prophet, but from a distinguished novelist, essayist and biographer, André Maurois. None need think it inappropriate for a novelist to write on business cycles; on the contrary, when the ups and downs are at their extremities a psychological interpretation by an experienced student of mankind and its conduct is likely to be more revealing than elucidation of the economic facts and principles involved. From M. Maurois' "psychological schema" of the business cycle the following seems most applicable to conditions at the close of 1930:

"Those who still have money are now as foolishly economical as they had been madly prodigal. . . . On every side prophets of evil days emerge; they go about spreading despair with a solemn joy. Everything is going badly and it will be worse, they say. These apocalyptic prophecies are repeated in every crisis. . . . Each time the end of prosperity is looked upon as the end of the world. The act ends on a chorus of lamentation."

Of course many can hold themselves aloof from this contagion, either because they have learned wholesome lessons from the past or because they are less devoted to worry than to work. Granting the exceptions, the indictment remains essentially true. The reasons urged for believing that this is the end of an era, that "never again will good times be seen," are so numerous as to defy summing up. Among them are the fear that a long period of declining prices is upon us; that gold production each year will prove less sufficient to sustain the price level; that the political and economic disorders of vast areas, particularly in the East, have so reduced their buying power that the mass producers of the industrial countries are left without customers; that the machine has escaped our control, and that our inability to cope with the "machine age" problems of technological unemployment and distribution will break down our social structure.

In these arguments today is precisely the same measure of truth that was in them in 1928 and 1929, neither more nor less. What has changed is what we ourselves bring to them, the emotional atmosphere in which we consider them. There would have been very good reason for fearing a decline in prices in 1929; but after a drop of 20 to 50 per cent it would, to say the least, be wise to abate confidence in a further fall. Inadequacy of gold production to maintain the price level of the post-war decade may become a real factor within five years, though there is room for doubt on that; but inadequacy to maintain prices where they were at the end of 1930 is something else again. If those who fear this factor are eating their cake now they can not have it later. A price decline that normally might be expected to extend over twenty years can not be packed into one year and continue during the twenty years also.

The factor of prices is stressed because the continuing decline in commodities is believed to be an effect as well as a cause of the collective neurosis, which exaggerates and multiplies the actual economic phenomena of the depression. When the recession in commodity prices ceases the recession of business will likewise cease, and we shall pass into the next stage described by M. Maurois:

"All those who for a year or two have refused to buy and now lack supplies begin to be afraid. Suddenly the panic begins again, but this time it is a buyer's panic. . . . Unemployment diminishes. The workman returns to his job and again becomes a consumer. The government in power is praised for the wisdom of the steps it has taken."

Commodity Truths

THE prices of staple agricultural commodities in most cases at the end of 1930 were lower than the cost of production for all but a favored minority of producers. Producers may work for less than the cost of production for a time, but not for very long. Even the strongest aggregations of capital engaged in turning out staple raw materials will not long endure a situation in which their capital is constantly being impaired. The weak are eliminated; and the strong consciously take the steps that will prevent their own elimination by restricting their output. Rubber furnishes an illustration. The strong low-cost producers are "tapping all out," because only at full capacity are their costs low. But the strong medium-cost and high-cost producers are deliberately curtailing because it is cheaper to curtail than to take the losses they would incur by producing, and weak high-cost producers are out of business because they simply can not meet running expenses. Therefore the present price is gradually eliminating marginal high-cost production, and as the world demands an ever-expanding quantity of rubber it is only a question of time until consumption again calls for more production by bidding a higher price.

The same generalization applies to other commodities. The uneconomic price of sugar is slowly but none the less certainly bankrupting producers in even tariff-protected countries. There are millions of wheat and cotton growers in the world who have less than nothing to show for every bushel or bale that they sell at present levels. At the same time low prices will have their stimulating effect upon consumption and after supplies have run down and potential needs have been built up the way will be cleared for the recovery stage. It can hardly be overemphasized that the low prices of cotton and grains are basically the worst features of the depression in the United States; they are so important that they almost *are* the depression. And in both cases it is reasonable to believe that the first stages of recovery, and of general business improvement, will not be deferred beyond the beginning of the next planting season.

Faintly the Upturn

WHEN business recovery begins, stock market recovery will be no longer deferred. Conversely, until the business indices turn there can be no assurance that the turn in stock prices has come, although to be sure the stock market will not wait until all the difficulties in the situation are ironed out to look forward to improvement. The credit situation at the end of the year was entirely favorable; with the continued aid of the Reserve Banks the holidays brought no seasonal stringency except of the most temporary character. At New Year's the relations of stock prices to earnings and to the cost of money as a rule favored buyers. The December decline in stocks and bonds, which was succeeded by such a sharp rally, was the product of a near-panic precipitated by bank failures. A house of cards in the South fell down. Underwriting concerns in the East were affected. Confidence was destroyed in many places. Runs on banks set in, and where the banks had made ill-judged loans, or where their assets had not been kept sufficiently liquid, they failed to stand the strain. The year was the worst in respect to bank failures in the history of the United States, and never has there been a failure as large as that of the New York bank which had $180,000,000 in deposits the week before it closed, and $160,000,000 on the day its doors were shut. Such troubles start revolving a vicious circle of liquidation. But historically they typify the closing days of depression, not its beginning or middle; often, indeed, bank failures do not become serious until after recovery has been under way for some time.

Disappointment in Bonds

THE continued weakness of the bond market during most of December was no less disappointing to bondholders than it was disagreeable to the numerous forecasters who had expected gradually rising prices during the second half of 1930. To be sure the steady advance in bonds of the very highest grade shows the basic rightness of the forecast, while the slump of everything below that grade testifies to the tenacity and seriousness of the depression, and to the uncertainty and caution which dominate the policy of investors. For the decline in many industrial and rail issues the reason of course is all too obvious; it is summed up in the phrase "bad business," which has reduced the earnings available for bond interest. But for scores of well-secured bonds falling a little below first grade, and not enjoying wide public recognition, the limited buying interest is due essentially to lack of confidence.

While buying has thus been limited, selling has come from a variety of sources. The run of bank failures that gathered such rapid momentum after the collapse of the Caldwell interests in the South, about the first of November, caused a great deal of bond selling, as banks put themselves in a more liquid condition to meet emergencies; most of this selling of course came from country banks. Then the larger banks, and life insurance companies, sold "legals" whose removal from the list was threatened by the decline in earning power of the corporations, including a number of railroads. Finally, bond distributing houses which had sold issues in the earlier part of the year were hardly in a position to support their offerings in the market. Of course houses of issue have not had an easy time during the depression, for many of them felt the obligation to support the securities for which they were responsible, and nothing can eat up capital so rapidly as an attempt to hold up a declining market. It is a tribute to the efficacy of modern business therapeutics that there have been so very few disasters among these houses; the difficulties that have come up for the most part have been readily handled without becoming public matters.

The drop in bond prices can not be interpreted as marking a long-time down-turn. More probably it is a short-term fluctuation to be followed by an advance that will include far more than the gilt-edge variety. There is no heavy supply of unsold bonds in the market, and new corporate financing in the near future promises to be light, since corporations generally are well-supplied with plant and equipment. It does not appear that in 1931 the supply of good bonds will equal the potential demand, and the job that bond dealers face is to turn that potential into an actuality. It ought not to be difficult after business confidence is somewhat restored; certainly there will be less competition from stocks for some time. Not for many years, we venture to say, will people generally again hold the relative opinions of bonds and stocks that dominated the markets in 1929; the greater security of bonds, and the desirability of maintaining a proper proportion of them in the investment programme, are once more recognized as they were prior to the New Era.

Public utility and municipal bonds were in relatively better supply and demand in 1930 than other types, though demand was insistent upon the higher grades. The splendid earnings record made by the utilities in the face of depression has been generally recognized, and the companies have kept up their borrowings in part to assist President Hoover's efforts to moderate the depression. Many of the companies have anticipated their needs as far ahead as is wise, and will require less money in 1931; this points to a stiffening market. Municipal offerings have been heavy, and will continue so, both because the market is favorable and because States and cities are taking the opportunity of cheap money and labor to carry out improvements. New industrial and real estate financing must await a business pick-up which will give a reason as well as capacity for borrowing; and foreign financing is not expected to be heavy until political and economic unsettlement abroad is somewhat remedied. Meanwhile the country's savings pile up, and it will not be surprising if the turn in the bond market comes by the time this is read, during the period of seasonally easy money that usually follows the holidays.

Investment Trusts

THE farthest north of the investment trust movement has been reached. A fixed trust has been formed whose portfolio is composed of the common stock of a group of general management trusts. The new trust might well be christened the Making Assurance Doubly Sure company; it provides two degrees of diversification whereas only one degree has heretofore been available to purchasers of investment trust shares, except as one trust holds shares of another, which is often the case. Putting Double Assurance on the market is a true sign of the times, for Single Assurance has not been doing well, and instead of paying a premium for the virtues once thought to be inherent in the general management, trust investors have been willing to buy their shares only at a discount, and a substantial one at that.

A general management trust, as everyone probably understands by this time, is one in which the managers have the power to make changes in the portfolio, and therefore to trade in and out of the market. During the golden age of the investment trusts, only a little more than a year ago, this trading privilege, plus wizardry of management, was generally construed to be a large potential source of profit, and buyers of management trust shares willingly paid for it premiums over and above the liquidating value of the portfolio. Unfortunately, this presumed element of strength proved in fact to be the Achilles tendon of the movement; from confiding utterly in management when times were rosy the public has gone to the other extreme of distrusting it completely now that times are bad. The funds that went into investment trusts in 1930 — and the total was large — went into fixed trusts, in which managers have no power of substituting in the portfolio, and the shares of virtually all management trusts sold throughout the year at far below the price which their assets would have yielded if liquidated and the proceeds distributed among the stockholders. In some cases they have sold for little more than half their reported or estimated liquidating value, and the average discount has been at least 20 per cent.

This disparity between the market value of the shares and the market value of the property which they represent invites and has caused much comment. Some investment trust managers point out that theirs are by no means the only shares selling below the book value of the assets applicable to them. And it is true that in the December decline it was calculated that nearly a third of all the shares listed on the Stock Exchange were selling below their book value; in some cases, particularly oil and rail stocks, quoted prices were only one-tenth to one-half of book value. It should be evident, however, that there is no true analogy. If a corporation shows a deficit, or only earns 1 to 2 per cent upon its book value, it is not to be expected that its shares will represent its full liquidating value as carried upon the books, for the stock buyer naturally is interested in earnings and not in what he might get in the improbable event of liquidation and distribution of assets. But the liquidating or book value of the investment trust share is not the liquidating or book value of the securities in its portfolio; it is their *market* value, and when the trust's shares sell for less than that value it becomes literally true that the whole is worth less than the sum of all its parts. The investor can buy a diversified group of securities *via* the investment trust for 80 per cent of what he would have to pay if he bought them in the market. Diversification, once thought a virtue, has become a fault because the buyer apparently thinks he will get too much bad with the good; and management brings a penalty, not a premium, because the buyer is convinced that it will lose money.

Faults Found

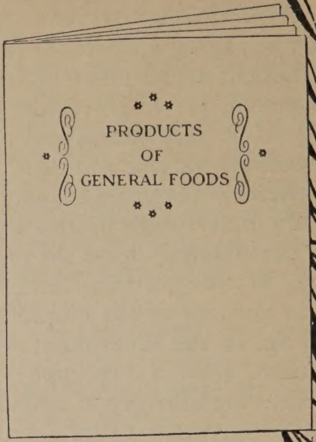
This lack of regard for management is due to a number of factors, which may be briefly summed up as follows:

During the boom the managers of too many trusts, concerned more with the sale of securities than building an enduring institution on sound principles, deliberately or mistakenly used the trusts as a dumping ground for stocks brought out at inflated prices and not too easily salable. Portfolios which still have too many of these stocks are not attractive to discriminating investors.

The excessive flotations of investment trust shares during 1929 ended in a bad attack of indigestion; they were never thoroughly distributed, and being new and untried the process of finding a permanent home for them has had to be carried through at sacrifice levels.

The popular view is that while management can make money in a bull market it must lose money in a bear market. In many cases managers put too much stress on rapid profits, and went in for trading in common stocks at the expense of building up strong

(*Continued on page XVI*)



What are the Products

of

General Foods?

HERE IS the story of a family of food products . . . how 20 of your favorite foods rose from humble beginnings to an honor-place on the tables of America's millions.

To read this story is to know why General Foods, maker of these 20 nationally advertised foods and more than 60 others, has achieved its position in the world's largest business. It is to know what business leaders and bankers already know—that the sales and earnings of this company have that stability which comes from a wide diversification of products in a fundamental industry.

This booklet will be sent *free* to any interested person.

Write to General Foods *Corporation*

Department W

250 *Park Avenue* · · · *New York City*

Maxwell House Coffee and Tea, Log Cabin Syrup, Jell-O, Certo, Post's Bran Flakes, Whole Bran, Minute Tapioca, Instant Postum, Hellmann's Mayonnaise Products, Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, Franklin Baker's Coconut, Calumet Baking Powder, Grape-Nuts, Sanka Coffee, Swans Down Cake Flour, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, La France, Satina, Diamond Crystal Salt, Jell-O Ice Cream Powder

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 231 FEBRUARY, 1931 NUMBER 2

Apéritif

Tale of Toil

THERE is one bright gleam of happiness in the unemployment situation.

In a large Middle Western city a destitute gentleman was advised to apply to the director of the zoo for a job. He did so, met with sympathy, but was told there were no regular positions to be had. However, there was *something* — if the gentleman were in really dire need. It seemed that a chimpanzee, favorite of the children who came to the zoo, had incontinently died shortly before, and the director knew the children would be inconsolable if they discovered it. He had the skin, it was a size comparable to that of the applicant — would he consider — ?

Yes, indeed, he would, for thirty dollars a week. Hardly more than a trice went by before he was draped in the deceased favorite's flea-ridden hide and gamboling about his iron cage, to the clamorous delight of the children. He entered into the spirit of the thing, crawled up and down the bars of the cage, picked fleas, snarled horribly and in general acted his part with the greatest possible gusto. He even ventured upon the trapeze and with hair-raising ferocity swung back and forth, back and forth. He swung harder and harder, farther and farther, higher and higher. Finally he swung right over the top of his cage, lost his grip and fell plump beside a lion.

One look was enough. "Help!" he bellowed, and "Help! *Help!* HELP!" In fact, he made a devilish uproar, increasing its volume every second. But menacing, inexorable, the lion stood over his prostrate form.

"Shut up, you fool!" it quoth. "D'you think you're the only unemployed around here?"

* * *

THREE phenomena grouped in our minds at present: a man named Walter Deckler, whose gift to his wife on their wedding anniversary always has been a good, sound beating; a woman of ninety-three in Pittsburgh, who started growing a third set of teeth; and a man named Henry Ford, who predicted that wages in 1950 would be four times what they are now. The reason for their being batched together, as we

Copyright, 1931, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

see it, is neither their human interest nor their inescapable logic — just their grim display of optimism.

❧

It seems probable that every one will have forgotten the one-act farce presented by Judge Lindsey and Bishop Manning in the latter's church by the time these words come off the press. But we should like to go on record as having decided that neither of them is the man Oscar Wilde so lucidly described as "laughing at himself laughing at himself laughing at himself."

Ophiology, More or Less

One of our Special Suspectors, anxious to make his mark in the world, has brought in some extremely disillusioning information. It has to do with the romantic art of snake-charming, and his general conclusion from it is that snake-charming is neither romantic nor an art — just plain business, and a risky one at that.

He says the first question he asked himself was: "Where do you suppose snake-charmers get their snakes?" And his vivid imagination conjured up pictures of tropical jungles *à la* Tarzan of the Apes. But when he inquired, this foolishness was knocked quickly into a cocked hat, for it appears that there are regular dealers, just as in any other business. The best known of these esoteric merchants lives in Brownsville, Texas, and signs his correspondence, "Rattling yours, Snake King."

From such dealers pythons cost from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty dollars; rattlers "fixed safe to handle" from three to ten; and a "mixed den" from fifteen dollars up, which last, we regret to say, may be made the mainspring of an excruciatingly funny practical joke.

What was for us the most remarkable thing our Suspector discovered is the fact that snakes are delicate, finicky creatures. We should have thought charmers would go around in mortal fear for their own welfare, but instead, it seems, they are much more worried about the health of their snakes. The things must not be allowed to get cold, must be bathed and rubbed down with olive oil every so often, and, worst of all, are forever going on hunger strikes and refusing stubbornly to eat the most tempting meals. In these cases they have to be fed by force, have meat rammed down their throats with a stick or egg fillips shot in with a syringe. They are all neurotics, you see; and furthermore, hopelessly near-sighted, which is why, if you are seeking for a reason, they bite before glancing to see if you mean harm — looking would do no good anyhow.

Training them is no great trick, if you have patience, a sweet disposition and agile footwork. Our Special Suspector was fortunate enough to witness a morning work-out involving a lady charmer and a large Southern rattler. The lady entered a canvas pit which contained the rattler, holding before her a large pair of deer antlers.

As she approached the snake, it coiled quickly, lifting its head and rattling ominously. Suddenly its head darted forward. At the same moment, so quickly that the eye could hardly follow, the charmer moved the antlers — and the snake, rattling more ominously than ever, was back in position, a small bruise on its side. The bite had been received on the horns, of course, and at the instant of the bite the charmer had jabbed the snake.

This action was repeated again and again, until finally the charmer retired, assuring our Suspector that the snake would be thoroughly subdued within a few days. "Every time he bites," she explained, "he is bitten back. He'll soon get to know that."

"No romance there," concluded our Suspector. "Just applied psychology." He got his promotion.

* * *

Help Wanted

AND, by the way, Snake King's manner of signing his letters, "Rattling yours," brings up a difficulty under which we have suffered for many years: *i.e.*, how to close letters. Not business ones, which are standardized, but letters to friends and acquaintances of varying intimacy. "Cordially yours" sounds a trifle foolish; "Your friend" or "Affectionately yours" sloppy, and almost every other expedient brought to our attention has some similar objection.

For instance, the uncompromising "Yrs." with which we have ruffled Emily Post for so many years is too bluff and terse; we have tired of it. We should like something new and interesting, something, perhaps, along the lines of Albert Mardochee Raphael's solution of the problem. He is a wealthy French eccentric, who amuses himself in trolleys by scratching vigorously and inquiring of those about him: "You don't happen to know something that will cure the itch, do you?" and his solution is: "In the most respectful hope that you are not annoyed by importunate parasites, I remain your obedient servant."

* * *

A CERTAIN fact lies festering in our heads for which we have failed dismally to find any dire significance. It must mean something, something pretty startling, but just what is beyond even our Special Suspectors. The fact is that Bernarr Macfadden sent out 22,000 Christmas cards.

* * *

Affair of State

EMMA had a story to tell.

"Remember that transatlantic flight of Jean Assolant's, the one with the stowaway, Arthur Schreiber? Remember how annoyed the French authorities were when they found him? Well, Frank Polk tells me that the American diplomats in Paris were pretty upset about it, too: sent a frantic cable home for instructions. It ended up on the desk of somebody in the State Department who had a sense of proportion, or humor anyway, and he wrote a message back suggesting that the Paris embassy laugh it off. This had to be sent to the cipher room for coding, and half an hour later it was brought back to him.

"'Sir,' said a solemn office boy, 'there isn't any word in the code for "laugh"!'

"I suppose," commented Emma, "it just had to be taken seriously."

W. A. D.

Detour U. S. 72

Reads the political signpost. The exact route is undetermined, but it will be off the accustomed road of bi-partisan politics

By Paul D. Hasbrouck

THREE possibilities will confront the Seventy-second Congress when it meets in December 1931, or earlier in special session. One of the parties may organize Congress and attempt to control by virtue of its scant majority or plurality, as the case may be. Leadership, on the other hand, may pass to Members who hold the balance of power, to party "insurgents" and the third party man in each house. These would depend for support upon changing majorities without regard to party lines — majorities made up by free union, according to the Norris ideal, of such Members as favor each individual measure. The third proposition is that Republican and Democratic leaders tentatively coöperate, perhaps even dividing positions and privileges.

Any attempt to hold Congress in leash by so slim a thread as the majority which may be afforded either party would be highly precarious. Membership changes which might unsettle any temporary balance of power are more than a possibility; they are the "regular order" in Congress. Twenty-three vacancies occurred in the House alone during the seven months session of 1929–1930. The conventional course of party government therefore is open to new complications. The hopes of any party attempting it would remain in a state of suspended animation until Congress organized, and tenure thereafter would be in doubt through by-elections and contests.

THIS question of control involves not only a change in the personnel of those who would hold dominant positions, but a marked contrast too in the sections which these leaders represent. Under the Republicans, Nicholas Longworth of Ohio is Speaker and John Q. Tilson of Connecticut is majority Floor Leader. In a regular Republican organization of the new House these men normally would be reëlected. If the Democrats rule, John N. Garner of Texas would be Speaker, and the Floor Leader, according to Democratic practice, would be the ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee, Representative Collier of Mississippi.

A like difference in section would

result when the parties assigned chairmanships of committees according to the principle of seniority based upon continuous service.

In the following forecast it has been assumed, if the same Member will be in line for more than one chairmanship, that he will become chairman of that committee which stands highest on the roll of House committees. If the Republicans control, chairmanships in the new House would be distributed by sections approximately as follows:

Middle Atlantic	12
Central	9
West Central	9
New England	6
Rocky Mountain	4
Pacific	4
Border	2
South	0
Undetermined (new member of committee)	1

Under Democratic rule these 47 chairmanships would be assigned, on the basis of seniority, as follows:

South	28
Border	5
Middle Atlantic	5
Central	3
New England	2
West Central	1
Rocky Mountain	1
Pacific	0
Undetermined	2

This disparity in favor of the South is further increased by the fact that Southerners would head all of the important "privileged" committees.

In the Senate there would be a somewhat different distribution of honors on the Republican side, but similar concentration of leadership in the hands of Southern Democrats. The natural effect of twelve years during which the Democrats in Congress have been a minority, but were returned regularly from Southern States, would give at least 16 of the 33 Senate chairmanships to the South. If Republicans, on the other hand, organize the Senate, the central and far West in conjunction with New England will dominate. The Middle Atlantic States, which held first place in the House, are in line for only one Senate chairmanship.

With parity of strength and divergence in the make-up of the two parties, the setting is present for a possible battle royal such as has not been staged within the experience of the oldest Representative. Determined contests over the control of Congress have not occurred since the Civil War, because on all but two occasions one party or the other has organized the House with an ample majority.

In 1916, though President Wilson was reëlected, the Democratic margin in the House was completely wiped out. This Congress, however, meeting in April 1917 to declare war on Germany, promptly reëlected Champ Clark as Speaker; the Democratic caucus voted to leave all measures out of consideration except those which were recommended from the White House; and a staunch Republican, speaking for the vast majority of his colleagues, declared, "Whatever the President says he needs, that I shall vote to give him."

Party lines were again relatively close in 1923, when the Republicans had a nominal strength exceeding that of the Democrats by only eighteen votes. Taking advantage of this situation, "progressive" Republicans for a time refused to support the reëlection of Speaker Gillett, voting instead for Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin or for Mr. Madden. However, on the evening of the second day an agreement was reached with Mr. Longworth, then Floor Leader, opening a way for revision of the House rules. On the next morning enough of the truant Republicans returned to their party allegiance and the House was organized.

But during three decades before the Civil War, contests for control of the House were waged, whenever possible, resolutely and with increasing ire. In December, 1839, the House did not elect a Speaker until two weeks after the date of meeting, and did not receive the President's message until the day before Christmas. Again ten years later, the Speakership contest was prolonged for nineteen days and finally settled by plurality. The two most exhaustive struggles occurred in 1855, with the Kansas-Nebraska Act as the issue, and in 1859 under the threat of Civil War. These contests lasted from December 3 and December 5, respectively, to February 2 and February 1 of the following years. In each instance it became doubtful whether the Congress ever would organize. Finally, in 1856, Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts was chosen Speaker under a plurality resolution, on the one hundred and thirty-third ballot, while in 1860 a compromise candidate was chosen.

Whether or not there will be a determined struggle to gain the upper hand at the organization of the Seventy-second Congress depends, of course, upon the attitude of the parties. Indications now are that such a struggle may be averted by some sort of gentleman's agreement. Nevertheless certain elements of uncertainty — possibilities of death or resignation, particularly in the thirty days just before the convening of Congress — will continue to be present.

Under these circumstances the manipulation of a single potential vote before Congress organizes, the least suspicion of unfairness, would be tinder to rekindle the flames of party rancor. Good will in this preliminary stage depends not so much upon Members of Congress, as upon Governors of the States and the Clerk of the House.

The Governor of a State possesses more or less discretion regarding a vacancy which occurs in the State's representation in Congress. He may under State law fill a vacancy in the Senate, his appointee to serve usually until the next general election. Thus the Democratic Governors who were elected in 1930 probably would appoint Democrats, and this contingency applies not only to Senators elected in that year, but to all twelve Republican Senators from States in which the Governor is a Democrat. One Republican Senator in addition was elected from Minnesota, which at the same time chose a Farmer-Laborite as Governor. This makes a liability of loss in a total of thirteen Republicans, as against nine Democratic Senators and Senators-elect under Republican Governors.

While such a shift of control in the

Senate would be legitimate, a Governor's discretion touching vacancies among Representatives elect is open to question. With respect to these he has no power of appointment, but is enjoined by the Constitution to issue Writs of Election to fill such vacancies. In some instances he is directed by State law to call special elections "as soon as practicable." It is possible of course that the Democratic Governor in such States as Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, or Ohio, with large Republican representations in Congress, might by tardiness in providing for the filling of a vacancy change the party balance in the House. The public's sense of fairness, however, and the character of these Democratic Governors make such manipulation for party advantage improbable.

Some discretion in receiving the returns, on the other hand, rests with the Clerk of the preceding House. He is required by Federal statute to make out a roll of Members elect, and is instructed by the House rules to act as its moderator, deciding questions of order (subject to appeal) until the election of a Speaker. Neither Federal law nor the rules of the preceding House, to be sure, are binding upon the new Congress; the constitutional power of an unorganized House to determine its own rules, to judge of the election of its Members, and to choose its Speaker, may not be restricted. Nevertheless these functions of the Clerk generally have been acquiesced in, being regarded as wholesome practice.

In making out his roll of Members elect by States, the Clerk respects credentials of the Governors of the States, but is sole judge as to irregularities in these credentials. The first long contest on organization of the House, in 1839, was precipitated by the action of the Clerk, Mr. Garland, in refusing to enroll five Representatives elect who had been certified by the "Broad Seal" of the Governor of New Jersey. With two groups of contestants claiming these seats, the unorganized House reached an *impasse*, while the Clerk refused to put motions as to whose votes should be counted in the crucial decisions. Finally ex-President John Quincy Adams, who was then a Member of the House, took the chair upon his own responsibility and with the consent of Southern Democrats, acted as moderator instead of the Clerk. Nevertheless the latter's action in refusing to enroll the "Broad Seal" contestants resulted in their failing to gain their seats, and insured the Clerk's own reëlection.

There is no other instance of crucial test in which a Clerk has yielded to gain party advantage. Nevertheless, though the Clerk's duties are non-partisan, he owes his office to party nomination; and when control hinges upon a single vote, both his party's fortunes and his own position may depend upon his rulings.

The present incumbent, William Tyler Page, of Maryland, may be entrusted to handle this political dynamite with fairness and discretion. While he is thoroughly a Republican, yet his life has been spent not in active partisan politics but in the service of the House. He is well grounded in its traditions. First becoming a page in the office of the Clerk in 1881, when only thirteen years of age, he has been continuously in the service of the House of Representatives. For the past six Congresses he has been its Clerk. He is the author of *Page's Congressional Handbook*, and of *The American's Creed*. The latter, known to every school child, plights his faith *IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE; WHOSE JUST POWERS ARE DERIVED FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED. . . .*

Though we may assume therefore that personnel of the new Congress will be determined according to just principles, there still may be a fighting chance for partisans to wrest control from the hands of a "paper" majority, or to win in a possible even division between parties. Much is to be gained in addition to the Speakership and the placing of partisans at the head of committees.

The vital question of party membership on committees is determined solely by the party in power, which sets a ratio roughly proportionate to the strength of groups in Congress. But even a majority of one in a committee of twelve, as the important Rules Committee, will exceed the proportionate strength of any party in the Seventy-second Congress. Such a majority of only one in the committees may be decisive, carrying through to the make-up of sub-committees and managers of conference.

It is probable too that victory on the first crucial votes will stand in the matter of organization for the whole session, or throughout the life of the Congress. True, a Speaker may be removed at the will of the House. But this has never been done, though the resignation of Speaker Stevenson probably was hastened in 1834 by political pressure. A Speaker's election however generally has been considered as final, no matter how keen the contest or how slim his majority or plurality. This was true of Speaker Winthrop, elected in 1847 by a majority of only one vote. Even in the "Revolution of 1910" Mr. Norris's coalition majority, which stripped Speaker Cannon of his autocratic powers, did not vote him out of office. So ponderous is the machinery of organization that once a party gains control, long odds favor its continuance in office regardless of chance by-elections or contests.

Nor is the current report correct, that election of a Speaker deprives his party of one vote on legislation. The Speaker may vote, though in usual practice his name does not appear on the tally. If the Speaker's vote would be decisive, however, as in a tie, it is his duty to vote. Many Speakers, too, including Mr. Longworth, have called others to the chair and participated in debate.

Nevertheless the value of controlling under present conditions is questioned by many Democrats. Such control would give little chance for constructive action on party measures, since the Democrats in Congress would be unable to override the veto of the Republican Executive. They might make limited use of the "Holman rule," which allows the House to legislate in the direction of retrenching expenditures, by attaching "riders" to necessary appropriation bills. This rule was re-adopted in 1911, to give power to a Democratic Congress when Mr. Taft was President. In the main, however, the Democrats would incur risks of responsibility, while continuing to suffer the handicaps of the Opposition.

There are historical grounds, too, for holding that in a close division between parties, preference should be given to adherents of the Administration. In early English and Colonial practice, the Speaker was the agent of contact, forming a sort of liaison with King or Governor. Unless the legislature was definitely hostile, this go-between was preferably a Member "on good speaking terms" with the Executive.

STRATEGY within the Democratic party also makes many loath to assume control. Responsibility now ill comports with the plans of wet Northern Democrats. For the wet movement, despite gains, will remain in the Seventy-second Congress a movement of opposition. Not only would legislative leadership be in the hands of Southerners; by strength of numbers as well the South would dominate the Democratic caucus. Of the 216 Democratic Representatives elect, 136 are from Southern and border States. Some 150 Democrats in all have not yet bowed the knee to the repealist Baal! This number constitutes not only the major portion of the Democratic caucus, but gives a margin of six votes more than the two-thirds necessary to kill by party action any movement for repeal.

Astute politicians of the North realize that Democrats outside of the South thus would have the minimum of power under present conditions. The smaller the party majority in each house, the fewer are the Northern Democrats who go to make up that majority. In contrast, the Southern phalanx returns practically intact to the new Congress, after having recaptured all but one of the districts gained by the Republicans in the Hoover landslide.

THESE facts do not of course lead to the conclusion that the Democratic party is safely dry. The prospect of future gains in wet Northern territory will be most alluring. But the fact of importance with respect to the new Congress is that Democracy out of power can be distinctly wetter than Democracy in power — especially when the titular leadership rests with New York Democrats.

Instead of taking full party responsibility, therefore, it is possible that Democrats might prefer to act with the third party men and Republican "insurgents" in a non-partisan organization of Congress. This is the only type of combination which would be advantageous to the "insurgents."

For if they were to support a Democratic organization as such, fewer key positions would go to the Western "independents" than they hold under the Republicans. This is less true in the House, where densely populated States of the Middle Atlantic and Central sections somewhat overshadow the West. But the House "progressives" have no organization drilled to aggressive action, such as that in the Senate. Due in part to former victories of this Senate "progressive" group, the

West Central States are there in line for more chairmanships under the Republicans than any other section. Senators from those States would head at least nine committees, but only one, as the parties now stand, under the Democrats.

In event the Republican left wing in the House organizes for independent action, however, a non-partisan organization of the House may follow. In such an outcome those who held the balance of power naturally would expect for themselves generous recognition, perhaps claiming the Speakership. Their logical candidates would be Paul J. Kvale of Minnesota, lone Farmer-Labor Member, or either Mr. Cooper or Mr. Nelson of Wisconsin. The preëminence of these two Wisconsin Members is based upon their seniority among House "progressives."

Objection may be raised to Mr. Kvale, the logical mediator in event of a deadlock, on the grounds that he is too young and lacking in experience. But there are precedents showing that the House has been governed by young men in times not nearly so complicated as at present.

If the Republicans to the last man stand ready to support their caucus nominee, present prospects favor the reëlection of Mr. Longworth as Speaker. If some Members should bolt the caucus, however, using this opportunity to put Mr. Longworth "on the spot" politically, then a Republican of less definite affiliations might be put forward. As the Republican plurality in February 1856 turned to Banks of Massachusetts, who had been elected as an "American" but aligned himself with the Republicans before Congress met, so conceivably the new House might pick O. B. Lovette, Independent Republican of the First Tennessee district, who was elected over Representative Reece on the Muscle Shoals issue.

Whichever of these detour routes is followed, there must be cautious steering, with scant comfort to the occupants of any party conveyance. Fortunately for the public, chief engineers on both sides of the political line state that they intend to keep the going smooth, improving upon the usual roughness of detours. As to that, however, only time can tell. There is bound to be heavy traffic in connection with the main project, which is road-building for 1932.

Yet the public may not look in vain for compensations. Two years ago in these pages the writer pointed out that Mr. Hoover's strength then exceeded that of his party. In a sense unparalleled in recent times, he was elected as representative of the nation as a whole. Neither then nor now has there developed any accurate party alignment on most of the vital legislative problems.

Mr. Hoover's true source of support therefore is essentially non-partisan, and in the fields of non-partisan endeavor he may be able to do his best work. As in the Seventy-first Congress, so too in the Seventy-second, for somewhat different reasons, the call is for executive leadership. Its special justification now is the absence of authentic leadership in Congress.

Sundown Sings

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

A Story of the South

What are they doin' in Heavun today
Where sin and sorrow done all wash' away,
Where peace a-boun' like a rivuh, they say,
What are they doin' now?

Sundown stirred slightly and his foot brushed the crape myrtle trunk. A benison of purple blossoms drifted down on his back, but he did not feel them.

Sundown was troubled in his mind. The full of the moon always made him restless, but tonight the confused panorama of his life, crowded and jumbled, poured upward through the mysterious depths of his consciousness. He tried falteringly to find some solid lesson of experience, to seize on some memory, that might help him, guide him, in his new and keenly felt distress. Music usually aided him toward the happiness that came easily to a nature sunny, improvident and childish; but tonight "the peace that abounds like a river" was not for him.

Born on Barondel of a feeble-minded old Negress who died when he came, Sundown had soon acquired the privileges accorded by black and white, in the country, to a natural. He spoke with difficulty, unless deeply moved, and his vocabulary consisted of Gullah dialect so distorted by his cloudy perception and faulty powers of articulation that few on the plantation could comprehend when he did resort to speech. His early childhood equipped him with a lifetime of unalloyed pleasurable concepts. During that time he ate in one cabin or another; he frequently received part of the generous overflow from the Big House kitchen; he wore the cast-off clothes of the four white brothers who were of his generation at Barondel, and he was the fifth participant, the shy black shadow, in all the games his four idols played. They liked him, swore at him, made him fetch and carry, but never drove him away.

It was in this happy period that Sundown earned his nickname. Maum Sarah, who had stood godmother to him, caused him to be christened Isaiah Washington Pinckney, but that was too much of a mouthful to fit a lanky, half-witted Negro boy. Whenever the sun set, Isaiah Washington, in his childhood, crawled under the most proximate shelter — house, barn or wagon — and curled in instantaneous sleep. Maus Legare, the youngest of the four Carterets who would inherit

Barondel, and who had been born in the same week as Isaiah Washington, first used the simpler name. Maus Henry, Maus Lewis and Maus Delorme gave it instant approval, and Sundown the little Negro became, to all who knew him.

Sundown, the child, was noted for two characteristics. One was inveterate shyness. He never looked directly at anyone when he could be observed, not even his four Maussas. If sent to call one of them to the Big House he would sidle six or eight feet past the object of his errand and mumble the message over his shoulder. Strangers, white or black, sent him scurrying to the depths of shrub or growing field. The other marking trait was a passion for riding. He would mount a wooden stick and "play horse," in the hottest summer sun, the long seven miles to Plantersville and the seven back home. To be allowed in a wagon was his idea of Paradise.

When Sundown was thirteen a terrible event occurred in his life. Astride his hobby-horse, he was making the hot pilgrimage to Plantersville when a rough white man stopped a wagon and offered him a ride. He muttered and hung his head, abashed and frightened. Instinct warned him from accepting the only proffer that possibly could have tempted him from his accustomed furtiveness. But he acceded. For eight years Barondel did not see him nor hear of him. During those nightmare years his new "po' buckra" master kept him in the depths of Hell Hole Swamp, a famous South Carolina bad lands.

Here the white man lived, with a ragged family, in a two room shack, set on poles to raise it from the black water, and surrounded by miles of great cypress trees that cut out the sun and wrought an impenetrable fastness for the half-starved, wicked ignoramuses who lived there and distilled illicit liquor of a potency and poison unsurpassed by all the world's other beverages. By day the boy worked, under the stimulus of a ready whiplash. By night he was chained, a terrified animal, to the roots of a tree. Often the water rose too high about the tree base for him to lie down, and he slept sitting, in the slime and muck, his aching back against the cypress trunk.

One winter night Cicero, the head man among the Negroes on Barondel, heard a whimper as he walked along the main road, near the outer gate. He stooped and made out, in the darkness, a crawling figure. No one but Cicero could have bridged with recognition the eight years that had intervened, but Cicero knew it was Sundown. He picked up the caricature of a human and carried it to the cabin where Maum Sarah, Cicero's wife, nursed it back to life and half-wittedness. In time the wrists, raw sores from chafing chains, healed to a leathery scarification. The lashed back grew new skin. Mercifully, flesh hid the gaunt ribs.

In Sundown's second incarnation at Barondel he had a new god. Maus Delorme, Maus Lewis and Maus Henry had completed their schooling and were out in the world, seeking the livelihood that Barondel no longer afforded. Maus Legare was at Clemson, the State College. It was Cicero who patiently taught the half-wit how to plow and to perform simple farm chores that justified Mr. Carteret, Barondel's owner, in feeding and clothing the shuffling Negro. Sundown never learned to count to three, but nobody could tally so accurately the sixty-odd cows, the several hundred sheep, the scores of hogs, that made up the principal live stock at Barondel. He literally knew each animal in person, and if one failed to come up to the barns at night, Sundown went immediately to Mr. Carteret or to Cicero in half-mouthed distress.

On the plantation was an especially stubborn mule that no white person had been able to handle since the far day when Maus Legare had fired a shotgun from the mule's back at a rising covey of partridge. The boy had left the mule with cyclonic suddenness and, until Sundown came back from the slavery of Hell Hole Swamp, the beast was useless. Sundown adopted Ma'y Mule, and Ma'y Mule adopted him. He could plow her. He could hitch her to a rickety wagon and haul the fodder from the fields or the soft brown, fallen pine needles from the forest, winter food and bedding for the cattle and horses. No Roman charioteer, parading before Augustus, was ever so proud in the colors of a patrician as was Sundown, standing erect on the perilous body of that home-made wagon, clattering down the plantation roads with Ma'y Mule giving her best like a thoroughbred. The test of Sundown's devotion was that he shared his chewing tobacco with Ma'y Mule. The test of hers was that she chewed the stuff.

Sundown's other pleasures were simple, but enough. He could not "bob" for trout in the rice field ditches, because that required one person to handle the boat while the other fished, and who would take the time or trouble to propel Sundown? He could not shoot the wild duck that flew in cloudy wedges over the swamps, rivers and creeks, for he had no gun and would not have been permitted to borrow one. But, he could dig worms and cross the river, where, at each rotted trunk dock, leading into the tortuous waterways of the reedy waste land, remained a pool of deeper water. Here, when the tide was low, sunnies, maw-mouths and bream, all edible pan-fish and beautiful to behold, gathered in the clear water and responded to the most casual fisherman. Sundown sat by the hour, a black statue, glistening with perspiration, surrounded by briar rose, blackberry blossoms, wild flowers and the vastness of the fields.

Evenings, he contrived always to be in possession of a mouth organ, and he believed he could dance. Buck and wing, soft shoe, double shuffle, all the intricate steps that the pickaninnies learned when they learned to walk, Sundown essayed. His mouth organ music was halting as his speech, and his dancing was a pitiful parody of those lively and agile measures. But he drew pleasure from his own efforts, and no one laughed at him. It was bad luck to hurt a natural's feelings.

Though he could not make music, Sundown had the Negro's true love of it. At church on Sunday, at fish fries, by fires in the evening, wherever singing was to be heard, Sundown, never wearied by his days of partnership with Ma'y Mule, was there to listen. When possible, he would lie off to one side, by himself. He had never been known to attempt to sing.

My sister saw the stone that was
Hewed out de mounting-side
(Rolling through Babylon);
My sister saw de stone that was
Hewed out de mounting-side
(Rolling through Babylon);
My sister saw the stone that was
Rolling through Babylon
Down upon de kingdom of de worl'.

From among the watchers in front of Maum Sarah's cabin rose the high pitched, delighted treble of a young girl's voice.

"Sho! Sho!" she called. "Tha's gran'."

To Sundown, listening and watching from under the crape myrtle tree, that voice was sweeter than any music, that brown, laughing girl more scintillant to the eye than welter of moonlight or dancing flicker of fire.

Now that Maus Legare and his brothers were far away from Barondel, Sundown's world was composed of three, Cicero, Ma'y Mule and Lavina, Cicero's young daughter. Lavina was seventeen and life sat easily on her supple shoulders. She cooked meals for Cicero and Sarah, and often for Sundown, too, for Sarah ruled in the kitchen at the Big House and had scant time for home duties. Lavina found energy, however, to be singing all day and often she danced by the hour, for no one's amusement save the settlement's children and Sundown, whom she ranked with them. She would clap her hands and half sing, half say, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" over and over, dancing meanwhile to the rhythm. It would be surprisingly long before she stopped, short of breath. Her personality was vivid as the cardinals that bejewelled the cedars and scuppernong vines, but her voice was cousin to the mocking-bird.

Lavina received, unthinkingly, a great deal of help from Sundown. The Negroes on the plantation did not draw water from the wooden cistern, fifty feet high on its tower, to which a gasoline pump lifted the supply that afterwards flowed through faucets into the Big House. For cooking, for washing clothes, for drinking, another well, with an ancient hand pump, afforded the hands' supply. Sundown left Lavina two buckets of water each morning, stopping as he passed to work to manipulate the creaky pump-handle, and he replenished her pails noon and evening. He split the tough "lightard" knots, fat pine, that she might have kindling. He even attempted to dry dishes, but his clumsiness proved too costly. Watching his awkward contortions as he provided Lavina's firewood, the other Negroes freely predicted that he would some day forfeit a foot to that weaving ax.

Cicero and Maum Sarah accredited these attentions to the gratitude which Sundown owed them, his benefactors. No whites in the Old South have a more rigid system of aristocratic strata than have the Plantation Negroes. Cicero was three generations removed from kingship in Africa. His father had served, unofficially, with a Carteret in the cavalry of the Army of Virginia, and had won his way back, after the peace, with two precious horses worth their weight in gold to the Barondel that Sherman's efficiency had visited. Maum Sarah's family had been owned by Governor Allston and her mother had been among the family servants of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle at fabled Chicora Wood. Sundown, progeny of a "charity nigger," even without his infirmity simply would not have existed as a suitor for Cicero's and Maum Sarah's daughter.

It was because of Lavina, though, that Sundown was troubled in his mind tonight, because of her and of Sam Blake, whose heart-breakingly beautiful voice led the quartette in the haunting vocal paths of the spirituals.

Sundown watched the back of Sam Blake's head, where the moon outlined it and the firelight carved it in sharp relief. A well-shaped head, and the face that the watcher could not see was arrogantly handsome. Son of the Reverend William Blake, pastor of Nehemiah Church, and nephew of Sam Blake, the elder, who was head of the most influential lodge in Georgetown County, young Sam Blake was as worthless as any human with that golden voice could be. He had lost four jobs because his fingers made no distinction between his own and others' property. He had served a term in the chain gang because he had stolen store checks when paying off for a sawmill company. He drank and he harried the settlement girls. Voice or no voice, he could never have held his place as leader of the Methodist quartette had it not been for his family's influence. Nobody among the Negroes wanted to offend the Reverend William Blake, most popular pastor in fifty miles. Nobody dared offend old Sam Blake, the uncle.

Sundown had seen and heard significant happenings earlier in the evening. Just after dusk, when the moon had lighted only an arc of the sky, and that faintly, Ma'y Mule having been fed and bedded and the cows milked, Sundown had slouched silently from the barns toward the settlement. Passing the ancient scuppernong arbor he had heard a strangled sob, and seen a flying figure, deer swift, scurry from the shadow and into a copse of cedar and holly. Sundown had cleared at a bound a six foot border of azalea, whose green leaves waited in monastic dullness for the riotous masquerade that would deck them in spring. Another figure was before him, another reached first the light flying fugitive.

Sundown, running furiously, recognized the pursuer ahead, heard the sound of a kiss, another stifled sob, and then made his own guttural wrath audible to both of those in the tangled thicket. Sam Blake had laughed and released Lavina, who panted and fled home. When Sundown reached the Blake boy, who stood carelessly and waited, the surge of emotion was too great for the natural to speak. He could only swing his arms, roll his white eyes in the darkness and growl in protest. Sam Blake had laughed again and turned away, leaving Sundown to fling himself on the ground, where he beat his hands against the leafy sod in impotent rage, moaned and whined. . . .

I got a star in that crown;
Ent 'is good news?
I got a star in that crown;
Ent 'is good news?
Ent 'is good news?

The jubilant notes died away in the moonlight. Singing practice was over. Laughter, congratulations, exclamations of happiness, fell, a living bay and laurel, upon the singers. The day's work had been crowded to a remote background; the morrow's impended but lightly. Everyone had something to say, excited, light-hearted.

Sundown rose from his inky island in the sea of moonlight and laughter. He did not join the babble of praise, now commingled with jovial good-nights, the shrill "ee-eee-ee" of the women's voices contrasting with the drawling bass of the men. That night the natural, reverting to an old custom, slept under a shed by the rambling red barn. He drew some comfort from the nearness of the stock and he wanted to try to think. For him, the effort was a kind of heroism.

"Ent 'is good news?" Sundown muttered the words over to himself. They only emphasized how out of key his troubled spirit had been with the music. Waves of premonition, thick, vague, undefined, rolled through his brain. They were all of bad news — bad news.

Nehemiah African Methodist Church lies like an architect's nightmare, in an open, piney space that washes against the otherwise bowered Neighborhood Road, three miles from Barondel.

From Birdfield, Enfield, Springfield, Rosebank, Durliton, Hasty Point, Nightingale Hall, Briar Rose, Barondel, Guendalos, and Chicora Wood, the Negroes came, on Sunday morning, to attend the last day of the Methodist Conference. Here were bonnets that put the wildflowers to shame. Here were skirts of yellow, green and scarlet, set off by the proud and shining black of a neighbor's mourning. Here was a veritable sunlight of cheery greeting — "ohs" and "ahs" and the "ee-eee-ee" that testifies polite amazement and delight at a friend's anecdote, or bit of gossip, or new dress, or ninth baby. The young people twittered like birds, and some of the oldest of the gathering, to whom religion had become an obsession, bore their heads high, faces grim or exalted in anticipation of a penitential or ecstatic day.

An hour of singing made these hearts malleable for the hammers of oratory that were to pound them. *Let the Church Roll On*, they sang, and *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, and *Gospel Train*, and *Shout for M'Jesus* and *I Ain't No Stranger Now*. One of the visiting preachers, a Baptist greatly honored, made a spoken refrain of the sentence, "Man's Extremity is God's Opportunity." All woe was good, he held, and but a contrast to the bliss to come. Hosannas! and Hallelujahs! and Praise the Lords! and Great Days! welled up from the packed, perspiring congregation in ceaseless interruption, but these interspersions were as meat and drink to the gesticulating personification of sound that stormed up and down the platform. He showed the Methodists how a Baptist could preach.

More singing. Toward noon Daddy

Laseigne, who was eighteen years old "when freedom come" and at eighty-four had been ailing these last months, had a stroke, falling into the aisle and lying there unnoticed for nearly twenty minutes before two boys carried him out. During the songs, all stood up and all shuffled their feet, running back and forth between the narrow spaced benches, three short steps this way, three steps back, heads and feathered headgear bobbing, hands thrown upward in prayer or rejoicing.

Sundown, not of great importance in this fashionable place, had been put in one of the seats where the sun beat on his unprotected poll. He wore the pink shirt, the red tie, the pearl gray trousers, the yellow shoes, which Mr. Carteret, choosing with unerring understanding, had given him on the Fourth of July. Church always jangled his nerves, but he came, because, although he never sang a note, he loved the music and because he cherished the sense, which he could comprehend, of the words that promised friendship from One before Whom all, even he, would be on an equal basis. Today, the stiff shoes hurt his feet, the sun hurt his head and he was glad when the second preacher finished. The quartette performed, flawlessly, and Sundown ducked his forehead to keep from looking at Sam Blake.

A table was placed before the pulpit. On it was a shining white cloth. During the quartette's singing, the congregation came up, one or two at a time, and laid dimes or pennies or nickels, with an infrequent twenty-five cent piece, on the cloth. All the preachers and the leading deacons stood on the platform and watched. After a worshipper had thus revealingly and unmistakably tendered his offering, public opinion accredited him free to saunter down the centre aisle and out into the pine grove, where he might pause to gossip, or set off for home. Services would begin again at three o'clock in the afternoon and continue until nine that night.

Sundown raised his eyes when Lavina came forward with a nickel, and soon he made his own way, head bowing jerkily to those whom he jostled, to the table, where he shyly deposited a dime on the white cloth. This action, repeated on many Sundays, constituted Sundown's entire experience in public life, and it always tried his courage. He slouched, breathing easier, down the aisle and past the big cypress door to the familiar freedom of the Neighborhood Road.

Cicero, a deacon, stepped down from the pulpit platform. Maum Sarah, outside on the flower spangled grass under the pines, was busy arranging the contents of three weighty baskets. One of the visiting preachers had been invited to share the picnic spread with the family of Barondel's head man. Four fried chickens, fifty beaten biscuits, a tin pail of cold chicken gravy, pickles, fresh tomatoes, two watermelons, four custard pies and a gallon of strong tea composed the repast that would tide guest and hosts over until late suppertime.

Cicero, inside the church, waited, important and serene, his brown mahogany face alight with dignified geniality. The Reverend Nicodemus

Huger, who would share the meal under the pines, was the last but one to leave the platform. With him, arm in arm, walked the Reverend Moses Frost, pastor of Nehemiah, and the two stopped to exchange time-honored pleasantries with Cicero.

Suddenly, swift as a black edition of the Marquis de Carabas's cat, but divorced in every mobile unit of his face from kinship with any messenger of good tidings, Sundown catapulted into the church. At speed cinematic he passed the three who were talking, pulled up short just in the shadow of the pulpit and mumbled incoherently over his shoulder.

Cicero, giving no heed, continued what he was saying and Sundown shook off years of deep and humble respect. Turning, he swept aside the Reverend Huger, as if that worthy had been so much rice chaff in a September wind, and pawed at Cicero's chest.

"Yo' make tawk, tawk, tawk, FOOL," he shouted, "an' yo' dahter done shoot."

That explosive epithet, coming from Sundown, would have jarred the big Negro foreman from any conceivable equanimity, and he looked down, his own eyes widening, a catch at his throat, into the distorted countenance that compelled attention. Without further question, the four men turned toward the door and traversed, in panic haste, Nehemiah's threshold.

At the side of the Neighborhood Road, about one hundred and fifty feet from the church entrance, a knot of the recent congregation clustered. Other figures scurried about, aimlessly. Bright, multi-colored clothes, black arms and hands; all the actors in this fore-stage scene moved in sharp relief against the whitish dust, the green grass, the crisp brown tree trunks, the clear and all-prevailing sunlight. Marionettes they were, under a blue, garish proscenium, marionettes but unblessed with silence. From the group at the edge of the pine woods jerking sobs ascended. Two women began to scream in hysterical antiphony.

As Cicero had stood in the church talking with the two preachers, a report had sounded outside. At the moment his mind had rejected it, ticketing it as a probable backfire from some antiquated Ford. Now that explosion, ominous, flashed back into his consciousness. He strode to the centre of the excitement, followed by a black shadow that lurched and muttered. Not Cicero nor any other had eye or thought for Sundown. At the edge of the sandy thoroughfare, head turned sideways as if in sudden weariness, lay Lavina. Red widened on the yellow bosom of her dress. Her father bent over her, unbelief retreating slowly from his solemn and steady eyes.

"Sam Blake done shoot her!" a high-pitched voice shrieked, then smothered into silence, as if by realization of terrifying indiscretion.

Cicero rose from his examination of the stiff figure.

"'E daid," he announced, simply, and set off toward Barondel. Those in his path made way for him. Some followed. Others remained, silent until the father's broad back was out of sight. Then they lapsed like frightened jays into confusion and babble.

Mr. Carteret, stepping outdoors to smoke an after-dinner pipe in a home-made hammock that hung from a live oak branch, glanced over toward the quarters and saw a restive circle of gayly dressed Negroes. To his eye, that, on a Sunday midday, could only mean trouble. He made his way across the park, passed over a stile and walked up to the gesticulating men and women, who seemed to be waiting for something or somebody.

"What's the matter here?" he asked. "Why aren't you-all up at the meeting?"

Everyone tried to tell him at once. Incisive questioning had gleaned the major facts, when a sudden hush cut off details.

MR. CARTERET turned. Coming from the little one-room structure, near the barns, which bore the name of the watchman's camp. appeared a solitary figure. It was Cicero. His eyes looked straight before, and in the hollow of his right arm was a glistening twelve-gauge gun, kept at the camp to use in vengeance on marauding dogs that sometimes on moonlit nights attacked the sheep.

The white man waited until Cicero drew even.

"Where are you going, Cicero?" he demanded.

"I d'go get Sam Blake," the foreman replied, speaking in a faraway voice, as one who answers but does not hear.

Mr. Carteret's manner was gentle, persuasive.

"You'd better leave this to me, Cicero," he said. Then, touching his arm, and firmly, "Give me that gun."

Cicero looked at him, seeing him, in reality, for the first time. For a long moment their gazes held. Then, with a hand that trembled, the big foreman tendered the shotgun. He sighed, drooped his head a trifle and stood there in the sun, bewildered.

Mr. Carteret, the gun aslant on one shoulder, crossed the park again and entered the smaller automobile of the two that Barondel boasted. He leaned the gun beside him against the other front seat and proceeded swiftly toward the Neighborhood Road. Willing hands opened the big red gate and the further white one.

At Nehemiah, Lavina's body had been carried to the church stoop. Lamentations were in full sway. The plantation owner's voice, sane and peremptory, extracted the one piece of knowledge he needed. The car started again.

AS MR. CARTERET approached the massive outer entrance to Briar Rose, a Ford came out of that gateway and turned toward Plantersville, away from Georgetown, the county seat. The white man stepped on the accelerator and called to the occupants of the other car.

"Hey, there, you William and Sam!" he shouted. "I want to talk to you."

The Ford stopped. Mr. Carteret pulled up alongside.

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

"Sam done make trouble." The speaker was not William Blake, but Sam, the elder. William drove. The boy who had killed Lavina huddled on the rear seat beside his uncle who scowled, erect, holding a shotgun between his knees. "Sam done make trouble, 'n' we d'take him to Sheriff."

Mr. Carteret made no mention of the discrepancy between this statement and the direction of the car. He did not touch the weapon at his side, nor take any notice of Sam Blake's.

"All three of you, get in here," he ordered.

Slowly, they obeyed.

THERE was almost no testimony at the trial of Sam Blake, held two months later. Sundown, ill of a fever and out of all his poor wits, would not have been, in any event, a competent witness. No other Negro, of those several score who saw the killing, dared to relate facts that would have sent William Blake's son, Sam Blake's nephew, to the hangman. They had all talked freely enough in private, but neither threats nor cajolery could make useful witnesses of them. The county prosecutor put two on the stand and then gave up. The jury, all white, knew the facts, but they also knew that a first degree conviction would be thrown out of a higher court on simple petition. They grumbled, cursed niggers in general, and brought in a verdict of manslaughter. The judge sentenced Sam Blake to eighteen months on the chain gang, and Sam's lawyer told him he had better serve it and be grateful.

Sundown lay three months in a tiny cabin near the pasture. Ma'y Mule came and looked gravely in the window at him, but he could not recognize her. Maum Sarah nursed and fed him, brewed him horrific potions and consulted a conjur' man. Old Daddy Laseigne, recovered from his stroke and hobbling around in defiance of the Biblical rule of threescore and ten, prayed for the sick boy's recovery. In the cold days of January and February, the natural rose from bed, but spent the chill weather huddled by Maum Sarah's fire. Rust corroded the mouth organ and shuffling parodies of dances no longer made the pickaninnies hide their laughter. Sundown, who never sang, had stopped making music even in his heart. Meanwhile, Cicero, unchanged by all outward signs, went his stately way about the plantation. Always the reverse of talkative, he became more silent than before.

Spring, in due time, brought her ridiculous extravagances to the Peedee country. The azalea vied with the rainbow. White lanterns hung in the magnolia trees. The crape myrtles began anew their passionate beckoning to the world. Once more the wildflowers held festival congregation in swampland and the piney high places. The rice fields across the river lost their mallard and teal for scrawny "summer duck," but were compensated by the annual transformation of dun reeds to flowering verdure.

THE whole round of a second year swung likewise in a pulsing cycle. Life flowed evenly at Barondel, more peaceful than the peaceful-seeming river, but the river that seemed so tranquil moiled and toiled in daily battle with the resurgent tides, and human hearts have yet to find a habitat where inner forces do not pull and rend.

In the second summer Sam Blake came out of the chain-gang, larger, harder of bone and muscle, harder, too, as to the smile that played about his dark lips. Word from Briar Rose and from the Negro section of Georgetown reached Barondel that Sam was much his old self, perhaps a trifle more defiant in manner, a trifle more reckless of consequences. A sense of the proprieties among the congregation, finally aroused, prevented his reappearance in the church quartette. Barondel did not see him. He was not reckless enough for that risk, although the close-mouthed Cicero had never uttered a syllable of threat; indeed, had not mentioned the death of Lavina since that day when he had relinquished the shotgun to Mr. Carteret.

Sundown had long since resumed his unostentatious routine of life, minus the mouth organ and the dancing. He still would listen to singing, but morosely. His watermelon teeth no longer flashed in cheeriness when he ducked his head in the assent which was his sole rejoinder to any spoken word from a white person. He held conversations long and earnest, although assumably one-sided, with Ma'y Mule.

Among the least of the laws, in the eyes of the community, which Sam Blake habitually broke was the Federal statute naming the period in which duck might be hunted. November, December and January are the magic months. Then the rich Northerners come down; the local landowners are out every day with boat and gun; white and black spend hundreds of dollars for black powder shells, and nothing for meat. In the summer, however, a smaller variety of duck, in much less number, can be found in the fields and streams, and South Carolinians have a wholehearted contempt for a Washington-made law telling them that this somewhat stringy bird, which their fathers have hunted since the Revolution, is taboo.

Sam Blake, that summer when his chain gang sentence terminated, took up the bootlegging of duck as a convenient, natural way of livelihood. In a home-made boat he slipped across the Peedee from Briar Rose and waited patiently for the dim hours just before dawn. In the sheltered bend of a creek, in one of the half stagnant "lakes" in the rice fields, or nestling on the bosom of one of the larger canals, the wildfowl slept. Coming upon them silently, Sam would wait until the birds, still drugged with sleepiness, half rose in flight, when it was easily possible to bag from six to ten with one double discharge of his weapon. The ducks sold on the streets of Georgetown, or at the kitchen doors of the white people there, for seventy-five cents a pair.

One August night, two years after Lavina had done with dancing and laughing, Sam shivered a little as he paddled softly away from the boathouse at Briar Rose. A heavy mist lay over land and water, that ancient mist which the plantation owners, until the turn of the century, believed was the carrier of malaria and which drove them, every living white person, to pass the summers in the cottages at Plantersville, in the piney uplands. The moon, at the full, could be seen only at intervals, and then it was but the formless, bloody suggestion of a sphere. Night sounds, in the mist, had a hollow ring. Distances were deceptive. Sam moved in a tiny, shifting island of visibility, blanketed, pressed upon, by that sea of fog.

As the insubstantial boat reached the swamp, a screech owl hooted, far across the wild of hidden green, and the wail echoed, muffled but penetrant, disturbingly eerie. Into Lachicotte Creek Sam paddled, and for a little space was comforted by the cheery sound of the water pouring out of the old trunk docks and trickling down from the higher levels of the ditches. All the swamp seems to rejoice with each outgoing tide. The land has won again. The sea has been pushed back. Homes of countless living creatures win to dryness and security. An incurable optimism recurrently pervades the rice fields, as if they at last had earned the freedom, sought for centuries, from the thrall of the salt and bitter tides.

Sam headed for Davenport's Lake, a depression in the marsh that has no boundaries when the tide is at the full, but that shrinks to a mere forty acres when the ebb is running strongly. Along the edges of this inland, miasmatic sea the receding water leaves soft mud that will mire a human to the neck, if he be so careless as to step from a boat to its deceptive surface. Only by skilful passage from tussock to tussock of reeds, or by perching on the deathless stump of some former cypress monarch, can man keep his footing in this perilous terrain.

Sam knew all this territory like the back of his hand. Usually, he had no fear. He anticipated that, an hour after tide-swing, the dawn would come, and that the sleeping birds would be discernible, ready for him to frighten into abruptly ended flight. Nevertheless, when the turn of the tide came, and the triumphant cheeriness of the land, freeing itself, gave way to sullen and silent resistance, as the waters flowed inexorably back to their accustomed victory, uneasiness flowed, too, in a creepy wave through the Negro's brain. This is the fearsome time in the swamp. Everything battles, in silent hate, against the returning waters.

Paddling with hands that were not so sure as their wont, Sam found an old stump that he knew well, made fast the boat, and sat in the black night on the blacker excrescence of the swamp, waiting for light. The mist and clouds had smothered the moon, and it had died, somewhere behind the curtain. To wait, to wait, to wait, in the murmurous silence of the sullen swamp, proved difficult, even for a familiar.

At last, a new reddening permeated the mist. The sun was struggling to reënter his kingdom. The hours of the reign of the mist were waning. Sam saw, in the half light, dim bird-forms that rested on the water. He threw back his head to utter the screech that would transform them into identifiable motion. More eerie than the call of the hoot owl, that cry rose and died, with awful suddenness, in a strangled gasp. Strong hands had closed on the hunter's throat. Incoherent mumblings sounded, like the far off murmur of threatening waves, in his ear. The shotgun splashed into the ebony water. The birds whirred and took wing, unpursued by any death-tipped lead. Sam's fingers were clawing at that black steel about his welling throat, but there was no escaping this retribution that had come silently, with the incoming tide, out of the silent night.

The limp body was trodden in heavy fury, down, down, down, into the slimy mud and, presently, a cayuga, hollowed out of half a cypress log, made its way in the first faint morning toward the Waccamaw, where the occupant cast loose a towed duck-boat. The incoming tide would gently wash it against the shore. There it would be found and tell its geographically false tale of tragedy. As for what lay in the marsh, the flowing water would obliterate all signs of struggle, all evidence that man and man's passion had punctuated with puny drama the mighty resurgencies of the swamp. If, by some freak of current, the thing rose, it would be discovered first of all by the alligators, whose interest would not be punitive.

Willie Benton, who had enjoyed succession, these many months, to Sam Blake's old place as leader of the Methodist quartette, was in fine voice at practice, the following week, to prepare for the annual Conference at Nehemiah Church — fine voice and fine spirits. Sam Blake's duckboat had been found floating on the Waccamaw, and Sam Blake had not come home to Briar Rose. Either he was dead, or he had left the county, and in either case there was no longer danger that a softening of community feeling among the church people might one day lead to the deposing, from his harmonious heights, of Willie Benton.

Like figures in an old dream, the Barondel Negroes lay about Maum Sarah's cabin stoop. The firelight leaped high and snapped at the troublesome mosquitoes, and a broken moon, striking slantwise the large crape myrtle between the cabin and the pasture fence, cast a splotch of inky shadow. In that shadow reclined a listener, chin cupped in hands.

I'm goan lay down my swo'd and shiel',
    Down by de rivuhside,
    Down by de rivuhside;
I'm goan lay down my swo'd and shiel',
    Down by de rivuhside,
An study wah no mo'.

I ain goan study wah no mo',
I ain goan study wah no mo',
    I ain goan study wah no mo' —

The spiritual was one of triumph and exultation. The third line of the chorus mounted, clarion and vibrant with thrill; then the tercet was repeated, ascending again, rich with finality of evil overcome. Etiquette permitted that any of the auditors, if moved beyond power of restraint, might join in this pæan.

As the quartette swung into the repetition of the tercet, an added voice was heard. Husky, indistinct in enunciation, it nevertheless brought a rough and turbulent, new strength to the effect of victory.

I ain goan study war no mo',
I ain goan study war no mo',
I — ain — goan — stu — dy — wah — no — mo.'

"Ee — eee — ee!" shrilled the delighted voice of a young girl, from the cabin side of the fire. "Lissen to Sundown! Sundown sing'!"

The Country or the City?

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Cultivate your garden" was good advice, but there are gardens in penthouses as well as in the country

GEORGE W. RUSSELL, better known as A.E., is a paragon of versatility. He is a Jack of all trades, and good at all. He is a poet, a painter, a mystic, a practical statesman, a journalist, an essayist, a public orator, and one of the best conversationalists in the world. And he himself is greater than any of his productions, for he is indeed the leading personality of Ireland. It is fortunate for the United States of America that Mr. Russell elected to spend the autumn and winter in our country, as no one can come in contact with him without being the better for it. He is an idealist filled with common sense.

Thus when he tells us to go back to the land, to become farmers, to cultivate our gardens, to avoid the hectic life of big cities, he tells us something important, something worth our attention. In giving us this particular advice, however, I think he has possibly confused conditions in Ireland or in England with conditions in the United States.

It is certainly true that Americans tend to veer toward the big cities, and that Englishmen love to live in the country, *especially in the winter.* Even when Americans spend three months of every year in the country, these three months are in the summer time; innumerable places on the Maine coast, along the Great Lakes, in the interior of Vermont, New Hampshire, Wyoming, and other localities, are filled with inhabitants in August. But when Labor Day dawns, it is the signal for departure. Booth Tarkington, in his new novel, *Mirthful Haven*, has shown how the typical Maine seacoast village falls into its hibernation after the first week in September. In England, on the other hand, those who can afford it live in London during April, May, June, and July; then they depart for the country, and they love their country homes best of all between November and the end of March.

OF COURSE there are good reasons for this. The English climate, detestable as it seems to an American, seldom has the extremes found with us. Such terrific extremes as are found in Iowa, for example, are more shocking to the average Englishman than the sweltering heat of India. Englishmen who have the leisure for it spend most of their time outdoors during the winter season; it is wet, but Englishmen love rain. The expression, "as right as rain," must have been invented by an Englishman. They feel there is something wholesome, healthy, and morally clean about rain, and something almost degenerate about heat when accompanied by drought.

But there are two main reasons — apart from hunting and other outdoor sports — why Englishmen love to live in the country during the winter. One is that the country is beautiful. There is in England itself not much scenery that can be called sublime; but nearly every countryside is charming. The English village, with its mediæval church, old stone houses, excellent roads and walled gardens, is surpassingly suave. Every American, who takes a train from Paris to London, has a sensation of bleakness and barrenness on the way to Calais; then, looking out of the train window, in the late afternoon, as he journeys from Dover up to London, there is an incomparable dewy freshness, a loveliness about the trees and the lush meadows, that is restorative. Sailing over England in an airplane, the green and pleasant land seemed to me soft and gentle; and the villages looked neat and tidy, finished and complete.

Another reason that makes living in the country very different in England from conditions in America is the smallness of the island. Just as you are never far from the sea, so you are never far from London. The London newspapers have a circulation vastly in excess of our metropolitan journals, and why? Because the majority of England's inhabitants can have the London morning newspaper at the breakfast table. This keeps them in close contact with the city; they are never in exile. For the same reason, although their homes may be in the country, they can run up to London any morning, spend the day there, and return to their country dwelling for the evening meal. English trains are as a rule faster than ours, run at convenient times, and are comfortable.

Now, in these two respects, beauty and nearness to the metropolis, consider country conditions in America. Suppose a man should literally follow Mr. Russell's advice, give up his home in a city and go back to the land, that is, live in the real country. There is all the difference in the world between living in Kent or Sussex in England, and living in the middle of South Dakota in America. Not only are our remote country districts unbeautiful in the ordinary conception of beauty; they are terribly inconvenient, if one wishes to share in the intellectual advantages of the Twentieth Century.

As a matter of fact, Americans are already moving toward the country in the manner that seems most sensible, under our conditions. Manhattan Island has lost heavily in population during the last ten years; and our smaller cities of moderate size show a similar trend. The census of 1930 was received by the inhabitants of many American cities with incredulous rage; there seemed something unpatriotic about such figures. But this apparent lack of growth simply meant that thousands of Americans were making a wise use of the automobile. They go to the city for business or enlightenment, but sleep in the peace and quiet of the country. It seems to me that Americans to a very large extent are doing in these days what Mr. Russell wants them to do, so far as that is practicable.

Furthermore, if one wishes to develop intellectually, it is well not to be too far from the advantages of civilization. For my part, although I love the country so intensely that I enjoy spending a quarter of my life in it, and am already looking forward to the time when I can spend half my days in it, I am glad that my winter home is very near New York. I should not like to be exiled from theatres and concerts and all the innumerable opportunities afforded only by a great city.

EVENTUALLY the radio and television and other inventions may make it possible for millions to live in the country, who now prefer the city. If we can see the faces of our intimate friends and converse freely with them at a distance of two thousand miles, there may be a final end to all congestion; while one theatre, one opera, one concert, one art gallery, may supply fifty million people with the necessary means of culture.

Immensely as I admire Mr. Russell, I do not fear the coming of the calamity that disturbs his mind; if he has been quoted correctly, he believes that in a very few years our lust for life in cities will take us all to the devil, and our so-called civilization will perish.

My reason for not fearing it, apart from those already given, is that I believe spiritual growth is dependent far more on the individual than on the environment. I do not go so far as some have gone in their comments on Mr. Russell's gloomy prophecy; one man has been quoted as saying that there is not now a single American of any intellectual consequence who does not live in the city. I think he has forgotten Robert Frost, Dorothy Canfield, and Eugene O'Neill.

I BELIEVE that to the rightly-constituted mind New York City may be just as romantic as Vermont. Spiritual growth depends on the individual; even those living in cities who wish they could live in the country need not necessarily be damned. There are great poets who have found their chief inspiration in the country, and there are poets equally great who have found it in the city. Consider those contemporaries, Tennyson and Browning. Tennyson, possibly because he was born and spent his early years in a remote country district, always hated the city, hated crowds, hated social life. Browning, on the other hand, born in London, never lived outside a great city. He spent his whole life in four big towns, London, Florence, Paris, Venice; he never went to the country except for brief periods of rest and recreation. To him a crowded city was as essential as a laboratory to a chemist or a library to a historian. Browning found nothing incompatible with spiritual development in going out to dinner every night in fashionable society. Tennyson, who hated all that, said one day to his rival, "Browning, you will die in a dress suit." But Browning did nothing of the kind; he died, like a Christian, in his nightgown.

The Cuban Tangle

By O. R. Strackbein

Ours Is Not The Only President Beset With Tall Difficulties

During the past several months Cuba has experienced sporadic upheavals with revolutionary tendencies, just as during the past few years she has lain almost prostrated under an incubus of severe economic depression. To say that her political unrest is the outgrowth of economic adversity would be to utter a rather obvious political catch-phrase, but one which seems particularly applicable in this instance. A brief review of President Gerardo Machado's administration and the evolution of his programme of construction and development will bring into bold relief the genesis of his present difficulties, economic no less than political. It will show the disheartening race which General Machado has run against besetting economic ills, falling tax receipts and declining trade; as well as the cumulative compromise with political opportunism which he found inevitable and which has given the opposition the needed principles for popular and international appeal, and recently revived talk of possible intervention by the United States under the Platt Amendment.

General Machado, a Liberal, was elected in the autumn of 1924 by a large majority over former President Menocal, who was the Conservative candidate. Machado's platform included several planks, the outstanding ones of which were the construction of highways, waterworks, sewerage systems, the expansion of educational facilities, and refusal to contract additional loans. He was also emphatic in declaring that he would not accept a second term, a banality of Latin-American politics which is honored much more in the breach than in its observance. He went into office in May, 1925, a tremendously popular man. He was known as a strong man, a man of integrity and sound judgment, and was highly applauded as such.

Old-timers, however, were skeptical and took with a grain of salt the ebullitions of those early days. They pointed to similar promises of previous administrations and the subsequent corruption which always dissipated the gold in the coffers without leaving any appreciable works to show for it. Sufficient appropriations had often been made to line the entire republic with first-class highways, but the roads remained unconstructed. People would have to be shown before they would admit that the incoming administration was different.

No sooner had the new President taken office than a change was apparent. A fresh spirit had entered the governmental halls. Vigor and expedition replaced languor and postponement; while civic untidiness and graft gave way to sanitation, order and integrity. Havana was transformed within an amazingly short time from a city of evil-smelling streets, beggars and open bawdy houses into a precinct of polished cleanliness. Streets were repaired and kept scrupulously clean; parks were embellished, and beggars were taken from the streets and confined in institutions. Many urban nuisances were immediately abated.

When after a year, however, ground on the central highway had not been broken, and the price of sugar had begun to fall, the skeptics were not slow in pointing to their predictions. The reforms which the Government had instituted, they branded as superficial, and its work as more obvious and ornamental than important. A series of special taxes had been created in July, 1925, and as the depression deepened, the cry went up to initiate the great programme which had been promised, so that the funds which had been collected might be put into circulation. The public seemed to believe that this redistribution of fifteen or twenty million dollars which had been collected would offset the decline in value of the sugar crop which amounted to at least one hundred million dollars.

But the Government stood by its guns, planning carefully. What did the public know about the extent of preliminary survey work, location, compiling of minute data of costs, which were necessary to present specifications for bids by contractors? The public expected the highway to rise miraculously out of the treasury funds and lay itself ready-made across the land! When this did not happen, it began to murmur. A year had passed; and then another six months. What had become of those glib promises?

General Machado next found that he had other things to think about besides his construction programme. These things grew out of the "sugar situation." Cuba produces a vast tonnage of sugar (four or five million tons annually) and derives the greater part of her national wealth from sugar cultivation. When the price of sugar is good, Cuba is prosperous, and *vice versa*. Since 1925 it had largely been the latter; and the outlook for improvement was gloomy, but not utterly discouraging. Under her post-war schedule of production, Cuba lost nearly $100,000,000 whenever the price of sugar fell one cent a pound. In a country of only 3,500,000 people, that is a tidy sum. The future outlook was dark because of what had happened during the World War and the years following it. Not only had Cuba doubled her production during the war under pressure of war demand, but that protection did not recede after the war. When the battle-scarred nations of Europe resumed their pre-war rate of production, the world's table was soon offered more sugar than it ever had. Prices fell and kept going down and down. Cuba became alarmed. President Machado under this pressure conceived a programme of national development looking toward diversification of agriculture and industry, and ultimate escape from dependence upon sugar as the key to Cuba's welfare. But he did not abandon his public works programme; he incorporated it as a fundamental phase in his broader plan. Good roads are indispensable to marketing of farm products, especially in a country where railway freight rates are as high as they are in Cuba. He therefore proceeded with his plan of constructing a central highway across the heart of Cuba, about seven hundred miles in length, at a cost of more than $70,000,000. So it was that in 1927, two years after taking office, the construction contract having been duly awarded, work began simultaneously in Cuba's six Provinces and was not halted until financial difficulties interfered with the steady work in 1930, and then only after most of the work had been done.

IN VIEW of the extreme pressure brought about by the *débâcle* in sugar, the administration saw the wisdom of pushing the groundwork for crop diversification with greater speed, and decided to finish the highway in five years instead of ten as had been originally provided for. This would not only facilitate agricultural development by offering more immediate means of truck transportation, but it would offer greater economy of construction. Unfortunately the special taxes which had been levied to defray the cost of the public works programme would not provide the funds necessary to pay for this high-speed work in accordance with the terms of the construction contract. After mature consideration, a financial plan was entered into with a New York banking firm whereby the taxes collectible during the second half of the ten-year period were pledged against an advance of cash of $60,000,000 which, combined with the current collections, would permit conclusion of the work in five years. The President had thus broken his first promise. He had increased Cuba's foreign debt; but the press, still favorable to him, spoke of the loan not as a loan but as an "advance."

AS THE construction work gathered momentum President Machado again rose in popular favor, and in another year there was no longer any doubt that his administration was pledged to fulfill its promises concerning highways and other public works. Contracts were let to build a national capitol, reservoirs and sewerage plants for several of the larger Cuban cities, and the embellishment of Havana went apace. But sugar was destined to harass Machado yet more. After a heartening advance in 1927, it turned into a decline from which it has not recovered and which by 1930 carried Cuban sugar to the lowest plane ever recorded.

The President struggled courageously with the problem, at all times consulting the leading interests in the industry, both native and foreign. He first decreed limitation of the crop to slightly more than 4,500,000 tons, and later to 4,000,000 tons, hoping to correct the condition of excessive supply. He sought to enlist the coöperation of European and Javan producers, but did not arrive at a satisfactory agreement. After three years of restriction, the programme was abandoned as impracticable. International harmony was not achieved, and as Cuba reduced her production other countries took up the slack by increasing their output. Next, Machado established a single selling agency, again after consulting the interests which were most directly concerned. The entire crop was placed in the hands of this agency for orderly and restricted marketing. There was so much sugar in the world, however, that this plan was equally ineffective and was soon abandoned. Inevitably General Machado lost in prestige. That the wisest sugar economists in the world could have done no better, made no difference.

In 1928 the public works programme was broadened in an effort to circumvent the sugar disaster, and the special taxes were extended to cover a twenty-year period instead of ten. Under this arrangement additional "advances" were negotiated, and public construction went on at a higher rate than ever.

IN THE meantime the other phase of the broad programme had received its first impetus through the promulgation of a new and carefully planned tariff, toward the close of 1927. In general, it was designed to stimulate local manufacturing and the production of new crops by the device of decreasing the duty on the raw products needed by the new industries and increasing them on the manufactured products which would compete with the output of the Cuban factories; and by raising the rates on foodstuffs which would compete with the farm products which were to be cultivated.

Before many months a number of existing factories which were given additional protection, increased their production and a number of small industries, hitherto unknown in Cuba, sprang up. The production of vegetables, poultry and eggs was also increased.

THE Government pointed to the fertility of the Cuban soil and showed by consultation of import statistics and public records that Cuba might produce a large share of the footstuffs which she customarily imported. Nearly $100,000,000 might thus be cut from her annual bill of foreign purchases. The services of foreign experts were engaged to study the adaptability of various crops to the Cuban soil and climate. Tariff protection could be granted whenever it was found feasible. Experiment stations were improved, and special concessions offered to planters of new crops. A technological institute was built and opened to attendance. Every effort was made to awaken the public to the possibilities of diversification; and publicity was carried on through the leading newspapers to inculcate a preference for articles of domestic production.

Newspapers were encouraged to open agricultural sections in which articles on scientific farming appeared from day to day. Free urban markets for the sale of farm produce were established. Stock serums and vaccines were distributed free of charge. The dairying industry was stimulated by the issuance of sanitary regulations which through enforcement increased the confidence of consumers in native dairy products.

Now, just as this great programme was getting under way, the country was faced by a change of administration, for the President persisted in clinging to his promise of a single term. He was prevailed upon to change his mind, and when he yielded, he did so with characteristic vengeance. Not only did he run again, but whipped the three existing parties into united support of his candidacy, and went to the polls in November unopposed. The only opposition which raised its head was concentrated in a group which called itself the Nationalists. It was without effective or popular leadership, and General Machado did not permit, and has not permitted this group the liberty of assembly or organization into a recognized political party. His action was based on the ground that the group was inciting discontent and represented influences subversive of the national peace and the progress embodied in his programme. Charges have been made that he dealt unceremoniously with members of the group, exiling some, imprisoning others and permitting the assassination of yet others. This has given the opposition certain ideals of democracy, liberty and republicanism for which to wage an ever increasingly effective campaign.

HAND in hand with the single candidacy went the amendment of the national constitution whereby the Presidential term was extended from one of four years to one of six, and Congressional terms in harmony. When Machado was thus reëlected in 1928 he faced a term of six years, making a total of ten years of office. During that period, it was hoped, his programme could be realized.

BUT the price of sugar failed to rally and, on the contrary, continued its downward trend. Since 1928 the sales price has been below the cost of production. The largest sugar firm in Cuba, an American company, was forced into a drastic reorganization. Business in general suffered greatly, and numerous failures resulted. During 1930, and especially after the passage of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, by which the duty on Cuban sugar was increased from 1.76 cents a pound to two cents a pound, Cuba's economic condition sank to alarmingly low levels. Raw sugar fetched only a cent a pound in Cuba, about half its cost of production. The American tariff of two cents amounted to approximately 200 per cent ad valorem. Two native banks recently closed their doors and the Federal Reserve system rushed millions of dollars to Cuba to bolster the bank reserves. American investments in Cuba were estimated several years ago at $1,250,000,000, and Cuba was our foremost customer in Latin America.

In the face of the sugar disaster the public works programme became a burden. Public discontent increased in proportion to the difficulty in which the Government found itself. Charges of extravagance were heard, with special reference to the construction of the national capitol at a cost of nearly $20,000,000, and the embellishment of Havana; even though these works were applauded when they were undertaken, for it was understood then that they were part of a plan to attract American tourists. Of the latter ever greater numbers came year after year until the winter of 1929–30, when conditions extraneous to Cuba conspired to keep some of them away. Tourist traffic had come to be a small but really appreciable source of income. As for the capitol, it may be said that a previous administration had once undertaken its construction only to leave it unfinished, an unsightly skeleton in the heart of the city. General Machado through Dr. Carlos Miguel de Cespedes, his Secretary of Public Works, brought to Cuba an example of vigor and expedition in execution of works hitherto undreamed of in the Government of the tropical island. He showed what could be done where ineffectiveness had been the historic characteristic of government. In some instances he had to assume the tactics of a dictator, but this did not deter him.

WHEREAS the public works programme became a burden, the programme of diversification, necessarily slow, did not respond in time to save the situation. At least five major problems loomed to cripple it. In the first place, lateral roads must be built to act as feeders to the central highway before the latter would attain its greatest value; and for these lateral roads sufficient money was not on hand. Secondly, financial assistance to planters was not forthcoming, for the banks, mostly foreign were not inclined to lend money on experiments. Expansion was therefore necessarily cramped. In the third place, the home market was not large, and the United States, Cuba's only market for vegetables and perishable fruits, wields a deadly and blighting tariff, flexible in character. No sooner did Cuba produce larger quantities of beans, grapefruit, pineapples, etc., than her American competitors became restive. Fourth, irrigation enterprises became discouraged over this outlook and abandoned their plans in view of the risks involved. Finally, over all lay the natural inertia which attends all programmes of diversification of production.

UNDER these conditions President Machado came to face revolution, and the question of American intervention under the Platt Amendment, which recognizes our right to intervene for the purpose of guaranteeing a government capable of upholding liberty and protecting life and property. After a students' outbreak in which one student was killed, Machado suspended the constitution in the Havana district. This action was entirely within the law, but was recognized as an extreme measure. He is determined to keep down rebellion and may be counted on to use strong-handed methods, if necessary. On his visit to the United States early in 1925 he said in a speech that it was his hope that Cuba during his administration would make possible the abrogation of the Platt Amendment by proving Cuba's undoubted capacity to govern herself. Should he yield now he would subscribe to his own failure and that of Cuba's most heroic attempt to establish a vigorous and progressive government.

Honey Along the Road

BY MELANIE EARLE KEISER

A Story

THE world was still lighted by the morning star when Juanito entered the sleeping village of Old Horseshoe. His cart was loaded heavily with bags of fertilizer, for it was tobacco planting time in Cuba; but the lead oxen, Butterfly and Springtime, were fresh as dew, and faithful Ropebreaker and Step-on-flowers, Sailor and Gardener, were always to be depended upon for hard hauling. The musical jingle of the oxen's bells was broken at intervals by the driver's shout of encouragement or direction. Each animal knew his own name and understood his master's orders as perfectly as a pet dog would. Alas, for the ox that failed to obey! For Juanito carried his *aguijón*, or steel pointed pole, across his shoulder, ready to punish an offender with unmerciful jabs on the flanks.

He trudged along through the lush grass with a sense of exultation. This morning he was really getting a fine start ahead of Ramón. Ramón's house, just ahead, was as silent as the other houses, and there was not even a suggestion of smoke from the kitchen. Today he would be well on his plodding way before the rattle of Ramón's truck would throw into cruel relief the difference in fortunes of the two drivers. Juanito raised his voice to a minor strain and began to sing:

When the flower loses its honey
Nothing is left but bitterness.

The dark shadow of Ramón's house seemed to become animated. Juanito caught a whiff of cigar smoke. Then he heard a hearty voice.

"Santa Barbara!" exclaimed Ramón. "Learn to sing another song, Juanito! *Por Dios!* Sing:

When the flower loses its petals
Then the delicious fruit is formed.

"You will pardon me? But there is honey, off and on, all along the way."

"Uh!" Juanito snorted angrily. "My teeth haven't ached from too much sweet, I can vow to it." So Ramón was up after all! Bad luck was always Juanito's companion.

"YOU don't look for the sweet," Ramón continued. "Coffee will be ready soon. Won't you stop and drink some — some coffee with honey?" he teased.

"Thank you," replied Juanito stiffly. "Since buying that truck you must have lost your memory. When *you* were a poor cartman like me, *you* didn't stop at every house to drink coffee. Good-day!"

"Not 'Good day,' but 'Until soon,'" said Ramón good naturedly. "I'll be seeing you again along the road."

Ramón went into his house and soon Juanito smelt the pine splinters burning under the coffee pot. Of course Ramón would see him again along the road! Would see him and would pass him. Ah, that was the hard part — he would pass him! Pass him with the ease and speed of a winged bird. Would pass him and wave his hand and call out cheerily and mockingly, "I'll tell them that you and Christmas are on the way!"

THE two men had been rivals since boyhood. Juanito was proud and touchy about his skill as a driver, and no cart had ever passed his except Ramón's. But somehow Ramón always *did* pass him, always got ahead and made the best deals and the biggest prices. And in middle age Ramón was strong and getting fat and owned a truck, while Juanito, with breaking health, faced failure. The truck was driving him out of business. People preferred to have their freight brought by truck, and Juanito had been forced to lower his rates to make up for slow delivery. He could scarcely make a living, and he needed money — oh, he needed money badly for his small Tití, the fragile little daughter of his old age. Tití had been awake this morning when he left, Tití and Maria, the sad-eyed woman who had borne her to him.

"I can not make you coffee this morning, Juanito — there is none," the woman had said.

And the child reached out her little arms and said:

"Come! I'll give you a sweet kiss instead of coffee, little papa!"

When he leaned over her cot she caressed his bristling cheek with her hand. "My little papa! My little unshaved papa!" Then she shook her finger at him in mock seriousness. "Now, you listen to me, you bearded papa, you! Don't you let that old truck pass you today! 'Cause if it does you won't get any more freight to haul, and if you can't haul freight, who will buy me my little potato every day — eh?" Then she drew his head down and kissed and petted him. "Go on, little papa — my dear unshaved papa!"

His heart was aching with tenderness and anxiety as he looked at her lovely flushed face, and her eyes too hollow and bright.

"She gets no better," Maria said, answering his glance of inquiry. "God grant you have no misfortune today!"

THE scene was vivid in the cartman's mind as he passed out of the settlement of Old Horseshoe and started down the Royal Road. He and Ramón were hauling fertilizer for the same planter, and if Ramón arrived much before Juanito the employer very likely might, as shrewd little Tití had suggested, give the entire remainder of the hauling to Ramón. That would mean idleness for Juanito's outfit, while he hunted other work — and work was scarce these days. Well! The old man stiffened his back and threw up his head. He would try! He would *try* to get there before Ramón.

"Springtime! Step-on-flowers!" he shouted to encourage his oxen. The Royal Road was bad, terrible, in fact. There was one place that was really dangerous for cart and truck alike, the narrow pass between the Mudpuddle of the Skull, in whose dark waters lay the bones of an unknown traveller, and the dread Sink Hole, which was declared bottomless. If he could cross that pass before Ramón's truck tooted behind him! Sometimes Ramón was held up a long time there, his wheels sunk in the deep mud.

"ROPEBREAKER! Butterfly!" he cried. Ay, Tití! How could he face those reproachful eyes if he failed — if Ramón passed him! His lips tightened and his toes curled in his rope-soled slippers.

"Butter*fly!*" He waved the *aguijón* in threat and the animal ran forward, alarmed. Perhaps, after all, Ramón would have a punctured tire.

"*Virgin del Cobra!*" he prayed, bowing his head. "Guide his car over broken glass!" His eyes, as fevered as Tití's, scanned the surface of the road, in the dim light, for tire-destroyers, but the road seemed disgustingly clear and safe. "Santa Barbara," he prayed, "Look upon my need!" It was for small Tití, the child who could not live upon yams, the doctor said, but must have potatoes every day. Well, her little papa would do his best. Her unshaved papa would try. The finger nails cut into the palms of his clenched fists. And then a plan of action sprang into his mind. Why leave the matter of the broken glass to heaven's rather doubtful aid? There were always beer bottles in the hedgerow, and of what use was an *aguijón* if not to shatter bottles? He poked about in the weeds until a reflected star-gleam proved to be a bottle. It was the work of a moment only to break it into dangerous pieces and scatter it over the road. Doing this gave him a tremendous sense of satisfaction, of having put his hand to the plow. There was no one to see him do it, to report him to the Rural Guards. He was so cheered that presently he lifted his falsetto voice again and began to sing:

Oh, I will defend my flower-bed
From the barbed shafts of misfortune.

The Lucero, or morning star, hung low and pale as they climbed over the little hill where the tall century plants stood sentinels. They were getting along splendidly.

ONCE he stopped short, and, putting his hand to his ear, stood listening. He thought he had caught the throb of a motor behind him, but no truck appeared, for which he thanked all the saints in the calendar. If he could beat Ramón across the pass by the Sink Hole, the victory might be his. He might arrive first with his freight, to receive smiling praise from the rich planter, and work for another fortnight. Work! That was what he wanted. A chance to work hard every day, from before dawn until quite late at night. Work, good hard work, in the merciless sun, that he might keep life in small Tití. As always, the thought of the child made him determined. Ramón should not pass him today.

"Springtime! Step-on-flowers!" he shouted, urging the beasts along at their briskest gait.

Hark! What was that sound? Was it the wind coming up out of the swamp? Oh yes, to be sure, the morning wind.

The Lucero had set and the east was delicately colored with violet and rose. The little flycatchers were flitting about with their plaintive note of "Peterre! Peterre!" The world was waking for another day of struggle — failure for some, success for others. For Juanito it would be success. Today he would admit no other.

The first bright rays of the sun touched the palm tops as he approached the pass. He had hurried the patient oxen along relentlessly, and now he must pause, whether he wished or not, to let them rest.

"Who-a! Ho!" The animals stood relaxed, heads hung low, sides heaving. Juanito lit a cigarette and leaned against a tree. The morning had given him hope. The cool breeze caressed his hot cheeks and reminded him of the little child's hands — those little thin hands whose touch meant heaven to the poor father. Ah, today he would win. Nothing should stop him today.

HARK! He took the cigarette from his mouth and listened. There was surely a distant sound, the wind, maybe, or a motor car he couldn't tell which, but he was galvanized into action at once.

"Sailor! Gardener! Springtime! *Forward!*"

The animals roused and stepped off slowly, their bells ringing, the heavy cart creaking.

Juanito put his hand to his ear again. The wind? *El diablo*, *no!* It was the truck! He stood still for an instant to calm himself. Then he became grim. "I *will* be first! Ramón shan't pass me," he declared.

Just ahead, the Sink Hole and the Mudpuddle of the Skull lay on either hand. "Sailor!" he shouted, and prodded the brute with his *aguijón*. The animal sprang forward. "Sailor! Springtime!" The oxen were now on the pass. "Walk with care!" he cried warningly. "Butterfly! Hoo-ho-o!" He looked into the dark mudpuddle and crossed himself. Laying a hand on the lead oxen's yoke, he vaulted to the opposite side where he could watch the road better. "Feet-on-flowers!" He swung his long *aguijón* in mid air. "Feet-on-*flowers!* You cursed child of a pig! You demon of a bone-headed bastard! You —"

THE torrent of accusations died on his lips. A long, ominous, Honk! Honk! sounded down the road. Turning, he could see the yellow dust roll up in a cloud. The truck rounded a curve and came at a rush. What was the use? Misfortune was Juanito's companion. One can not evade one's fate. The tortoise can not beat the hare.

The insufferable rattling of the truck slowed up a little. It was preparing to go by and the road was too narrow for passing at speed.

"O la!" Ramón called out. "Give me a little more room, can't you? I'd have come up with you before, but I struck some broken glass back there and had to change a tire."

The glass had punctured a tire! And even though Ramón had already caught up, the knowledge of having delayed him brought a glint of triumph into Juanito's sick eyes.

"A-ha, you struck glass, did you? That's one little weakness with your demon of a truck. If there happens to be any glass on the road — if there just happens to be any glass —"

Suddenly the truck had come to a stand, and Ramón, with blazing eyes, was leaning down at Juanito. "'If there just happens to be any glass,'" he cried. "What does this mean, my friend? You seem highly contented — quite too highly contented — about that broken glass back there. Perhaps you would like to pay for the mending of my tire?"

JUANITO'S face blanched. What had he said? Idiot that he was, what infernal thing had he said? He began to tremble in every limb. "Pay for your tire," he mumbled. "You must have lost your few senses, Ramón! Pay for your —"

His voice died out, for Ramón had jumped from the truck and was advancing on him. "It was you!" Ramón was shouting. "Son of a pig, it was you who scattered the glass! "Your face of acoward confesses it. It was you!"

Juanito lifted his *aguijón* and his voice came loud and high, but quavering. "You can not prove it!" he cried. "Where is your witness? Who saw the glass scattered? Ah, you think you can triumph over me, you think you can always say, 'Give me a little more room,' and I will let you go first! But today, sir, I will show you! Today you shall stand back and wait! You and your cursed truck shall wait until I have crossed the pass."

In a rage he turned to his oxen and shouted out an order. His head swam and he put a hand to it. Ramón should not pass — but what was happening? Were the oxen crazy? The cart wheel was on the very edge! It was slipping off the edge of the road into the mudpuddle! "Sailor! Sailor!" he shouted. *Diablo!* A thousand devils! "Sailor! *Sailor!*" The wheel dropped off the road and sank hub deep into the Mudpuddle of the Skull. In Juanito's excitement he had shouted the wrong command.

RAMÓN threw back his head and laughed, but Juanito scarcely heard him or noticed when he turned to his truck. The wheel was settling deeper and deeper into the black waters and, as Juanito peered down at it, there was a weight crushing him so that he could scarcely stand. Now he would be delayed here for an hour or more hunting extra oxen to help pull his cart out of the pool. Hiring oxen when he needed every penny! If he hired oxen he could take no potatoes to Tití tonight. He stood quite still. It seemed as if there was nothing he could do but stare at the cart wheel and the muddy water. The pool was deep and Juanito was very tired. It beckoned to him. Was there any use to wait for more of life? All that he had known of it had been like this and in the future he would simply get older and more tired. He stepped nearer the polluted water and raised his arms.

Ramón's engine began to snort and there was a honk from his horn. Juanito turned with a jump and saw that the oxen, in turning the cart to one side, had left room for the truck and it was preparing to pass. The hot blood rushed to his head. He was strong again now and full of insane fury.

"No!" he shouted. "No, you don't! Not this time!" He gave a mighty yell of "Springtime! Butterfly! Feet-on-flowers!" No wrong orders now, but the right commands, sharp and clear, and sharp prods from the *aguijón*. The obedient oxen swung to the right with a mighty push and pull, the cart groaned, even the left wheel swerved in the mud, and the whole outfit turned.

"Ah, will you pass? Will you pass now?" Juanito cried. "Will you get your load in first today?"

With unusual slowness Ramón climbed down from his truck and came over to view the blockade. The pass was so narrow that the cart across it, with the left wheel anchored in the mud and the oxen trailing ahead, had effectively closed it to traffic.

Juanito, his *aguijón* poised, stood watching. "Perhaps," he said, "you are convinced now that you will not pass me today."

RAMÓN stared hard at Juanito's flushed and quivering face, gave a slight shrug, and, taking a packet of cigarettes from his pocket, offered it, just as if nothing had happened.

The wretched man waved it aside with both hands.

"I think it would be wise if you accepted," Ramón said very quietly. "You excite yourself too much. What is the cause of it all? Why did you strew the road with glass to cut my tires?"

Juanito did not answer. He was watching a man galloping up on a gaunt little pony — watching open-mouthed and with a sudden fear.

The man waved his torn hat. "Juanito!" he called. "Get the doctor! Tití is fainting. She goes from one faint to another. Maria says to get the doctor."

"Tití! My little Tití!" Juanito's shoulders began to shake with sobs. Maria wanted the doctor for Tití, but the doctor lived miles beyond this pass that Juanito, himself, had completely blocked. He had sought to spite Ramón. He had been angry, because Ramón had better luck than he, and this was heaven's punishment. "Oh, is there more bitterness than this?" he wailed. "Let me drain the cup once for all and have done with it."

"Juanito! Wake up and get out of this hole!" It was the man on horseback exhorting him. "Don't you understand? Tití is fainting. You've got to get the doctor."

JUANITO drew his sleeve across his eyes and stared at his cart and oxen. What was he to do? Get oxen, lots of yokes, and work half a day? The turning of the cart across the road had pushed the wheel back a little, miring it still deeper. It would take strong hard pulling now to undo the mischief caused by his rage. There was no time to lose, and it would take more energy than ever. He walked back a few steps, trying to think where the nearest pasture was. He would need six or eight yokes of oxen. Over toward the hills he saw some animals grazing. He was looking at them so intently that he almost collided with the truck.

The truck! The strong, dauntless truck! How quickly the truck could pull him out of the mud! Ah, if he had not strewed the glass in front of it! He looked at Ramón, who was smoking a cigarette and eyeing him with curiosity. No, he could never ask a favor of Ramón.

"But the child may be dying!" cried the man on horseback. "Why don't you do something? Maria thinks Tití may die."

"Ramón! Ramón!" Juanito was on his knees in the road. "Ramón, for the mercy of heaven —"

"Ho! Up with you!" cried big Ramón. He had Juanito by the shoulders, lifting and patting and soothing him. "There! There! No more excitement! In two by three we'll have the cart out of the mud, to be sure! No explanations! You're sick, man! You're not yourself at all, I've been seeing that. We'll have the cart out before you know it, and the oxen shall graze by the roadside while we go for the doctor. You'll not mind the speed of the truck this time, eh? And we'll get any little thing you may need for Tití. Potatoes, was it, I heard that the doctor said she must eat?"

The men were unyoking the oxen, nimble-fingered, practical. Juanito, still crushed and helpless, could only stand by and watch.

Then Ramón glanced up and smiled at him. "Hey, old fellow, what do you think? We've been good enemies — such good enemies all our lives — I believe we should make good friends."

"How could such a thing be, Ramón?" the old man asked humbly.

"We both have the same spirit, the desire to get ahead," Ramón declared, "and we are neither of us afraid of hard work. My son has been helping me with the loading and unloading, but he is buying a truck himself now, and that leaves me short-handed. Come on, Juanito, take the job. Steady pay and no rival to worry you."

Juanito could not answer. Such a wonderful chance when he had come to the end of hope. Mutely he held out his hand and Ramón took it. And then, at last he found his voice.

"You were right, Ramón, but it is because you have a great heart. You were right. There *is* honey along the road."

Sketch

By Elinor C. Woolson

A jet black horse
Walks slowly home
From toil;
His head is bowed
And he lifts his heavy feet
With effort;
In back of him
The low sun is a golden disk
Of glory,
Shedding long bright rays
Out into the clouds
Of rose and lavender.

Exile on a Coral Beach

LIEUT. FRANK DORN, U. S. A.

I Found a Co-Ed Princess on Tulayan

I THINK that Nasilin was a secret worshipper at the shrine of the exiled Princess Tarhata. At any rate, he was one of her most ardent and faithful supporters, and now that he had been appointed a local Chief of Police, he promised to induce her to receive us on her lonely island of Tulayan. We had found Nasilin at Tandu Bato, and as we were thoroughly delighted by his entertaining stories and amusing ways, we decided to take him with us. Though he spoke but little English and only slightly more Spanish, he seemed to be highly pleased with our company, and wasted no time in getting aboard the launch. Fortunately, Steve was familiar with the Joloano dialect, so by employing several languages, we contrived to understand most of his fascinating conversation. In addition, some of our original stock of Scotch remained, which blessing provided the wherewithal for a lingual understanding probably unsurpassed in the whole gamut of philology. Of course, since Nasilin was a Mohammedan Moro, he was forbidden by the tenets of his religion to imbibe. But he most appropriately suggested that Mecca was many weeks distant, and that the Prophet was long dead. So, much to Steve's annoyance — Steve being a rather important Government official — Andy and Tex and I did our best to bring down the wrath of Allah on our heads by seducing one of his only too willing believers along the road of wine and the damned.

NASILIN had enjoyed a thoroughly wicked past, and spent hours regaling us with tales from its pages, smiling and chuckling over the more pleasant recollections. A number of years before, in order to win a prize of head money, he had brought the heads of two outlawed Moro bandits to Zamboanga to insure collection from the District Constabulary Commander. And to make absolutely certain that he should not fail to receive his money, he personally delivered the two heads, wrapped in sacking, to the Colonel's house. In those days fresh vegetables of any kind were difficult to obtain, so the Colonel's wife, who happened to be sitting on the porch when Nasilin arrived, assumed that one of her husband's warlike and picturesque admirers was presenting her with two cabbages. As she did not understand his dialect, she accepted the packages, smiled her thanks, and hopefully started to remove the damp sacking. Nasilin proudly watched her until she screamed and fainted. But Nasilin collected his prize money without argument.

As we approached the island of Tulayan, I asked him how many people he had actually killed. He shook his head, reached for his drink, which he sipped gleefully as if to prolong its pleasure, and then began to count on his fingers.

"Will you need my fingers?" I asked.

"No, there were only nine that I know of; but many more that I shot in fights in the jungles of Jolo Island. I did not get their heads, as there was no prize for them," he smilingly replied. Again he chuckled as he happily sipped from his glass.

"We had better send his picture to the advertizing agencies," Andy suggested. "For nonchalance he wins all prizes."

Nasilin was a little disappointed when Andy and I told him that we had never killed anyone. I think he considered us rather poor soldiers.

OUTLINED by white coral beaches and a border of pale clear green water, Tulayan rose out of an emerald and sapphire sea to a high tree-covered hill in its centre. The golden colored straw of the houses as they straggled out into the water, the purple and red, the green and orange, and the black and white of the costumes of the Moros on the shore, made a flashing contrast in the bright afternoon sunlight to the darker green of the trees and waving palms as they scratched and clattered in a soft caressing breeze. Deep down among the coral gardens countless tiny fish of every conceivable color swam lazily through the crystal clear water. As I watched them the dreaded rumpicandada — the barracuda of other seas — darted among them, scattering them in all directions. The presence of this so-called tiger of the sea once more reminded me that these waters were extremely dangerous for everything except himself.

WE DROPPED anchor in the little cove of green water about which the village was scattered. As I was not particularly familiar with royal princesses, I was, to use the expression, somewhat in a twitter. Steve had told us the story of Tarhata's history, and I must say that for a girl of twenty-four she had crowded a great deal into her life.

The Sultan of Sulu, because of his boyhood prodigality and excesses, had no direct heirs. For many years his sister, the Dayandayan, had been what might well be called the real power behind the throne. Through the Sultan's brother, Tarhata was the closest in the line of succession who could make a reasonable claim to the throne when it became vacant. For this reason the Philippine Government, in a moment of wisdom and generosity, had sent her to the University of Illinois to be educated in the ways of the American world. But when her allowance was withdrawn, in a latter not so generous moment, she was forced to return to Jolo, the capital of the Sultan. Shortly after she married Dato Tahil, an uneducated Moro nobleman of considerable following, for which privilege Tahil had agreed to pay the Sultan eight thousand pesos. However, Tahil was not stupid. He gave the Sultan an I.O.U. which the latter has yet to collect.

Tarhata conceived the idea, which seemed to me to have been an excellent one, that she could force the unpopular Sultan to abdicate in her favor and ascend the throne of the ancient Sultanate herself. Tahil, who incidently had some good claims to that very throne, was at this time the most popular of the Joloano nobles. She wished to force the situation by a big show and political pressure, and was wise enough to object strongly to the use of arms or any kind of bloodshed. But like all self-respecting Moros, Dato Tahil and his supporters saw a chance for some good fighting and a temporary return to the glories of the past, and very soon had complete control of the situation. At this point Tarhata threatened to withdraw her own large personal following, so Tahil beat her up in a proper husbandly fashion and practically kidnapped her to his *cotta* or fort in the mountains of Jolo Island. They were attacked by a large force of Constabulary troops and overwhelmingly defeated. Tahil was sentenced to twenty years in Bilibid Prison and the Princess was exiled without income to the lonely little island of Tulayan.

Incidently this island was once ceded by the then reigning Sultan to Queen Victoria as a mark of friendship and appreciation. After the signing of a treaty to abolish piracy in the Sulu Sea, the Queen, or Disraeli, or some other Minister, had sent him a present of a number of English fallow deer. Native Joloano deer are about as big as a collie dog, so he was tremendously impressed and considered the gift as being quite remarkable. He would probably have given her the whole of North Borneo and thrown in Palawan for good measure if she had sent him a few Irish elk. (A mistake on the part of the British Crown in Empire building.)

Well, anyway, we had reached Tulayan in a most cheerful mood. Steve had the small boat lowered, and started ashore as self-appointed ambassador. This boat was frightfully unsteady, so I was glad that he took it, as every time I attempted to get into it I was scared that it would tip over. With many backward glances, Nasilin sadly accompanied him, while Andy and I poured another and then defiled the pure Mohammedan waters with an empty bottle from Scotland.

Shortly after, two outrigger *vintas* put out from shore to take us to be received by the Princess. I had never been in a *vinta* before, and suffered a few qualms at the thought of standing upright on an eighteen-inch hollowed log in my condition. But I managed all right and found, to my surprise, that it was absolutely steady. As I realized that I was safely ensconced, I could not resist the temptation to thumb my nose at any barracuda which might possibly be eyeing me from the depths of the little bay.

The Princess lived in a small house which had been loaned to her by the rich widow of a powerful noble who had been one of the signatories to the now famous Bates

Treaty. She and her ladies-in-waiting, councillors, a few *hadjis*, and the *imaum*, were waiting to receive us on the porch. We shook hands with her and her ladies first. The *hadjis* and councillors did not seem so keen about seeing the hand of their princess defiled by our Christian touch, but their scowls quickly passed when we took the hand of each of them. Mohammedans do not use the handshake as a form of greeting, but they feel flattered when a white person so honors them and are usually as pleased as children. Not knowing how to perform this simple act, which is new to them, they watch the clasped hands in a childish fashion, instead of looking at the eyes. Tarhata was very pretty and charming in a Moro costume of pink and orange silk. She was apparently so pleased to hear English spoken again after her three years of exile that her welcome was probably much warmer than it would have been had we been native guests. Her lovely warm ivory skin made a perfect setting for big black eyes, and her rather wistful face and charming smile won my heart at once. She had known Steve before, and at once invited us all to sit down and to have dinner with her later.

NASILIN had disappeared, but presently he came into sight with the fat Chinese storekeeper of the island in tow. They had found two bottles of what later turned out to be very poisonous tasting but intoxicating liquor known in Manila as Chinese Scotch. How it is concocted I have no idea, and after a few drinks, I doubt very much if its manufacturers have, either. Our Chief of Police had decided to appoint himself master of ceremonies, particularly after he had been commented on by the Princess. When I mentioned him she remarked, "Oh, Nasilin — he is one of my best friends; but he might prove treacherous to anyone he disliked." As he understood only his own name and the word "friend," he was highly pleased with the doubtful compliment.

WE DRANK the deliciously refreshing juice of green coconuts that the servants prepared for us by cutting off the ends of the shells. But I soon noticed that Nasilin was much more pleased with his coconut than I was with mine. So while Steve talked matters of state, Andy and I followed Nasilin into Tarhata's bedroom, where he showed us how to make an excellent summer drink that would excite little suspicion in the innocent minds of our strictly Volsteadian Mohammedan hosts. We poured generous libations into our coconuts, and, with Nasilin's assistance, induced the simple-minded servants to try the mixture in a loving cup. Mohammedans or not, they loved it.

I asked the Princess, who was well aware of what we were doing, if she cared to try some.

"I would like to, but I can't," she replied. "I must do what these people expect of me. I have no money, but they have been so loyal and kind that I could not think of offending them."

"It must be a hard life," I suggested.

"I don't mind that phase of it, but I have been here for over three years now. My husband is in prison, and I won't divorce him and remarry. It is very lonely and I am only twenty-four. But how good it is to hear English once more! I had almost forgotten the sound of it."

With the promise of providing a few American dishes which she said she would love to taste again, Steve induced her to come aboard the ship for dinner. Meanwhile Andy and Tex and I decided to explore the village. Like most coast towns it was built largely on piles over the water — an excellent solution for the disposal of garbage and sewage. It was not a large place, but was beautifully scattered through coconut palms along the shore. The sun dropped down — and two snow white parrots flew across the reddening western sky. Gorgeously colored costumes of every imaginable shade wandered up and down the paths. All but naked men hauled in the fish nets or carried huge jars of water into the houses, their wet skin gleaming and golden in the fading light. When we came to the mosque, which was a well-built wooden structure with gaily painted decorations of red, green, blue, and white, I started to beat the deep-toned, leather-covered gong. But when a boy told me that it was used only to summon the people for prayer and meetings, I promptly desisted. I had no idea of leading anything in prayer, much less a thousand or so Mohammedans.

As the first stars began to blink out through the fading glory of the sky, we returned to the launch to prepare dinner. Steve did most of the cooking, which consisted almost entirely in heating and opening various cans. Just after dark several boats with what appeared to be a great many people put out from shore. An early moon flooded the sparkling sea with silver light and made the tiny particles of phosphorescence in the water shine like millions of tiny lights. Silhouettes of waving palms, the red flare of the torches on the approaching *vintas*, a soft warm breeze, and the silver radiance of the moon — all contributed toward making a picture of surpassing loveliness.

Tarhata boarded as if she were on a state visit. With her were two ladies-in-waiting (one of whom knew but two English expressions — "Thank you" and "Good morning" — and used them incessantly whether they were right or wrong) the *imaum*, who wore the white turban and golden scarf which signified that he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, two councillors, and a number of servants and nondescripts. To our delight, Tarhata brought some large crayfish, crabs, roasted fresh beef, green coconuts, and cakes which had been made by forcing rice dough through small holes in ripe coconuts. In return we offered such standard American canned fare as baked beans, corned beef, canned peaches and apricots, butter, bread, coffee, and ice water. She was most pleased with the bread and butter and the ice water. Practically marooned on her out-of-the-way island, the unfortunate girl had not tasted anything but rice, fish, shell fish, and occasional beef for three years.

Tarhata proved to be a very interesting and vivacious talker and told us many of the details of her unsuccessful *coup*. I think she was still convinced that it would have been a success had it not reverted to open insurrection. She had escaped from the doomed *cotta* only just before it was captured and later managed to get to Zamboanga in a small boat, where she gave herself up to the authorities and was promptly pardoned. Her description of the battle was most vivid.

"My God, how do you think a girl feels when she hears bullets whistling by her ears?" she cried. "I was so scared I could not move. There seemed to be thousands of soldiers on all sides of our fort. The noise was awful. And that terrible sound of the bullets flying past! I hate to think of it. And I have thought about the whole thing too much. Maybe it is good to talk to you who are friends and do not despise me too greatly for what I started."

THEN she turned to Steve, who had been in command of the Constabulary troops in the battle. "I would have been so ashamed if you had seen me in the fort after the fight; you who have always been one of my best friends. I could not have stood that, even though I knew you would protect me. But if we had won that battle they would have killed you, and I would have been unable to stop them. If only Tahil and his people had listened to me it would have been so much better. I couldn't stop them once they got started. You know how the Moros are. They have always fought and they hated the Sultan."

"Tarhata, how many were really in the *cotta* when the fight started?" Steve interrupted.

"That was the worst part of it. Days before you attacked we expected a few more. At the beginning there were only about sixty men and a few women. Just before the soldiers captured the *cotta* there were not more than fifteen or twenty left. You came so suddenly and unexpectedly in the middle of that terrible night. We were not ready, and some ran away when they saw how things would turn out.

"When the big guns began to fire, someone threw me down on the ground. I screamed and then got up and ran away just before the soldiers reached the fort. You thought the place had been completely surrounded, but there was a way out through the jungle. I will never forget the flight through the forests. Yet I can't remember any of the details, except that I reached a village on the coast in the morning. I thought I was going to die, but I didn't. A fisherman took me to Taluksayan, and from there I went to Zamboanga."

SHE smiled as she said, "It would not have been so bad if all of those men had not been killed. I feel so ashamed when I think of that. I knew all the time that we would lose, as soon as Tahil and the other nobles took up arms. And now, except for what these people voluntarily give me, I am here with no money, no home, and no position. They have been very kind to me."

During dinner we had to assure our Mohammedan guests that none of our food contained the defiling grease or fat of pigs before they would touch anything. Later we sat on the deck in the white moonlight and listened to the Princess tell more of her experiences. As she seemed to want to relieve her troubled mind, we rarely interrupted. Her story was like a page out of the history of her people — a history that began to be stifled with the coming of the Spaniards three and a half centuries before. A glorious past and a thrilling heritage of piracy, raids, and frequent wars, of adventurous expeditions in great fleets of many colored sails, of heroic deeds and savage brutality, of the slaughter of male captives and of triumphant homecomings with female slaves for the harems of the admirals and the nobles. It was little wonder that Tarhata and Tahil had cast their position to the winds and staked all on that one big gamble. The blood of centuries of freebooters and soldiers was too deep in their veins to allow them to forget intrigue and war.

LATER Tarhata asked us if we would like to see a Moro wedding. Except where they have paid to see a more or less staged affair near Zamboanga, few Christians have had such an opportunity, so we promptly accepted the invitation. The wedding was being paid for by the same wealthy widow, Julia, who smilingly replied, "Good morning," when we told her that we thought she was most kind.

We all went ashore and, after a short walk, reached the house where most of the older guests were already assembled. It was a wooden building which had as its chief feature the customary large combined living-bed-dining room. One side of the room was occupied by four great beds covered with bright cloths of red, green, white, and yellow stripes and many large cylindrically shaped pillows. We were told that when a man of wealth had several wives, each had her own bed which he shared as he saw fit. Since the first wife had the final decision in all arguments, jealously between the women of such a household did not exist. The upper part of the walls of the room were hung with great valances of brightly colored cloth, the lower part with texts and finely illuminated pages from the Koran, old colored drawings of the Kaaba stone at Mecca, and various scenes from the life of the Prophet. The floors were covered with beautiful hand-woven Moro mats. Krises, barongs, campilans, and a few small old brass lantakas completed the decorations.

OUR hostess gave us the choice between acting as formal guests or as Mohammedan guests of honor. Naturally we accepted the latter. After removing our shoes, we were seated on the largest of the beds, Tarhata sitting cross legged beside us to explain the proceedings. In a short while a great racket of clashing cymbals and singing began outside the house. All of the guests stepped back to the walls, and the bride and her party entered. She was dressed in cloth of silver and brilliant pink silk, and wore an intricate gold and silver headdress which was strongly reminiscent in design of those worn by Chinese actors — an apparent heritage of the trading that the Moros carried on with the coasts of Cathay long before the days of Spanish explorations. She had lacquered and powdered her face to a dead white, and had painted spots of black on her forehead, chin, and cheeks. Two of her male relatives carried her into a screened compartment in a corner of the room. Her attendants, younger girls who were dressed in a similar though less elaborate fashion, accompanied her to help in the improvement of her make-up and costume.

Shortly after, as the party of the groom approached, we were startled by loud shouting and the firing of old-fashioned pistols and guns. Led by the bridegroom, who wore a long cloak of yellow silk and a turban of red, white, and green, a noisy crowd of young men jostled into the house. The future husband seated himself cross legged on a low divan or dais in the centre of one side of the room. As it was considered a sign of weakness for him to show any facial expression whatever, he sat utterly impassive and still. However, during the next half hour his friends spent their entire time in hurling filthy remarks at him and in shouting out obscenely suggestive jokes. I thought he stood the ordeal remarkably well.

THEN while cakes and more coconut milk were served to us, the bride's party set up a terrific uproar of song from her cabinet. The loud clamor of the women's singing sounded very Chinese to me, and when I asked about it, Tarhata said that it was probably another reminder of the ancient trade routes. In this same connection, though the various Moro dialects are in general a combination of Arabic and Malay, practically all of their numerals and many of their commercial words are of distinctly Chinese origin and character. Their writing is a form of Sanskrit, resembling that used by the Arabs nearly a thousand years ago.

The old men squatted on the floor around the groom, and after several long incantations and prayers, imparted to him a great amount of instruction concerning his husbandly duties. Later the old women took a fling at him in matters of a similar character. Throughout this long drawn out proceeding he showed absolutely no sign of life, not even so much as raising an eyelid.

IN THE midst of loud shouting and singing, the bride was carried out and seated beside her mate. By the rules of etiquette she too was required to maintain a stony passive silence. Again the *imaum*, or priest, and the old *hadjis* squatted around the dais, and invoked the good will of Allah in a low monotonous singsong. Between prayers they gave full reign to their various ideas of humor, calling out the embarassing and slightly obscene remarks that seem to be the special privilege of the aged the world over. Each burst of wit was received by the guests with roars of laughter. I might add that most of them, when translated into English, were really a bit shocking. Everyone but the two principals seemed to be having a most hilarious time. Occasionally the women burst into a monotonous rasping song of interminable length.

The *imaum* called for silence, and taking an Arabic copy of the Koran from his robe, read the first part of the marriage litany. During the reading he made a mistake and, much to the mirth of the guests, had to begin all over again. After he had finished he placed the bride's right hand in that of the groom, touched a kris to the forehead of each to symbolize that they were thus sworn to fight with, and never under any circumstances against, each other's families, and then led them into the screened compartment to complete the ceremony. For about ten minutes he and two of the old women muttered something in a low tone, and then the newly married husband and wife reappeared and once more seated themselves on the low divan.

TARHATA told us that our hostess wanted us to chew betel nut which she would prepare, thus signifying her pleasure at our presence and her desire that we would some day return to her house where we should always feel at home. By accepting her offer we would be courteously symbolizing a reciprocal feeling. So Julia prepared the nut, powdered lime, and mulberry leaves for each of us, gave us blue glass bowls in which to spit, and we proceeded in a very amateurish way to chew the acrid tasting mixture.

The priest called for silence to lead the entire party in prayer. By following his lead in bowing and the movements of his hands we would be praying "in Mohammedan." Before this I had always thought that the followers of Allah were very strict in such matters, but apparently these people had a broader or more careless outlook. While the other guests grinned at our awkwardness, we touched our heads to the floor and raised our hands to Allah in an attempt at the approved fashion, going through the prayer for the happiness and success of the bride and groom. As it was now getting late, we shook hands with the groom, and then I asked if I might kiss the bride in the American fashion.

"My God, no," Tarhata cried. "Even I could not keep them from you if you touched her. The person of a Moro girl is considered sacred to unbelievers until after she has known a man."

"Well, how do I know that she has not?" I asked.

Tarhata laughed. "How do I know, either?" she replied.

Accompanied by the Princess, our widowed hostess, and several servants, we started back to the launch. When we reached the white beach they offered the hind leg of a young cow — hair, skin, hoof, and all — as a parting gift. When we expressed our appreciation to the old widow, for the first time she correctly replied, "Thank you." Then she said in her own language, "Do not fail to come back."

WE MADE our farewells to Tarhata and pushed off in the small boat. For some unaccountable reason I felt almost like a deserter as the oars dipped into the water — leaving her alone and in exile while we sailed away to other larger worlds.

We weighed anchor and then slowly pulled away from the beautiful little island of Tulayan — Tarhata, princess of the Sultanate of Sulu, standing slim and erect as she waved from the moon drenched coral beach.

What Price Travel?

By Wallace Irwin

In our Age of Innocence it was customary to give the parson his Sabbatical year of travel, usually to the Holy Land; and because there were few sophisticates among us, we anticipated the good man's return with stereopticon slides and a chatty lecture on My Experiences in Jerusalem. Myself a boy, in the days when Colorado was becoming Middle-Western, I lived through at least three ministerial travelogues and enjoyed every foot of his magic lantern views. The camels, hand-painted to a brilliant pink, the arsenic-green date palms with sky-blue Arabs resting below in the frozen stillness of photography offered me the charming madness of Haroun. And our clergyman's dramatic barytone — he had been educated in the school of Junius Brutus Booth — stirred in me both an admiration and an envy for the distinguished gentleman who had gone so far and seen so much.

There were many like me then, I think. Travel had not grown from an adventure into an industry. We had not even learned that the cañons of Arizona and Utah, cleft by the gods, were anything much to see; Mark Twain's gibes, aimed at Rhenish castles and the Pullman car construction of the German language, had not discouraged our belief that Bagdad, Utopia, Never-Never Land, lay over yonder. We were not movie conscious, talkie conscious, television conscious. Distance was still something for demigods to span. We were back in the Early Edison Period, when safety bicycles were looked upon as a dangerous innovation. To a certain extent we were Tudor people, letting imagination replace scenery, as Shakespeare's words defied stage-carpenters.

The Spirit of Transit has, more than any other divinity, promoted neighborliness on our planet. The local plumber of Setauket, Long Island — where I live the major part of the year — counts his winter lost unless he can grease the family jitney and head south or west for Miami or Hollywood, to work or loaf as becomes his mood. Why not? His more prosperous brethren spend December in Cairo or Madeira or Shanghai. And the stay-at-homes, detained by mortgages or a death in the family, can enjoy the temple dances of Nikko, Peking's Day of Perfect Brightness, the New Orleans Mardi gras, in the care-free fifty-cent seats of the local movie house.

A few years ago at Benares I had the wanderer's luck of coming upon the sacred Ganges on the night of a lunar eclipse. Because there were over five million pilgrims gathered on the steep *ghats* along the river bank to implore the fading moon to return from the clutches of Bloody Durgha, I was gratified to feel that my party was not at all the "tourist element," but a few wandering Americans being surprised with a miracle. We saw the prayers of millions bring the fainting moon back to life, we heard the cries of fanatics, happy to drown in the blessed stream; and when it was over we beheld countless white-clad pilgrims pouring back across the moonlit fields of Hind to travel afoot for days, to fall at last at the gates of their home temples and tell how the heavens had opened and Siva himself had spoken. "For my eyes have seen it and my heart has heard."

During the whole spectacle — it lasted from eight in the evening to eleven at night — I stood there steeped in the beefy calm of the Nordic. But just the same, glimpses of the sky where the moon had taken on a sickly, bluish yellow, glimpses of a multitude which seemed to float like robed angels in the mingled smoke of sandalwood and aloes, cheated me into the belief that somewhere up there behind the starry mystery golden goddesses with a thousand arms were juggling destiny against the force of our pitiful human prayers.

Then it was over. We went back to a solid concrete Mission Spanish hotel. We were hungry. We voted for ale and scrambled eggs — curried eggs preferably. On the wide arched veranda, very like Pasadena at its calmest, a little cross-eyed fakir squatted on the mats. His assistant addressed us in Babu English. Would their lordships and ladyships enjoy to see magic? Peculiar magic in India. Yes, sirs and ladies. Only this great yogi could make it for American people. Two rupees a seat, thank you, very cheap tonight.

Behind the little man on the mats sat jugs and baskets and fiddles and alarm-clocks — the junk-heap of the psychic world. Cross-eyed, cross-legged, our fakir motioned us to our two rupee chairs. He waited an instant for his assistant to collect the money and see that it was all there. Then his wand began beating time, hypnotically, rhythmically, before our eyes. He was making a sound, clucketty-cluck-cluck. A fairly large snake crawled across his lap. He clapped his hands. It disappeared. He did the sort of card-tricks anyone can do, perhaps. Then the alarm-clock obeyed his command, rolled over, pointed the time, rang.

Fairly good for any parlor entertainment. But our fakir was warming up. From his bag of tricks he brought out a terra cotta saucer — the geranium-pot type — and a soft, black eyebrow-pencil such as actors use. "Lady write name of dear one on that saucer," he commanded; so my wife, in her very characteristic hand, scribbled "Donny." The fakir broke his saucer into a thousand bits, wrapped the fragments in a handkerchief, pulverized them against the stones. Then he untied the bandanna and poured the brick-red dust into the hand of a Mr. Hutchinson, sitting next to me. "Close hand tight!" His wand was waving under our noses to his monotonous clucketty-cluck-cluck. Then, "Open hand!

Throw away!" And on Mr. Hutchinson's open palm appeared the name "Donny", in my wife's handwriting, registered in reverse, as you'll get the impression from a rubber stamp or a line of type.

WONDERFUL, of course; yet when you expect a wonder and get it that's something of an anticlimax. Now the magician wanted me to hold a small grass-woven lid which he had removed from one of his baskets; it was very porous, you could see the light through its meshes. Out of his very tight duck tunic he had brought three little feathers, tied together. "That my chicky," he said, laying the trifle down on the mat. "Now, sahib, you cover it with basket-top. And watch him grow." I held the flimsy lid tight down over the feathers. Clucketty-cluck, the wand was waving again. "Now lift him up quick!" The far, faint voice of our fakir. I jerked up the lid and saw what had grown under it in three minutes. Thirteen newly hatched baby pheasants, some of them with fragments of shell still clinging to their wings.

Of course that's India, Oh, wondrous land! Before going to bed I added a rupee to the fakir's tip and told him that he'd make a sensation if he ever came to America. "Oh, America, I tried that," said the holy man. "I work two years at Coney Island. Everybody like that trick pretty good there."

This may prove only two things; the smallness of the world and the futility of human endeavor. The Oriental spends his generations learning to do the useless thing superbly. Western common sense, sodden and static, enjoys the critical privilege. Some of us remember a story of Alexander the Great; how an Egyptian mage knelt at the golden throne and begged to demonstrate a miracle. After a lifetime of study, he said, he had learned how to balance six peas on the point of a needle. "Wonderful!" cried the conqueror of the world when he saw it done. "Treasurer, reward this genius according to his merit. Give him a paper of needles and a peck of peas!"

ALEXANDER was over sophisticated, and he died young. The world today seems to be a little like that. Travel is cheap and plenty. When a voyager has been to Ultima Thule and back he is not supposed to chat about it as Marco Polo did when he returned to Venice with the jewels of Cathay in his waistcoat pocket. On the Isle of Mbequa, Fiji, I saw savage priests walk barefoot and unharmed over a pit of live coals. Few white men had witnessed this marvel of its native soil, so I came back to New York, an Ancient Mariner with a message. I saved my story for a very nice dinner-party at Greenwich, where the blonde girl on my left expected me to entertain her during the fish course.

"You travel, don't you?" she asked invitingly. "To the South Sea Islands," I boasted. "How thrilling!" she rippled; "do tell me." "They have a tribe of magicians there," I ventured. "How thrilling!" she rippled again; "and what can they do?" "They walk on fire with their bare feet — " "Oh, those people!" she cut me off. "They live on the Isle of Mbequa, don't they? I saw them in the movies last week.

Thrilling, isn't it?" And she turned her attention to the beetle-browed Apollo on her left; he knew Bobbie Jones, so what chance had I?

But such things are retroactive. If the world has grown so small that both Poles look alike to the man who flies over them, it is satisfying to think that we also look alike to the Poles. In the romantic 'Seventies, when adventurous sailormen risked their lives to loot the sandalwood forests of Fiji, their coming was an event to the lurking savages, who anticipated the delights of war and a change of diet. Today the shock-haired Fijian meets all the boats docking at Suva and pleads for a chance to carry your baggage up to the local tourist hotel.

The hereditary King of the Cannibal Islands entertained us at Mbau, his ancient capital; there, nearly sixty years ago, his grandfather, the bloody Thackembau, mingled fear with generosity and gave his five hundred islands as a birthday present to Queen Victoria. The present monarch, Ratu Popé Epeli Senilola, showed me plainly how this rapid-speeding world is bringing us all into the same Main Street. Down to his waist he dresses like any European gentleman with a taste for sports coats and blue collars. From waist to knee he wears a white petticoat with rick-rack edging; his legs and feet are savagely unclad. He speaks with an Oxford accent, fancies Havana cigars and enjoys the ins and outs of world politics.

One afternoon, as we lolled in the shadow of a breadfruit tree, I tried to impress him with the grandeurs of New York City. He was wildly interested and expressed a regret that he couldn't go so far; the laws of his tribe forbade it. I was going to tell him about the Woolworth Building, but found him informing me on modern steel construction. The Woolworth, he pointed out, wasn't New York's tallest tower; he gave rather an accurate description of the Chrysler peak. He knew about the Hudson Tube, too, and the Hell Gate Bridge.

"You see," he explained in his deprecatory way, "we're in direct communication with San Francisco down here. And Vancouver. Its rather a hobby of mine, subscribing to newspapers and periodicals. One has so much time to read in these out of the way places, hasn't one? Yo-hum!"

Less than an hour before this he had shown me the wreck of his grandfather's heathen temple and the awful Stone of Sacrifice where, in the unchastened 'Seventies, captive warriors were neatly done to death. There were no steamship agencies in those days, and Thackembau entertained according to the traditions of his people, with no prophetic view of a future when his grandson would be lolling on the strand, in engaging conversation with American tourists.

Tan in February

By James Noble Gifford

A Palm Beach Idyll

What good American hasn't a passionate desire to step off a train at the Pennsylvania Station one day in late February with a mahogany tan topped by a shining straw hat? And of course there will be a snowstorm raging outside. Truly lyric ecstasy. I know a man who reached New York with so bad a case of sunburn that he had to go to a hotel and summon a doctor. He has never ceased talking of that great moment in his life. "It hurt terribly, but it was worth it."

If such is your desire, Palm Beach will not disappoint you. It has the loveliest surf to swim in, clean and warm as a Bar Harbor disillusion. It has a long stretch of white sand, with always a palm tree in sight reaching up toward a blue sky. Truly Palm Beach owes everything to the ocean, for that benign monster first wrecked a great freighter loaded with coconuts and then floated them ashore and distributed them nicely. But even with a whole ocean to choose from, people will instinctively group themselves. All the world bathes in one of four places, and as they bathe so are they.

First, or last, is a common Coney Islandish sort of bathing place, chummily called Gus's, where mere humanity swims; and incidentally it is the only spot where the heavy hand of America's one hundred and twenty millions touches the sacred palm-fringed waterfront. Gus is the shining Scandinavian Sir Galahad of the town of West Palm Beach, a small city separated from its haughty neighbor by a small, narrow sheet of water, which is socially far wider and deeper than the Pacific Ocean. He first gave his fellow citizens a bathing place, and since has kept it for them in spite of bribes and threats. Periodically there is a rumor that he has been bought out and the ocean is closed to the local people, but always the rumor turns out to be false.

It is almost as disastrous to be a Floridian in Florida as to be a Haitian in Haiti. In fact, the principal qualification for admission to a famous club which has caused Palm Beach to be likened to Monte Carlo is that one must not be a resident of the State of Florida. A young man of rather drunken, noisy manner was put out one night, and the reason given was not disorderly conduct but the far more unforgivable sin of being a resident. Yet, even so, Florida continues to gain wealthy residents. In fact, States which guarantee never to impose an income or inheritance tax have a vital appeal to the very rich.

But naturally no one would wish to bathe at Palm Beach in an atmosphere of hot dogs, pop bottles, and a large number of simple souls who naïvely look upon the ocean as an effective place in which to get clean as well as bathe in the more accustomed manner, so we must drive swiftly past with closed eyes and bated breath to the Casino, where bathe the merely rich, who stop at the great hotels which are so expensive that you instinctively feel you must be getting somewhere. Yet it is only a delusion, for at the hotels you stop in the truest sense of the word. You have the climate, to be sure, and it is a glory of warm sunshine, balmy breezes, and languorous nights of star-glittering or moon-flooded beauty, but you might also have it for a fraction of the cost. There is only one great distinction. When bathing at the hotel beach, women must wear stockings and these must be dark. A handsome lifeguard carries a color chart which indicates graphically what is and what is not modest.

Between the two pavilions is a club beach where resort eminent politicians, theatrical producers, cinema actresses, popular writers, musicians, *et al.* Also many others who have houses and have tried to rest on the warm social bosom of the place but have never gone beyond the cold shoulder. Yet reporters are always present to take pictures for the home town papers, and so all is not quite lost. On the sands of the Sea Spray Club you know you haven't penetrated the inner circle, but you may convince those back home that you have, and assuredly, the next best thing to having what you want is to make others think you have it.

And finally, the Bath and Tennis Club. A beautiful place, shut off from the road with cloistered security, and yet put right on the road, too, because there would certainly be no point in being exclusive if no one knew you were. In fact, most of the houses in Palm Beach are so laid out that the rest of the world may drive past every night and look in where they may never go. Very few Palm Beach lights are hidden under bushels. Private life is rather public, but public life is very private, which is after all quite in line with our traditions. Anyone would rather hear that a beautiful opera singer had false teeth than that she had just triumphantly created a new rôle. We thrive on intimacies.

But once inside the citadel, one finds the club name a very good one. Tennis is played in bathing suits, and I for one can not imagine wanting to play it in Florida in any other costume. For one must always bear in mind that Palm Beach has no winter, no frost. It has a long "dead" season when things grow faster, but that is all. It may well be summed up in two seasons — summer with mosquitoes and summer without. If you've sometimes yearned for summer without mosquitoes or flies, just remember it is waiting for you in southern Florida any winter.

All of the three bathing places have one thing in common, anyway — a "Browning Club." Yet be assailed by no fears of a reading from *Rabbi Ben Ezra* or *My Last Duchess*. Your greatest ignorance of these could not surpass the club standard. Palm Beach is a literal place, and "Browning" means to get brown. Nowhere on earth is a dusky mulatto color of skin more fashionable. Among men, at least, it must be all over. It is lovely to lie toasting in the sun and dream sleepily. The experts are good for several hours a day. There is a gentle stir of air to keep you just cool enough. It takes time, but then time is so plentiful, especially during the day, and every fifteen minutes of sunshine repairs the damage of an extra cocktail or highball; so after two or three hours one has quite a headstart on an enjoyable evening. Then, too, you can catch up on sleep without the disgrace of going to bed, and later in the evening line up with Napoleon and Edison and the others who have found three hours sleep at night quite sufficient. And what if you are lying on boards? That helps keep the waistline down, especially if you roll a little. And when you're tanned you look healthy, which is almost as good as being healthy.

Seemingly a great deal about bathing places; but where you swim marks you socially. What is still more important is when. To be seen on the sands after two in the afternoon is to be taken for a servant or a tourist — the latter a much lower category, of course. The ocean may lure you on a hot afternoon, but the temptation must be fought down. There is only a greater mistake socially, and that is to appear in the dining room of your hotel. The dining rooms are beautiful places, but they are shoals of destruction, and pretty waitresses are but sirens to lure you on to doom. Don't tell me you've paid for your meals, because I know you have and heavily, too; but if you can't wangle an invitation or a club membership, either eat in your room or cross the Styx to West Palm Beach and eat in a lunch wagon. That would of course come under the head of slumming, and so be quite proper. The same advice applies even to those who care nothing for social position or the waistline, and who love good food and would rather have a *cordon bleu* in the kitchen than a Rembrandt in the drawing-room. The clubs have splendid chefs, and pompano, the king of fishes, is at home here.

And there is golf, very fine golf indeed, on a number of splendid courses. There is a hotel course. There is a Country Club course, which captures the greatest elevation in Palm Beach, about twenty feet above the sea — quite startling for southern Florida, and the children ride down it on bicycles for excitement. Then the Everglades Club course, which sprawls its velvety length on the spot where there was a real bit of true Florida jungle a few years ago, and along the dim, winding road cut through it dear old ladies and gentlemen used to be pedaled in wheelchairs, their hearts uplifted with the terrifying thrill of tropical exploration. When you dance in the sumptuous orange gardens of the Everglades Club to the pulsing rhythm of a fine orchestra, you may enjoy being only a few years removed from the alligators that lay still and terrible as fate on the mud bank it was then. And seventeen miles away to the south the Gulf Stream Club, with one of America's finest courses, a club house with an unequalled ocean view.

I KNEW I wouldn't be able to keep from the stock market very long, at least to keep from speaking of it. At Palm Beach men play golf, play at swimming, and play the stock market. There are times one is almost tempted to say they play with the stock market, so great is their power, or at least the power of the money which they represent. A number of brokers maintain good sized offices; the board is in evidence, and anyone who wishes may stand in the hospitably open doorway and watch the magic numbers spelling fortune or ruin. Who wishes to look may look. It is only another instance of the open-air, come-have-a-look attitude of mind of the place.

And then comes tea-time. Tea, or what is served in place of it, is important in Palm Beach. It is served rather late, and as swimming, golfing and stock buying are done, men are available to women for the first time of the day. They have moved in a masculine world all day as much as they would have done at home in the North, but now they are willing to succumb to women's charms. And the women are charming. They dress beautifully, they are all smiles, they entertain in clubs and even hotels, where there is sure to be dance music. Then they settle down in brilliant, colorful groups about the dance floor and the men proceed to enjoy themselves.

It is a strange fact, but most men like to dance up to the age of twenty-five, hate it from then to fifty, and yearn for it madly from fifty to seventy-five, and beyond. Women of all ages are at Palm Beach, and generally a bit lovelier than one might find anywhere else. The soft, languorous climate aids them, and wonderful clothes and, of course, the necessity of looking one's best. But men at Palm Beach, if they are under fifty, are usually under fifteen as well. So they love to dance and they get their wish. Their sport shoes are probably soiled, their shirts rumpled, and they are in golf clothes, but of men there are no others; so every day some stranger remarks, "I never saw such funny looking men dancing with such stunning girls." But I always see the explanation. There is a law of supply and demand which may not be suspended even in a social world.

NIGHT falls swiftly; tea parties finish up under soft colored lights, and the guests depart; the stars glitter diamond-like overhead, and the warm golden lights of yachts float on the mirror-still waters of Lake Worth. With the darkness, rich odors flood the air, night-blooming jasmine, cereus, orange blossoms. The coconut trees lining the streets fling their rapturous arms out to welcome the moon, and when it floods out its golden lights the green fronds are changed to liquid silver and rustle against each other like the silken patter of spring rain. The soft breeze blows from the ocean, always from the ocean, on which the moonpath leads away into dreamland and ecstasy. Stand on the shore watching a few minutes, and there will be salt on your lips. It is no wonder that no one in Palm Beach wants to go to bed, or that social life centres about dinner and a late one at that. By dinner time women have a firm grip on affairs, and women always run social life much better than men. They know how to order things. They know men like to eat and they give good dinners, and they know men like to play bridge and so there is always bridge. The god of chance was very good when it gave bridge to a tired social world that had forgotten how to talk and in which, divorce having become easy, daring love affairs went out of style. As far as is known, playing bridge is the only thing in the world a successful man would rather do with an older woman than with a younger one. An old man may willingly present a beautiful young woman with a diamond bracelet, but he would refuse indignantly to pay for her overbidding a hand.

It is at night that Palm Beach begins really to glitter, and certainly in no place on earth do women wear more splendid jewels or wear them more recklessly. At a gala dinner at the Everglades Club, for example, one wonders just how many millions of dollars are represented suspended from throats, clasping slim and not so slim arms, and resting on bosoms and fingers. It is a sight to make Haroun al Raschid rub his eyes and wonder. It is the clearest indication we have of the extraordinary wealth of America. Factories, mines, shipyards, oil wells, all the immensity of American industry, are here represented. No wonder Palm Beach social news appears in every important paper in the country. Palm Beach represents America as Pompeii represented Rome — the choice of the largest group of those favored by fortune.

Palm Beach becomes its most distinctive self when entertaining at home. The houses are ideal for that purpose, and indeed many are indifferent places to live in. The leading architect a few years ago built himself a lovely place without even a bathroom. Of course everything in that place is Spanish in style, but there is such a thing as carrying realism too far. In another house he entirely forgot linen closets. But all the big houses have magnificent reception rooms. As all entertaining centres about dinner, the dining rooms are splendid. Monasteries are denuded to supply refectory tables, draperies, old high-backed chairs and what not. Floors are torn up and walls torn down to be brought over piece by piece. The climax was reached when a man had a kind of chapel built to dine in (yes, dining has become a sort of religion) and even had an altar with lighted candles!

But naturally the system of entertaining at home leads inevitably to exclusion and heartache. No longer can one just build a huge, extravagant house, fling invitations broadcast, and crash boldly into the inner circle. Even the most lavish entertainment can no longer attract merely for itself. One woman I know found that out. She gave parties of Hollywood splendor. She bombarded all the most exclusive people with invitations, and refused to be snubbed. She drew together a curious motley throng of outsiders, some being sufficiently such to pocket stray ornaments, jewelled cigarette lighters and the like. A man was pushed through a great plate glass window and was rushed to the hospital in a dying condition, but the festivities went on. Policemen on the Ocean Boulevard were said to have sold champagne which they had commandeered from the butler. A few days later I had a talk with the lady. She said, "I know what people are saying about me. How could I help but know? Yet they are wrong. All I want is a few friends. I have no friends in my lonesome life, and I want them so badly. I suppose I have gone about it in a wrong manner, but I don't know any other way." I felt terribly sorry for her that day and still do. She is ceaselessly assaulting the high places and she is still unsuccessful. I can not believe she is any happier.

But as at the centre of the hurricane there are peace and quietness, so at the centre of the Palm Beach social whirlpool there are dignity and rest. Quiet dinners, games of bridge, golf in the morning. A little stodgy perhaps, a little dull without a doubt, but restful. There are even houses where no drinks are served, and than that, nothing could be more incredible. One lady explains as you are offered whiskey that it is inherited and so quite legal. And this group have established a private swimming pool at Gus's Coney Islandish bathing place, even as a similar New York group went into what was then a slum to found Sutton Place.

It is this group which holds the place together. They stay sometimes three, sometimes four months. They bring their children down, and are quite apt to bundle them into a car and go far up or down the beach for a picnic. The host may doze off a little after dinner, though no one would dream of observing the fact. Into this group the hectic social climber desires to push herself, and how miserable she would be if she succeeded!

* * *

Exit the Windjammer

By Tom White

But the Romance of Sailing Ships Will Never Die

The last of the covered wagons of the deep, America's sky-raking squadron that carried the Yankee flag to every world port — the breed of ships that played a more important part in the development of the West Coast than did their contemporaries, the prairie schooners — the last of the white-winged freighters has been warped into her berth to join her seven idle sisters.

Early last autumn this ship, the *Star of Alaska*, appeared off the Golden Gate, homeward-bound; but on this, her last cruise, everything had been different; not a man had gone aloft to set or furl a sail; during the entire passage Captain Peterson had not once taken his customary noonday shot at the sun, and here they were going in through The Heads without stopping to pass a line to the waiting tug. These strange circumstances are explained by the fact that the big windjammer was already under tow. She had made her return passage as she had her outward-bound run, following along docilely in the wake of a towboat.

This is in sharp contrast with the picture of the same ship when, as late as 1916, she set sail with thirty other tall windjammers of the same fleet, the largest body of active square-riggers in the world. But now the ranks of the Star Fleet are sadly depleted. Eight of the sail-driven carriers are all that remain, while in an adjoining basin lie four hulking steamers — vessels that hold three times the cargo, and can make from two to four trips between San Francisco and Alaska while the sailing-ship is making one.

What happened to the others? Some few have been lost; many have had their wide-flung yards sent down and tall masts cut off at the deck so they might better serve to carry coal, sand and cement; a few have found their way into the shipwrecker's hands; one is now serving as a nautical museum, another as a training-ship under Swedish colors, while the balance have joined "the Hollywood navy" to carry on in celluloid some of the picturesque rôles they played when work was a grim reality and survival itself often in doubt.

The history of the *Star of Alaska* is typical of any one of the thousand or so other windjammers idling away their declining years at long deserted wharves or rotting and rusting in the backwaters of isolated coves. This 44-year old daughter of Neptune has carried more than one name; been driven ashore, hauled off, repaired and recommissioned; she has weathered the fierce gales of the tropics that have laid many a steamer over on her beam ends; and like countless others of her kind, she has made crack passages. Incidentally, in 1917 this vessel made the run from Chignik Bay to San Francisco in nine days, the equivalent of her running time on her farewell passage behind a towboat.

Two years ago this tall packet broke into print when she defeated one of her sisters, the bark *Star of England*, in a deep-sea sailing classic — the last of its kind.

It seemed that Cap'n Martin Mortensen, then commanding the *Alaska*, had let it become known that his ship was the fastest in the fleet and always had been, and what was more he stood ready to back up his claim with a month's pay. In time, Cap'n Charles Wiese of the *England* heard of the challenge, and the bet was on. Both vessels sailed from San Francisco on the same day and the same tide, both bound for the North by way of Chirikof Island, an 1,800-mile course. After tacking and wearing in the face of head winds, but occasionally catching a vagrant fair breeze, the *Star of England* raised Chirikof twelve days after her fleet-footed rival had passed the island.

This instance is cited to indicate how the human element enters into the matter of handling ships of the same relative size, over the same course and at the same time of the year. Each skipper hunted for a fair wind where he was accustomed to finding it; but at that, the choice of routes was largely a matter of guesswork. Except in the case of trade winds, a fair breeze is seldom found in the same place twice, which many a captain has learned to his discomfort.

It is safe to say that the old windjammer, once the undisputed mistress of blue water, has defeated herself. Dependent as she was on the vagaries of a breeze that might blow from any one of the thirty-two points of the compass, it is plain that much valuable time and many tempting charters have been lost by reason of head winds, or no wind at all for days at a time. Annals of the old winged freighters are replete with tales of long drawn out passages when ships have been posted as overdue — even lost — only to have such reports contradicted when these ships unexpectedly turned up, bearing unmistakable evidence of long battles with the elements, while their crews were half starved, frequently in open mutiny.

There are three places in the world that the old time, deep water sailor dreaded and cursed: Cape Hatteras, the Bay of Biscay and Cape Horn. Sea chanteys, working songs of the man before the mast, dealt profusely and profanely, and perhaps rightly so, with these unhappy localities, the shores of which are even today scattered with the bleached remains of proud ships gone wrong. Of the three, Cape Horn justly claims the dubious honor of having broken the hearts of more good sailors and the backs of more good ships than the other two. It is fitting and proper, then, that the Horn should have been involved in what is known as the longest interocean passage on record, excepting that of the Flying Dutchman who is still trying to get around into the Pacific.

Laurels for having achieved the longest Cape Horn passage unquestionably belong to the Bath-built, four-masted bark *Edward Sewall*, now the *Star of Shetland*. Although the commanders of any one of her trade rivals stood ready to concede such doubtful honors, this vessel nevertheless will go down in history as having made a 293-day passage from Bahia Blanca to Seattle. Back of this ten months' ordeal there looms a stark tale of partial dismasting, near mutiny and countless days when the big four-master lay close-hauled as she shipped green water over her battered bulwarks and grim faced men watched her weary struggle against a seemingly endless head wind. It would be illuminating were the figures available to indicate how many times, in actual mileage covered, this ship sailed off the distance on a direct line between the two ports.

IN VIVID contrast with this unique record stands that of the six-masted barkentine *City of Sydney*, famous West Coast sailing ship and one of the fastest things under canvas that ever sailed the Pacific. The strange thing about this ship was that after she had reigned supreme as queen of the fleet of the old Pacific Mail Steamship Company, she made her second début — this time as a windjammer — only to wrest the speed laurels from this class of vessels, as well.

The *City of Sydney* was built at Chester, Penn., in 1875, and was an iron vessel 339 feet long, measuring 3,000 gross tons. When she steamed through the Golden Gate on her maiden voyage, half of San Francisco lined the waterfront to pay homage to the Queen of the Pacific.

FOR upward of twenty years, monarchs, princes and ambassadors from every land vied for accommodations on this steamer. With the flight of years she lost prestige, and finally the day came when her ancient boilers were considered unsafe. To equip her with new boilers meant a tremendous outlay, so she was decommissioned. At the outbreak of the World War, when ships of any age, type or dimension were at a premium and owners could dictate their own terms, the *City of Sydney* changed hands. Once more she ventured out into blue water, this time under canvas. Her skipper was anxious to know what she could do as a windjammer, and he soon found out. In a moderate breeze she logged fourteen and fifteen knots, and when the wind freshened she stepped along at a sixteen knot clip, or somewhat better than eighteen statute miles an hour! Clean-limbed and with sharp lines forward and aft, she dragged no dead water in her wake, which of course added to her handling qualities. In the words of Gus Eklund, her one time commander, "A child could steer her; all she needed was a spoke one way or the other."

She became so well known through her ability to step out and pass everything except the fastest mailboats, that Count von Luckner, picturesque wartime raider who caused devastating inroads on Allied shipping in the South Pacific, apparently made no premeditated attempt to capture her. But one evening, just before sundown, the officer on watch spied von Luckner's *Seeadler*, which was doubtless a mutual surprise. Each skipper altered his course to get the most out of his vessel; but it was only too plain from the outset that the German, heavily canvassed as she was, was a poor match for the galloping Yankee windjammer. As he paced his quarter-deck and watched the lofty barkentine fade out of sight below the far horizon, von Luckner must have felt he had suffered a double loss. Had he been able to transfer his command to the other vessel, there is no telling how much longer he might have continued in his rôle of maritime marauder.

Like many other ships of her day, the *City of Sydney* was built of iron. Numerous advantages were gained with the advent of this type of hull construction, chief of which was "a tighter bottom," which meant doing away with the daily drudge of "pumping her out." Iron never entirely supplanted wood, but it did pave the way for the steel ship era. When steel came into general use it soon found its way into the shipyards. As far as marine work was concerned, steel possessed no structural advantage over iron; it was accepted because it was cheaper.

THERE are still a few old sailing vessels that are literally being kicked from pillar to post, whose hulls are made of pure iron; and the amazing thing about these ships is that the years slip off their battered sides like the tiny waves of a tide-rip: age means nothing to a pure iron hull. So when the *City of Sydney* gave up the ghost a year ago, as the flames licked at her weathered masts and spars and ate away her wooden decks, metal salvagers lost no time tearing out her stalwart plates and feeding them to the melting furnace.

IT MAY be significant that the so-called debunker of today has maintained a "hands off" policy with regard to the mariners of the past. One likely reason is that no matter what he might attempt to debunk, the truth would still be a full step ahead of him; another reason, the sailor has ever been utterly incomprehensible to the landsman; still a third is due to the dearth of reputable sea lore, this last being based largely on the old time sailor's natural reluctance to talk or write of his doings.

From well thumbed letters yellowed with age and post marked Batavia, Rio, Callao, San Francisco, Port Elizabeth, Calcutta, Liverpool and Foochow — letters treasured by the descendants of wandering mariners — have come a few paltry facts relative to actual living conditions aboard the old packets; and on one point at least they are agreed — the fo'cas'le was no more fit for a white man than was the food. Of course, there were ships and ships, but taking them by and large it was rather wonderful that Jack didn't get even drunker than he did when he returned to his home port and was paid off. Nor was it in any way remarkable that in some cases Jack had to be mauled into insensibility or drugged by enterprising boarding-house runners in order that some ship with a particularly bad name or especially "hard case" skipper might put to sea with a full crew.

In the more extreme cases such vessels were known in every world port as "hell ships with belayin' pin skippers." As it became increasingly difficult for them to sail with a full complement, it was necessary that their commanders work hand and glove with waterfront crimps, paying them from $25 to $100 a head for men, delivery to be made within an hour of sailing time, or before the men had slept off the effects of doped whiskey. These men being dumped aboard minus their seabags, they were obliged to purchase entirely new outfits of dungarees, sea-boots, warm clothing, oilskins and the like. Such articles were sold through the "slop chest" by a benevolent captain at anything but benevolent prices. Such was the skipper's method of getting back the sums paid to the crimps.

On the whole, American ships were noted for being "hard case packets." But they were likewise noted for being the best feeding ships on blue water, which helped a little in the painful process of nursing a badly knuckled eye or a split scalp, and took some of the curse off the job of sugeeing-down white painted yardarms and shroud seizings in a sub-zero gale, or performing other so-called disciplinary chores. In direct contrast with Yankee ships and their bullying skippers and bucko mates, were the British ships — vessels that arrived, departed and put in their endless days at sea with far less commotion on deck and aloft. This difference was due to the regulations imposed upon British shipping by the Board of Trade, which countenanced no strong arm methods. But while American ships fought off the ravages of scurvy with as many fresh and canned foods as it was practical to carry, the Britishers put to sea with generous supplies of salt pork, salt beef, sea biscuits and rolled oats — and tea — relying entirely on the efficacy of bottled juice of the lime to overcome the ill effects of a protracted diet of this sort — hence the nickname "lime-juicers."

In spite of the fact that the history of British shipping was enlivened by no such stirring chapters as that of the American windjammer fleets — notably during the era of the true clipper ships — wind-driven carriers flying the Union Jack were just as plentiful and carried fully as much freight as their Yankee contemporaries. Likewise, the close of the British sailing-ship period coincided within a year of the date when the *Star of Alaska* concluded her active career. In November, 1929, the ship *Garthpool*, last of the sail-driven lime-juicers, piled up off the Cape Verde Islands and was lost.

Thus is *finis* written to the most picturesque chapters in the history of the world's two most powerful maritime nations. In spite of the lowering pall of smoke laid down by the plodding steamer, there are still thirty or forty tall windjammers roaming the seas, the majority of them claiming Finnish registry, the balance of the straggling ranks being made up of Germans, Frenchmen, Estonians and Swedes. These brave old ships were once smart packets flying the American and British flags as they bore valuable cargoes between the chief ports of the world. But now they are fortunate when they can get an occasional wheat charter from Australia to Queenstown, while most of them lug nitrate and guano between remote ports, or possibly work in the West Indian logwood trade, haul timber to South Africa or lumber and split-wood from Baltic ports to the British Isles — a class of trade which the owners of the rustiest old steam hulk in the world wouldn't touch.

The disappearance of the sailing-ship has wrought a curious change in some of the more isolated sections of the world. For instance, on many of the islands in the South Pacific, tiny palm-crested knobs of greenery sticking up out of a blue sea, the calendar is being turned backward. In the days when thousands of winged freighters ambled leisurely on their way, many of them from four to six months out, it was customary and often imperative that they heave to and send a party ashore to trade tobacco, clothing and trinkets for vegetables, fruit, fresh meat and water. During the course of a year this happened not once, but several times, each contact leaving its imprint on the eager, friendly natives. In time, they learned some of the rudiments of civilization, although the value of many of them was highly debatable.

Nowadays, life on those islands that are not regularly visited by either tourist steamers or trading schooners, constitutes a different picture altogether, and possibly a happier one. No more do the roving windjammers pay their short, informal calls for needed supplies; and the steamers have no reason to stop, their refrigerated storerooms being well stocked with fresh food, their courses being figured out to within one day's steaming time. Living conditions on the more remote islands, then, have slipped back into the habits which prevailed before the coming of the white man.

Life along the world's waterfronts likewise has undergone a change. Shipping offices are frequented today by a totally different type of men— different in the sense that their calling makes fewer demands on them. The sailor of yesterday was an expert rigger, a genius with the fid and marlinspike, and one who took it all as part of the day's work to "lay aloft there, and make fast that royal," regardless of freezing weather, a crazily swinging yard, and the hissing foam a hundred and fifty feet below — all this for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, day and night, for which he received an average of $15 a month. The deck hand of today is paid at least twice as much, works only two-thirds as long, never goes aloft, would hardly recognize a fid or marlinspike if he saw one, and at mention of the word "sennit" his mind conjures up a picture of the capitol dome in Washington; but he does know his paint brush and chipping hammer. The fact is, that's all he *has* to know.

Although when measured by present day standards, the old square-rigger and its men would fail utterly to fit into today's picture, it was the sailing vessel that originally cradled this nation in its infancy.

The Fantastic City

By Amelia R. Neville

(Edited by Virginia Brastow)

Reminiscences of the Early Days in San Francisco

On a windy day in June, 1856, we sailed through the Golden Gate, everyone on deck for the first glimpse of California. The Pacific trade wind whipped the waters, and the hills on either side were bare and brown. We had looked forward to green country after so many days at sea, not realizing that this was the dry season and that fresh greenery would come in fall and winter months to remain until summer again. Sand hills of San Francisco rolled away on our right, Telegraph Hill in bold relief at the turn of the bay shore line. Alcatraz rose high out of the water straight ahead, a rocky island fortress like a menace. It has since been graded many feet, and seems less ferociously on guard. Altogether I thought this the most forbidding place I had ever seen. Not until the ship rounded the promontory of Telegraph Hill and I saw the long wharf extended out over the shallows, with animated people waving to welcome us, did I forget my disappointment in the thrill of arrival.

The coming of a steamer from Panama meant a holiday in San Francisco. The day a vessel was due there was a pervading expectancy. All eyes turned constantly to the lookout on Telegraph Hill where a flag was run up as soon as she was sighted outside the Heads. As the ship sailed between the headlands to enter the bay, a gun was fired to announce her and the population trooped down to the wharf. That morning the wharf was crowded and we finally saw my father frantically waving his hat as hundreds of others were doing in impersonal welcome. In a few moments he was on board and in a few more we were on shore.

It was an exciting scene, full of life and good nature. Men and women stood or rushed about, called greetings or brandished papers with New York news. Some of the crowd followed bags of mail to the post office. Ramshackle conveyances gathered passengers to drive them through unpaved streets into the city, straggling up Jackson, Commercial and Sacramento Streets — to the hills beyond — twenty dollars for a "steamer load." Crude as it all was, there was something vital and strong in this queer little city, and we liked it at once.

The street scene was endlessly diverting and the city enchanted us from the first. In spite of shanties and unpaved streets, plank sidewalks and swirling dust, and a general look of having been hurriedly thrown together, it was metropolitan. Nothing small town about it, but a touch of Old World sophistication and that charm I can not describe, a prevailing gaiety of spirit, youth in everything.

Street crowds were a collection of types in assorted costumes. Richly gowned women in velvet cloaks or black lace shawls of Broadway fashion; well-dressed men in light trousers and Prince Albert coats who might have stepped out of the Astor House; miners like stage characters; Mexicans with scarlet sashes, striped serapes slung over the shoulder; Spanish women in long, flaring skirts of cotton print, thickly pleated; and in Washington Street where a row of Chinese shops faced the Plaza, meek looking Orientals in blue blouses padded back and forth in their soft slippers, their queues swinging behind them. Gentlemen were wearing shovel beards a great deal, and wide felt hats which they swept off with a flourish to greet a lady. I might have forgotten what the well-dressed man was wearing in 1856 if I had not lately read a letter written that year by my father's friend, Judge Shafter, to his wife in Vermont. She was sailing with her children to join him in San Francisco; he informs her that he will be at the head of the pier when the steamer arrives "clad in light pants, buff vest and snuff-colored frock coat with a broad-brimmed white sombrero."

Foreign looking sailors who swaggered up from the wharves added color to the scene, and there were many uniforms worn by officers from the military post at the Presidio, or the navy station on Mare Island, and from visiting battle ships in the harbor. I have always regretted that I did not see the young Pierre Loti when he came to San Francisco as junior officer on a French war ship arrived from Tahiti. He visited the Chinese Theatre in Washington Street and there had a gorgeous inspiration of which he has somewhere written.

The long bench in front of him held a row of solemn Chinamen absorbed in the drama while their queues hung behind them. Loti's idea was to tie the queues together, two and two, and then slip out in the darkness. He may have done so; there is no evidence to the contrary. The thought of it has always evoked for me a subsequent scene of indescribable chaos.

After he came to live in San Francisco, Ward McAllister, Jr. once told me that if he walked down Kearney Street with a young lady, her social position was thereby assured; and he was quite simple and sincere about it. Ward, Jr., took his title of "the Crown Prince" a bit seriously when we bestowed it in a spirit of friendly fun, but he was a sweet and amiable soul, with none of the arrogance that made his father an implacable arbiter. The Arbiter himself had adorned the bar of San Francisco for a year or two, but before our advent had returned to what the western press liked to refer to as "the effete East."

Ward McAllister, Jr., was a great beau, but he never married, developing, instead, into one of the perennial bachelors of the Pacific Union Club where he made his home. Of these late years I remember an incident, entirely trivial but delectably characteristic.

When he had become a famous figure of finance, Senator William A. Clark of Montana visited San Francisco and was a guest at the club. The whole country was talking of the Copper King, but Mr. McAllister, it appeared, had never heard of him, or so he wished to imply, and it amused him to tell it as much as it did me to hear it.

"I was in the lounge the other afternoon," he related, "when one of the servants whispered, 'That's Senator Clark, Sir, over there.' 'Don't know him,' I answered. There he sat, (giving a lightly scornful side glance), but *I* didn't know him."

STAGECOACH travel in the 1860's might still be enlivened by an encounter with Black Bart, poet and knight of the road, a bandit of distinguished courtesy who worked always alone and in moonlight, wearing a narrow black mask across his face. He was politeness itself to passengers, whose pockets he never rifled. The Wells Fargo treasure box was all he asked. If it was thrown out without protest the whole affair passed off pleasantly enough for everyone. Black Bart was his *nom de plume*, signed to poems pinned to trees along the roadside — gay verses of defiance after some successful robbery, occasionally a warning that he would pass that way again.

On moonlit nights while the coach rolled over mountain roads of the high Sierras the driver might turn to remark casually, "A good night for Black Bart," or "Right at that turn ahead Black Bart held the stage up last spring." One peered into the shadows of the pines, half hoping to see the figure of a man step out into the moonlight with uplifted gun. But I never saw Black Bart, although I have seen some of his poems, and have heard the story of his capture in San Francisco after a long, elusive career. Once too often he raided the Wells Fargo treasure and dropped a handkerchief near the road with the broken, discarded box. On it was a laundry mark. This the Wells Fargo detective, James Hume, traced to a San Francisco laundry and so to its owner, a quiet, scholarly gentleman who lived in a San Francisco boarding house. He was interested in mines, the landlady said, and often went on trips into the mountains.

HUME waited for him in his room one day and when he returned asked Mr. Bolton, which was the gentleman's name, if he would accompany him to a downtown office to discuss a mining deal. Mr. Bolton may have had his misgivings, but he went very readily with the stranger to discuss the deal. When they reached the entrance of the Wells Fargo Building in Sansome Street he stopped for an instant, but made no comment and turned in with his guide. They went to the office of one of the company's executives and there on a table lay an axe and a broken treasure box with its top crushed in. Mr. Bolton saw them but gave no sign, waiting uncertainly at the door. Hume crossed to the table and picked up a handkerchief, the one found with the box. "Yours, I believe, Mr. Bolton," he said.

A few seconds of silence, then Bolton made a slight gesture of surrender. "I guess it's all up," he answered.

"I guess it is," the detective agreed pleasantly, and thus a notorious bandit was captured with all the quiet courtesy to which his victims were accustomed.

* * * * *

For a while it was considered amusing to visit Professor Coombs and have one's head charted. Phrenology was the new way of fortune telling, clearly more scientific than tea leaves. Professor Coombs's parlors were crowded with patrons. He made a map of one's skull and read character, with prognostications, from its topography. But the Professor was eccentric and became more so. A person of benevolent aspect, he bore a certain resemblance to portraits of the First President, and people remarked on this until the poor man's head was turned and he took to wearing a continental hat and knee breeches, and calling himself "Washington the Second." For years he was a figure in the street scene, standing on corners or promenading Montgomery Street in buff colonial costume, holding aloft a banner inscribed with his title. Everyone called him Uncle Freddie Coombs.

So many quaint gentlemen, who in a modern city would face the indignity of being "run in," passed unmolested in Montgomery Street. Emperor Norton was a favored ward of the town who could dine in any restaurant and imperially ignore the cost, buy theatre tickets in any box office with no more than an imperial nod of thanks, and draw checks on San Francisco banks although he owned not a dollar on earth. By common consent in the banking fraternity his checks were honored and he never drew one for more than twenty-five cents through some canny sense of restraint that preserved the imperial privilege.

During shopping hours one saw him in Kearney or Montgomery Street walking toward some destination which I fancy was never reached, his old army uniform and military cap with its rakish feather worn with an air. A sword hung from his belt and he sometimes carried a short, knotted stick which might have been a scepter. The whole town knew him.

Every now and then one of Emperor Norton's proclamations would appear in the press. They were relative to a number of things and newspapers always printed them. One dated August 12, 1869, dissolved and abolished the Republican and Democratic parties in the interest of peace since it had been imperially remarked that their existence engendered dissensions. Another referred to the Emperor's wardrobe and requested replenishment. His uniform was always shabby, but some especial disintegration inspired the proclamation which read:

> Know ye whom it may concern that we, Norton I, Emperor *dei gratii* of the United

States and Protector of Mexico, have heard serious complaints from our adherents and all, that our imperial wardrobe is a national disgrace, and even His Majesty, the King of ——, has had his sympathy excited so far as to offer us a suit of clothing which we have a delicacy in accepting. Therefore we warn those whose duty it is to attend to these affairs, that their scalps are in danger if our said need is unheeded.

Little was known of the Emperor's past. He had come to California from England in the 'Fifties and for a time was a successful merchant. Business reverses had left him ruined financially but with the pleasant delusion of grandeur which endured until his death in 1880.

After the Civil War the city was filled with visitors. Travellers in America turned to California with its gold and romance which the "late unpleasantness" had left undimmed, and celebrities were thick among them. There was that curious personage, Sir Edward Shelley, who dined with us several times. He was a nephew of the poet, — "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" — Browning's line comes to me as I write this, but Sir Edward would have answered "no." His glorious young uncle left England before our friend's day. Yet he must have heard many intimate reminiscences in the family.

Sir Edward was an adventurous soul to whom civilization was just something to be endured while he was in it, and speedily escaped. As a young man he resigned a commission in the British Army to explore Africa and for a long time lived among the Kaffirs. He could tell of meeting Livingstone, who recorded the encounter in the heart of Africa. Most of his conversation was of wild places of the earth. San Francisco was a way station on his journey to the South Seas. He sailed for Honolulu and that was the last we saw of him; a tall, sun-browned man with English blue eyes set oddly in his dark face.

Somewhere in these years came Sir Richard Burton, then Captain Burton, who was the first European to penetrate the Holy of Holies at Mecca. He had learned the Koran by heart and could quote verses of it in strange sounding words. With the British Consul, Sir George Lane Booker, who was a pillar of society in San Francisco for thirty years or more, he dined at our home and told tales of his adventuring.

Like Sir Edward Shelley he was burned brown by alien suns, but, Burton's eyes were dark and piercing, and, with his sunburn, gave him a deceivingly Oriental appearance which he fostered for disguises assumed in his travels. Once, starting on a railway journey, he had found it expedient to depart as a corpulent Arab. Beneath his robes he tied an air pillow, well inflated, and the effect was gained. Well out of the railway station, disguise was no longer necessary, so when the train entered a tunnel, Burton quietly removed the stopper from the cushion and allowed his corpulence to deflate. When the train emerged into daylight again his collapsed appearance naturally astonished fellow travellers who stared at him in bewilderment and apprehension for the rest of the journey.

Then there was young Lord Richard Grosvenor, so determined to see the Wild West that he made the tiresome trip across the plains by stage coach. Delightedly he told of meeting Brigham Young in Salt Lake and "three Mrs. Youngs!" There were twenty-one altogether, he added for climax.

Mark Twain I never met, but we heard of him here and there after his return from the Sandwich Islands, and we were in the audience at Maguire's when he made his début as a lecturer and amused us to hilarity with the story of his trip. Mrs. Low, wife of the Governor, was in a box with friends that evening, for everyone of importance was there; and long afterward I read with delight Mark Twain's account of his agreement with the Governor's wife, to look up at her when his quips went slowly, whereupon she would ripple forth her ready laughter to start the house. He tells that once in a slight pause after some bit of pathos his glance wandered idly over the house, taking in Mrs. Low's box, where inadvertently it caught her eye.

I remember Mrs. Low in the box, that evening, and her rippling laughter.

The young man's Hawaiian letters had been appearing in *The Sacramento Union*, which was then read all over the State, and he was taken up by local literary lights, foregathering with Bret Harte and Charles Warren Stoddard in offices of *The Golden Era*, which was then printing Harte's stories and verses. When, after he departed from California, his *Innocents Abroad* letters were published in *The Alta California* of San Francisco, everyone read them, though little anyone guessed they were the first printing of an American masterpiece, destined for immortality as we reckon it.

Some of our English visitors were all unprepared to find the degree of civilization which actually existed in this remote city, and came with sadly deficient wardrobes. The old Duke of Manchester and his son, Viscount Mandeville, hadn't a suit of evening clothes between them but serenely accepted all invitations. With perfect aplomb and extraordinary effect, the Duke appeared at dinners and balls in a suit of brick-red tweeds with blue flannel shirt — his preconceived idea of a correct costume for the Wild West. "I am a traveller," he would blandly explain, "travelling with as little luggage as possible. You will forgive my tweeds."

No doubt he could have borrowed a dress suit for occasions, but he never did and was probably wiser in this than little Lord Milton who likewise hadn't supposed "swallow-tails" were found in California. Lord Milton raided the wardrobe of a stalwart friend and wore a suit six sizes too large for him with trousers in thick rolls at the bottom and his hands pathetically lost in long, flapping sleeves.

Through residence neighborhoods of the old city passed the colorful figure of the Chinese vegetable vendor in blue cotton blouse and trousers, padded slippers and a broad hat like an inverted tray of woven bamboo. Over his shoulder he carried a flexible pole and, slung on either end of it, a huge basket overflowing with fresh greens and glowing fruits that bobbed rhythmically to his swinging gait. On Fridays the Chinese fishman followed him on his rounds and stopped at the curb to weigh silver fish in his scales. Chinese peddlers of silks and brocades, carved ivory and jade, carried their wares from house to house packed in cases that were tied in great squares of yellow cotton. It was an adventure to have one brought in with his pack. He would step softly into a room with many little bows and kneel on the floor to untie the knotted cloth; and presently the carpet would be covered with a fascinating confusion of bright silks, ivory fans, lacquer boxes, pale green tea-cups of "Canton Medallion," and carved sandalwood that scented everything.

I missed their visits when Chinatown grew progressive and a Chinese Merchants' Association did away with them. "Eight dolla hop," one would say, holding a piece of brocade at arm's length while he knelt among his wares. "You like him? All light. Fi dolla."

CHINATOWN was endlessly fascinating. As early as the 'Seventies it was said that thirty thousand Chinese were crowded into the quarter which extended northward on Dupont Street from California to Broadway, a district six blocks long and little more than a block wide. It was an enchanting little city where gentlemen in lavender brocade coats and puffed silk trousers were thick among coolies in their blue cotton. Their long queues were braided with strands of cherry silk. Little-foot women with sleek heads and jade bracelets falling over their hands, leaned on their attendant maids in slow progress, the tiny feet shod in gold-embroidered silk; and adorable children, in green and cherry-red embroideries, laughed in the crowd of the lantern-hung street. It was, in short, a scene transported from Peking. Windows of the bazaars were a blaze of color. Sweet-meat vendors were stationed along the curb, and over the gilded balconies of restaurants drifted the shrill music of singing slave girls. Everywhere the scent of sandalwood mingled with that of the fish markets.

OFTEN we went shopping in Dupont Street, for silks, carved teakwood tables and lacquer trays, and the Canton china that found its way into San Francisco dining-rooms. And often we brought home gifts of lichee nuts, jars of ginger, or white lilies growing in jade-green bowls, good-will offerings from the merchants.

These friendly aliens with their love of bright hues, their strange theatrical customs, the Tong wars and "hatchet men" and all the mystery of life living in subterranean levels, like geological strata, brought a flare of rich color to the pageant of the old city.

Violent agitation against the Chinese in the 1870's left many people cold, so to speak, and especially cold were San Francisco housewives. For them the Chinaman solved a domestic problem. He was a marvellous cook through a genius for imitation, and his integrity was refreshing. Much of the responsibility of housekeeping could be safely left to a "Number One" boy. And Chinese servants were eminently good to look at in their long white blouses, padded slippers and their heads shaved almost clean, just a patch of hair left to braid into a queue which was wound tightly about the crown.

One became adjusted to their ways. At ten o'clock every evening they set out for the quarter to visit the barber, the joss house, and a gambling game, and were unavailable after that hour. One of our friends had a boy who serenely detached himself from his duties between two and four in the afternoon. The door-bell pealed vainly, and if she went to his room to knock and suggest a little service, the bland answer came gently through the door, "Resting now."

Others of our friends had various tales to tell. The house boy of one was a marvel of silent efficiency, named Sing. One morning in the third year of his service our friend took her place at the breakfast table and all the appointments were as usual. She rang for coffee. A totally strange boy appeared bearing the coffee-pot which he placed in its accustomed position. "Who are you?" the mistress asked in amazement. "Where is Sing?"

The new boy bowed several times. "I am Sing's friend," he explained. "Sing go to China. I stay." Which he did to the family's entire satisfaction for six years.

Sometimes the presence of these reticent, soft-footed, slim Orientals brought a stark flash of alien drama into quiet Occidental homes. In the country house of other friends were a Chinese cook, Chuen, and a house boy, Charlie. Chuen was a middle-aged man with a temper, but he was a perfect cook, so the temper was humored. Charlie was a youth not long from China. Some stupidity or carelessness on Charlie's part may have provoked the crisis. One morning the family was wakened by cries from the back piazza, Charlie's voice wailing over and over in pidgin English, "I want my Mudder, I want my Mudder!" They rushed to the scene. Charlie was crouched on the floor with fending arms, blood pouring over his face from a cut in his head. Chuen stood over him with a hatchet. At sight of the master he dropped it and padded away to his room. Charlie was cared for and a doctor summoned. But not the doctor nor any member of the family could extract from either Charlie or Chuen a word of explanation.

It developed, however, that Chuen had been a hatchet-man in Chinatown. The hatchet-man corresponded to the Occidental gun man and functioned in Tong wars. Chinese in America all belonged to Tongs and the several associations were forever evening scores in long feuds. Each Tong had its hatchet-men and when war was declared they were stationed with their hatchets in obscure doorways or alleys to chop down marked men of rival Tongs. During Tong wars Dupont Street would be roped across and guarded by the police to prevent the entrance into Chinatown of disinterested "foreigners" who might be chopped by indiscriminate hatchets or struck by the bullets of the police.

Chinatown was a really exciting place. It was thrilling even in smallpox epidemics, when the police guarded all entrances and yellow plague flags were flying over the quarter. But for all the lack of sanitation and bland disregard for Western ideas of law and order, San Francisco never resented its presence. It was too fascinating in its life and color.

Then there is little Mr. Chang; no reason to recall him except that he was so engagingly unique, a quaint little Korean gentleman who looked briefly at the Occident from a hotel window and then hurried home. Also he reminds me of the strange career of a San Francisco gentlemen, who became Prime Minister of Korea. It sounds like stage extravaganza, but this quiet, conservative gentleman, Clarence Greathouse, one of the perennial bachelors of the South Park set, actually did find himself Prime Minister of the Hermit Kingdom, living in a palace in Seoul, where he ended his days.

It had come about simply enough. Mr. Greathouse, who read law and wrote editorials for San Francisco newspapers, was appointed American Consul-General in Yokohama, where his knowledge of international law impressed statesmen of the East. At the end of his consular service the King of Korea sent for him to be the royal advisor on certain matters. His counsel, it appears, was invaluable for the King made him Prime Minister for life and Mr. Greathouse never came back to South Park. When, after his death, his mother, who had lived at the palace in Seoul, desired to return to her old home in Kentucky, Mr. Chang was appointed by the King to serve as her honorary escort across the Pacific. He cut off his queue for this ordeal of travel and discarded robes of silk for English tweeds fashioned by a Japanese tailor.

We asked him with Mrs. Greathouse to dine with us. It happened that for a few moments before dinner Mr. Chang was left alone in the living-room. When we descended again from regions above he had vanished. No trace of him. It was disconcerting and alarming. It might even become international if we permanently lost Mr. Chang.

A messenger was sent to the Occidental Hotel in the wild hope that he might find his way back there. They arrived almost together, Mr. Chang and the messenger. Some homing instinct had led him safely through perilous streets in the right direction. It was made clear to him that we desired his return, awaited his presence at dinner, although he spoke no English and the messenger knew no Korean. Mr. Chang, in turn, made it clear that he would remain at the hotel. The incident was closed. He had escorted Mrs. Greathouse to our home, but dining with foreigners was not part of his duty as honorary escort.

A few days later Mrs. Greathouse saw him safely off on the steamer for Korea and herself departed for the sequestered quiet of Versailles, Kentucky, which must have seemed drab after all the exotic color and strange ceremony she had known.

She told us many details of the life in Seoul. The little Queen of Korea, assassinated by rioters who broke into the royal palace, had been her friend. Mrs. Greathouse had dined at the palace a few evenings before the tragedy. The Queen was a gentle, pretty creature, she said, highly intelligent; and her dreadful death plunged the King into deep grief. He had found refuge from the mob in the Russian Legation, believing her safe. It had been an uprising of a party favoring Japanese influence in Korea above that of Russia, favored by the rulers. Mrs. Greathouse told how assassins pursued the little Queen, who ran before them from room to room of the long, low palace until in the last refuge they overtook her and killed her with swords.

Camels

By Virginia Stait

Pad-pad and pad-pad — it's a voyaging sound,
We hear it where camels most often come;
When the ships leave shore, in the smoke of pipes,
When the hours are wild with a mid-night drum!

Where the sands reach near, though not one grain
Has our flesh reveled in, the pilgrim way;
Where the aloe and arum lilies grow,
From the self-same root, the ivory, gray.

Pad-pad and pad-pad, there is stillness and sound,
The sun for the sky, the sky for the earth;
A passion of color, unfinished as time,
In this camel-land of surfeit and dearth.

There are debts we owe to a lotus dream —
The uncounted camels in Asian zone,
Are out-numbered by thousands in alien realms —
We remember where, yet . . . we have not known.

Through Inferno

By Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods

The wife of the American Ambassador describes her experiences in the Japanese earthquake

THE ends of diplomacy are best served when diplomacy is forced to the background. Ordinarily the life of a diplomat is a stilted one of artificial etiquette, which has little personal appeal. But let some unusual event break this down, and mark the difference. A tragedy is sometimes necessary to establish a real brotherhood.

To illustrate my point, I would recall the greatest earthquake disaster the world has ever known, and its results. It was in Japan, and at that time my husband was the American Ambassador.

We lived in a big, old-fashioned, rambling, white frame building, which stood in a garden, ages old. The house was that of the American Embassy in Tokyo. The surrounding garden, with its old stone lanterns and dwarfed and twisted pine trees, had once belonged to an ancient temple, and all the brooding calm of the Orient was there. Today, there is nothing to recall the comfortable old house or the beauty of the temple garden.

The Embassy seemed very peaceful on the morning of September 1, 1923. There was nothing to give warning of coming disaster. A few minutes before noon, I light-heartedly hurried down the wide stairway to overtake a secretary, in order to have him post an important letter, before he would be away on his week-end holiday. I was half way down when a lurch of the stairs startled me. I grabbed the banister. Then a lovely blue lamp below riveted my attention. It began to spin. Faster and faster it went, until it came to the edge of the table where its mad dance ended as it crashed on the floor in a thousand pieces. I was very sorry, for the lamp had just arrived, but I did not realize then how soon its loss would be infinitesimal.

I DO NOT know how I came there, but I soon found myself in my husband's private office. It was empty. The walls were cracking, the plaster falling. The house, and everything in it, was jumping and whirling. Thoroughly alarmed now, I rushed to the main door. My husband and the Military Attaché were together and both frantically calling to me. I answered: "My mother! She is upstairs." The words were not finished before the Attaché was on the stairway, returning in an instant with my mother on his arm. He had lived in the Orient many years. He knew the danger, as we did not. He told us a most terrible earthquake was upon us. He said, "A damn bad one, the worst I ever felt"; and that was only the beginning.

At last every one was safely outside. By that time, the earth was heaving and pitching like a stormy sea, so that we had to grip the hands of each other and brace ourselves to keep from being thrown to the ground. It was a sickening sensation. A chimney in the servants' quarters toppled and fell amid a cloud of dust. Soon all the air was filled with a grinding, rending sound as building after building fell in every direction. The dust which arose from their crashing down covered the sky with a heavy black pall, as though to conceal the dead, and hide the agony of the living imprisoned in the débris. It seemed as though the end of the world had come.

WE STUMBLED back into the garden. Its brooding calm was gone, but even so, it was the safest place.

One wing of the Embassy held the servants' quarters: this meant not only the servants employed by us, but their entire families as well, according to the custom of Japan. Our servants and our self-appointed adherents poured out into the garden, and many people from outside came in. We were astounded at the size of our household after all the servants' relatives were gathered together. They seemed to come up out of the earth like mushrooms. As I walked among them, there were dozens I had never seen. Who is this? "That is Suzuki's wife." And this one? "Hyashi's mother." Who this tiny mite? "Chin's baby." And alas! for human frailty, I had known Chin only as a pretty but foolish virgin. Even in this wild confusion, they did not forget their manners, for a low bow accompanied each introduction, and even baby's back was bent in a low kowtow.

In some way these efficient servants managed to set out a luncheon in the garden, although knives and forks refused to stay on the table and dishes spilled over in a most disconcerting way. It was true, the great shock had spent itself, but many others of much violence followed rapidly. Of course, we could not eat, but constantly kept rushing to our big iron entrance gates, the only place for a peep at the outside world. Tall shrubbery and high walls surrounded the compound, and ordinarily these gave a comfortable feeling of seclusion and protection, but now they were in the way. Terrible things were happening outside, and we must see.

BY DEGREES servants began to separate themselves into families, and to huddle around certain trees, especially the bamboos. Instinctively we followed their example. Later we learned that nearly every Japanese home has at least one clump of bamboos somewhere in their grounds. Their long and tangled roots bind the earth together, and make a veritable oasis in a time of earthquakes.

During an interval of the earth's

convulsions, my husband and I rushed into the house. A scene of desolation had taken the place of our once well ordered home. Furniture was overturned and buried under piles of dirt and mortar, partitions had fallen, and water was running through the halls from the broken mains. A chair, on which my husband had been sitting when the first awful shock came, was crushed by a heavy beam and gave an uncomfortable feeling of what might have been.

REALIZATION came now that we had no house in which to live, and the garden must be our temporary home. Then we took chances, and made several hurried trips to the house to collect a few necessary articles of daily life. At first the servants did not want to go in, but when my husband and I took the lead, they followed. We had chairs brought out and blankets and pillows, and arrangements made to pass the night under the protecting arms of the old trees.

After a while we saw a tiny flame piercing the unnatural dusk. There was another and another, until there were seven of them in seven different directions. With horror, we knew fire had broken out. And all those poor souls pinned under the fallen timbers! A blessing, if the groaning earth had rocked them into oblivion!

But now the wind began to rise, and soon its mighty roar was added to the groaning of the earth. The flames began to leap high in the distance, and to grow in volume as the violence of the wind whipped them into wilder fury.

People were cooking their midday meal, and the small stoves overturned, with the first awful shock, and hundreds of little houses became a mighty blaze. The water mains broke with this same shock, and there was no way to fight the monstrous conflagration.

Many of the attachés of the Embassy were away on vacation but a few had remained in Tokyo, and these rushed in from time to time to report fresh disasters. Now, one came in to tell us the fire had driven hundreds of people into the canal, which cut through the centre of the city. The raging flames kept driving them from both sides, until they met at the canal. But the flames met here, too, and one after the other these people were forced to stumble into the waters which engulfed them. They could not turn. There was the fire, and more crowds pressing on them, and soon the whole canal was dammed with the bodies of these unfortunates.

ONCE more we went to our entrance gates. The fire was still far away and blowing horizontally across our vision, but even as we talked, the wind veered and we felt its fury on us, and at the same time a great wall of flames leaped toward us. Darkness covered us and showers of sparks began to fall. It seemed to take but an instant for the blaze to leap barrier after barrier. There were seven miles of fire bearing down on us — seven miles of leaping, darting flames devouring men, women and children in great gulps as it came. Its deafening roar grew closer. Soon we felt its torrid breath, and a sickening smell of burning flesh came to our nostrils.

Now the fire was surrounding us — was all but on us. We knew that we must go at once if we were not to be caught like rats in a trap. We threw blankets over us to protect our inflammable clothing. The house boys were clapping the rain of sparks from their hair. The time had come for us to join the refugees — to become one with them. But where could we go?

We had lately arrived in Japan, and had been in Tokyo only two weeks. At best it was a difficult city for the foreigner to find his way about, but now with earthquake, fire, and suffering humanity squeezed together in its narrow crooked streets, Dante's idea of Hell became a Paradise from comparison. My mother was nearly eighty years old. She never uttered a murmur. That was the situation we faced, when heaven seemed to shed one ray of light upon us. That ray was in the shape of a language officer from the Dutch Legation. This kind man appeared, seemingly from nowhere, and offered to guide us to his little home on the outskirts of Tokyo, near the rice fields. We had never seen nor heard of him before, but thankfully we put our trust in him. My husband took my mother, and I stumbled after them, through the small gate at the end of the garden — our only exit now, for the flames were licking around the walls, and the big iron entrance gates. We knew that soon the Embassy building, our only home in a strange land, would go. We dared not look back.

In an instant we were on the street, packed in with a dense mass of moving humanity. These people, their possessions burnt, their families scattered, maybe dead, were they stunned by the calamity which had overtaken them that they remained so calm? There was no pushing, no shoving, no complaining. They were tenderly helping each other in the darkness, lit by the hissing flames. From them, the coolie boy of the streets, from the poor and middle-class people of Japan, an American Ambassador and his family learned a lesson in fortitude.

After about a mile, and the worst danger passed, we would rest by the wayside. My mother was completely exhausted. We had searched and searched for a 'rikisha, but none was to be found, nor could one have moved through that inferno through which we had just come. A group of poor refugees motioned that they would share their straw mats with us, so that we might rest — with us, the foreigners, whose names they did not even know. They only knew we were sufferers like themselves.

At last the crowd thinned out a little, and we spied a 'rikisha pulled up against a building, but there was no runner for it. We learned that the building was a hospital, but they could give us no help. All they could do was to allow us to have the vehicle, if we could find some one to pull it and return it. Finally we discovered a man who was willing to do this. We placed my mother in it and started once more. We arrived at a place where the 'rikisha could go no further. My husband handed the man some money. He shook his head. My husband, thinking he had not given enough, although it was many times in excess of the usual amount, offered more. The man more vigorously shook his head and picked up the 'rikisha to go away. A crowd collected and we wondered what would happen next. Then a friendly voice interpreted: "The runner does not want a cent for pulling the ancient lady. It has been his pleasure to do this for her because she is old and helpless." It was with difficulty my husband persuaded him to take some money as a present, but not a cent would he touch for pulling my mother. Such is the veneration of the Japanese for old age.

We gropingly moved on a little further. We strained our eyes through the darkness, and then a great feeling of relief filled our souls, for the rice fields were in sight at last. We were saved.

The next morning my husband and I came back to what had been our home. Every house in the compound was razed to the ground, only the tall brick chimneys standing, looking like giant scarecrows in the early morning light. The ground was smouldering and smoking. There was no garden, only black and twisted stumps, raising their tortured limbs to heaven. We stood there, stunned and helpless for a moment, and then realization began to dawn upon us, as the groans of living mangled human beings reached our ears, and the pitiful sight of smouldering bodies took form before our eyes. Horror gripped us, and a vision of great suffering swept before us. There were dead and dying in every place. Where would they be cared for in all this wilderness of flame-swept city? Subconsciously we recognized the spectres of thirst and famine stalking about. Where would food and water be found in all this smoking desolation? Did it mean annihilation? For we soon grasped the fact that we were absolutely cut off from the outside world. We did not need the sight of tangled wires to tell us that.

Then came the thought that a Japanese cruiser lay in the harbor. Off rushed my husband to Admiral Takarabe, Minister of Marine. He found him sitting at an improvised table in the street with the ruins of his office back of him. The earth had taken its death toll even in the Admiral's own household, but still he sat there undaunted, looking after the affairs of his country. My husband said to him, "I have come to try to help you. Cables and wires are destroyed. One of your cruisers lies in the harbor. Get in touch with her, and have her send three messages for me by wireless. One shall be to our American President, one to the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and one to the Commander of our Asiatic Fleet. Tell them one of the greatest disasters the world has ever known has visited Japan, and immediate help will avert even greater misfortune. Ask that supplies of food and clothing be rushed to a stricken people." Quickly and thankfully the Admiral responded, and the messages were promptly relayed.

There were 300,000 dead, more than a million homeless, in gutted Tokyo alone. Yokohama had been wiped out of existance, and all the surrounding country devastated.

My husband's next step was to open headquarters in the Imperial Hotel, practically the only large building left standing. The Embassy Staff rallied to him, coming great distances on foot, over a pathless region, heedless of masses of débris and the great fissures in the earth, even swimming rivers to report for duty.

Acts of heroism were legion. One in particular I shall relate before I finish. The United States Government had attached to the Embassy a number of young army and navy men, who were learning the Japanese language. One of these, a young ensign of our Navy, was walking along the Bund in front of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama, when the first crash came. The building collapsed almost immediately, and burst into flames. Seven times this brave boy went into the burning building, each time to bring out a living, helpless human being, and each time he went in the chances were one hundred to one that he would not come out alive. The last time he went in he found a woman pinned under two fallen timbers around which the flames were already licking. One timber was across her breast, another held her leg. He succeeded in dislodging the one from her breast, but the one across her leg held fast. He called for help, but no one dared to enter that burning hell. The woman implored him piteously, "Young man, in heaven's name, do not leave me here to be burned alive." He answered, "Don't you fear, lady. I may have to leave your leg, but I will not leave you." At that moment the earth gave another heave, and the timber loosened. Our ensign, with the woman in his arms, pierced the flames to safety. When my husband introduced me to this young man, telling me the above story, the boy flushed to the roots of his hair, as he stammered: "Mrs. Woods, I fear the Ambassador exaggerates. I only did my duty."

The efficient work of our Embassy and the quick response of the American people is a matter of history. To our country and to our ships was the glory of bringing first aid to Japan in her hour of need, and close were the bonds between us during that terrible disaster. And they were not the bonds of conventional diplomacy but of humanity.

Before our ships came in, we had gone to live in the compound of a Japanese friend. It was located on the outskirts of Tokyo in a portion of the city, which had escaped the flames. We were domiciled in a primitive Japanese farmhouse of such antiquity that its age was greater than the discovery of America. The entire front of the house was made up of *shoji*, the heavy paper sliding screens, which in the simpler structures of Japan take the place of windows and doors. These were kept open day and night, in order that we could run outside for safety, because of the violent after-shocks, which were continuing. We slept on *futons*, a kind of heavy quilt thrown on the floor at night, and rolled up in the daytime. These are the beds of Japan. We retired with the darkness, for all lighting fixtures had been destroyed, and candles were so scarce that we thought it wise to conserve the few we had in case of greater need.

This period was one of intense suspense. The food supply of the great city had all been burned, except a very small amount to be found in the outlying districts, and this was nearly exhausted. The unaffected part of Japan could not penetrate the earthquake area because of the débris. Railroad tracks had been snapped like wires, and pointed their long steel rods, like accusing fingers, to the sky. Bridges were sunk in the rivers and roads obliterated.

It was not long until our chief man-servant came to me to report there was only a bowlful of rice left, and a large household to be fed. I was filled with compassion but I could not tell him of my alarm, or that we did not even know whether the messages, sent through the cruiser, had reached their destinations. It took all the courage that was in me, but I managed to say: "American ships will soon be here, and then there will be plenty, but it may take time, and you must divide that bowlful of rice to make it last a few days longer." He accepted my statement, but despair was in his almond-shaped eyes.

A miracle happened that night. According to our custom, soon after dark, we had thrown ourselves down on the *futons* to rest. We lay there in the darkness, pretending to each other that we slept. All at once we were startled by a loud knocking and sharp staccato calls at our entrance gate. The clamor grew greater. Then we saw the shadowy form of one of our servants making his way through the trees to the gateway. In a moment, there were twinkling lights on the pathway and a strange gnomelike procession wound its way in our direction. Some of the characters of this elfin train carried beautiful paper lanterns hung on forked sticks, which were slung across their shoulders. Others bent under the weight of heavy sacks. They were all in the dress of coolie-boys, except their leader who was in immaculate European clothes. Steadily they advanced towards us. We arose from our *futons*. Now there was much kow-towing. Then the leader stepped forth, and held up for our inspection two fine fat ducks. Their iridescent plumage sparkled in the light of the lanterns. The sacks were opened — potatoes, cabbages and other homely vegetables rolled out. Another sack contained loaves of bread. The spokesman said to my husband: "Your Excellency, I am from the Imperial Palace. I come from their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, who send you this food in sympathy for the trouble which has come upon you in their Empire." Then there was more bowing as they backed away and departed as they had come, leaving us rejoicing over these priceless treasures.

Brookhart, Insurgent

Combination of a county seat lawyer, rural pedagogue, parlor Radical and Granger political philosopher

By Louis H. Cook

Insurgents are nothing new in Washington. They come and go. Their best ideas are stolen and become orthodox. Most of them wake up some morning to find themselves Conservatives, and the folks back home either heave a sigh of relief, or proceed to elect other Radicals, depending somewhat upon existing economic conditions.

So when Smith Wildman Brookhart, United States Senator, arrived from Iowa back in 1922, the elder statesmen received him with a quizzical air and started out to teach him the rules and the unwritten laws of what was once termed the greatest deliberative body in the history of mankind.

Both in Washington and in Iowa it was assumed that Senator Brookhart, although elected as a crusader, would settle down in his seat, damn Wall Street and the railroads just often enough to keep himself solid with the home folks out on the prairies, and make his peace with the regulars in his party.

There seemed no particular reason why he should not. He had safely arrived at a dignity to which many aspire, but few are chosen. The United States Senate is one of the most select and exclusive of clubs; membership is so desirable that the expenditure of a few hundreds of thousands of dollars to get there is commonplace. Political leaders regard election to the Senate as a culminating reward for years of service in party ranks. Brookhart, to be sure, had walloped the stuffing out of the Old Guard, but they were willing to make peace and receive him with open arms. It never pays to quarrel with the chap who controls the patronage, anyway.

There was only one thing wrong with this reasoning; it overlooked the personal equation. The gentleman from Iowa does not fit into any of the regular classifications in the United States Senate. He is neither regularly Republican, Democratic, nor Insurgent. Quite a few of the brethren are insurgent when they are elected and regular in between times.

Few men in public life get more headlines than this Senator from Iowa, but little appears in print which casts much light upon his real personality and character. Big business, the Wets, the regular Republican leadership, and other numerous and influential classes of citizenship he has managed to offend or irritate, refer to him in impolite conversation as "that —— —— —— ——" and let it go at that. His publicity centres upon what he says or does and not on what he is. This is unfair, for the Colonel has had an interesting life, and is worth knowing. His former colleague, Albert B. Cummins, whom he finally defeated, once referred to him as an "economic illiterate"; but be this as it may, he is a first-class fighting man and nobody to monkey with in a political Donnybrook, unless you have a well knobbed shillalah handy. In Iowa, where the Colonel is not entirely popular with a great many people, the attitude of his foes may be given in the words of a Republican dignitary who averred, in a conference held to decide what should be done to retire Brookhart to private life, that "nobody ever comes off first best in a scrap with a polecat."

HERE is a man still well on the sunny side of sixty who has been elected not once but three times to the United States Senate without either the support of his own party leaders or substantial financial backing. He went through bitter primary campaigns in 1920, 1922, 1924 and 1926, and was the winner in all save the first. He had nasty general election scraps in 1922, 1924 and 1926, when party lines in Iowa were eliminated. In all of these contests, both money and political machines were used vainly to defeat him. In 1924, the scrap was so close that the Senate finally seated his Democratic opponent, Daniel F. Steck; but the Colonel blithely went back to Iowa, and using as his slogan, "They kicked me out of the Senate because I told the truth," defeated the veteran Cummins by an overwhelming majority.

The person who knows the most about any man's character and disposition is usually his wife. Next to that, his campaign manager ought to be able to offer competent testimony. I ran four of the Senator's campaigns, and was mixed up more or less in the rest of them. I have fought, bled and gone broke in his behalf. I have cursed him; oh, how I have cursed him! I do not recall that after any of these campaigns he ever expressed any especial gratitude. I have committed several political murders in his interests. I have shaded the edges of election laws, swiped a few votes, and engaged in fist fights with his enemies. I have never asked him an important political favor, nor received a single penny from him. On certain of his economic questions, I believe him to be crazier than a whole tree full of hoot owls. I doubt whether he has any particular constructive ability. And yet I, in common with a great many other persons in Iowa, will probably vote for him when he runs again.

SENATOR Brookhart is not representative of public thought in Iowa; he never has been. That isn't why he is elected and reëlected. He wins because the people believe he is sincere and because he voices a lot of protests which touch a sympathetic spot in the hearts of Mr. Common Citizen. Brookhart is unquestionably a demagogue, in the old and original Greek sense of the word. He is a leader of the people, voicing the views of the masses of citizenship as against the views of the men who represent the oligarchies of business and partisan politics. Leaders of this type are seldom popular with the so-called vested interests, but they do get a lot of votes.

Personally, I regard the Colonel as an excellent antidote for dangerous Radicalism. He is like a counterirritant which stimulates the body politic into throwing off its proud flesh.

NOTHING much is written about his personal side, for the reason that he has never been mixed up in a scandal, has no bad habits, and never acquired wealth, either legitimately or otherwise. Picture a square jawed, square shouldered, clear eyed gentleman with Rooseveltian teeth and grin, with the bull neck and general build of a good middleweight wrestler, and you have his general physical makeup. Put a kindly twinkle in his eye, dress him up in a black and shapeless sack suit of the type that country lawyers often wear, fit his feet into a pair of blunt toed black brogans, and the picture becomes more complete. Give him a pleasant schoolmaster's voice and a mentality which is a combination of that of a county seat lawyer, rural pedagogue, parlor Radical and Granger political philosopher, and you have some idea of what the Smoots and the Reeds, the Watsons and the Curtises, have to deal with these days in the United States Senate.

Brookhart really fits into the political picture of a generation or two ago better than he does into the existing ensemble. His economics are more like those of James B. Weaver and the Greenbackers and Populists than of any existing school of insurgent politics. He was born in a log cabin in Scotland county in northern Missouri. He comes of pre-Revolutionary stock, and his father was a somewhat restless farmer of the type that carved commonwealths out of wildernesses in the years after the Civil War. Brookhart worked on the farm as a boy, garnered a fair education by the sweat of his brow, working his way through elementary and normal schools, taught school a few years, studied law in a county seat law office, and dabbled in local politics.

NOBODY who knows anything about him questions his patriotism or devotion to his country. He served in the Iowa National Guard for a score of years. He is one of the authorities of the United States on military rifle shooting. He served in the Spanish-American War, and in the World War, as a Lieutenant-Colonel; he was designated as chief instructor at Camp Benning, where the Government prepared officers for the important task of teaching the United States Army how to shoot with rifles. He served several years as president of the United States Rifle Association, spends most of his vacations on the rifle range at Camp Perry, Ohio, where the annual contests between the various service rifle teams are held, and probably is the best man behind the sights of a rifle barrel who has held a seat in Congress since Davy Crockett's time.

I have always felt that his views on liquor are based, in part, at least, upon his opinion that alcohol is detrimental to marksmanship. He has never taken a drink in his life, and bars even tea and coffee. He can explain just exactly how many inches off the bullseye you are likely to get at 500 yards, if you shoot with a week-old highball under your belt.

Brookhart first gained prominence in Iowa political life as an expert in railroad statistics back in the years when rate regulation was a burning issue in the Granger States. He knew more about railway rate schedules than the boys who wrote the books. He probably knows as much today about railroad capitalization as anybody in Congress, although there is an inclination, on the part of railroad representatives, to charge that he knows a lot of things that aren't so. His home folks in Washington County, Iowa, licked him when he wanted to become county attorney, and have voted against him rather consistently ever since. His section of Iowa produced James B. Weaver, Populist and Greenback candidate for the Presidency, and probably Brookhart got his early slant on economics from this source.

His first major campaign was in 1920, when he was selected by James M. Pierce, then publisher of *The Iowa Homestead*, as his candidate against Albert B. Cummins for the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Iowa. Cummins beat him, but it was a close call. The campaign took place just before the post-war bubble burst in Iowa, and had it been a few months later, Brookhart would probably have won. His issue was the repeal of the Transportation Law of 1920, under which the railroads were returned to private ownership after the war, and which was sponsored, in the Senate, by Albert B. Cummins.

In 1922, Brookhart was again a candidate, this time to succeed W. S. Kenyon, who had been taken from the Senate and appointed to the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals. It was averred in Washington that one of the objects of this appointment was to remove one of the insurgent thorns in the flesh of Coolidge, but if this was true, the strategy failed. This was a six-sided fight, the Iowa Old Guard packing the primary in order to split the vote. Brookhart got 42 per cent, the Iowa law requiring the contestant in a primary to receive 35 per cent of the vote. He was seated, but was again compelled to become a candidate for reëlection in 1924, this time for a full six years' term. He won, hands down, in the primary, but had a terrible scrap in the fall, when he was sympathetic to the candidacy of Robert M. LaFollette for the Presidency, demanded that Charles G. Dawes get off the ticket as candidate for Vice-President, and generally raised Ned.

There are all kinds of Republicans in Iowa, and a candidate is perfectly safe as long as he can be classified as any one of them. Up to this time, Brookhart had been at least nominally a Republican. He had tweaked the elephant's tail, dropped cigarette stubs into his ears, and wielded a wicked goad. When, however, he sought to straddle the G.O.P. elephant and the new Progressive hybrid, he took a bad fall. He had been a Bull Mooser in 1912, but most of the Republican leaders in Iowa that year were in the same boat. In 1924, he was playing a lone hand, and although Coolidge carried the State by some hundreds of thousands, Brookhart scaled through by a few hundred, which the Senate took away from him in the recount which followed. "Jim" Watson was chairman of the Senate Elections Committee, and he frankly admitted that the regulars, both Republican and Democratic, saw a good chance to use Brookhart as a horrible example of discipline, and did. The ousting cost Cummins his seat in 1926, when Brookhart ran again, mainly because a great majority of the citizens of Iowa thought that Brookhart had been counted out.

THE Republican leaders in Iowa have used every possible political weapon against Brookhart, and are now assembling their munitions of war for another drive against him in 1932. The nails for his coffin are forged, and the hammers are ready for the driving. His foes hope that the political corpse which they will bury in June of 1932 will be that of the smiling rifleman, but the pall bearers have not yet been named. It may be that somebody else will have to be buried.

Brookhart never had but one political speech. He wrote it back in 1920, revised it in 1922, and has stuck to it ever since. It is what he calls an attack upon "the non-partisan league of Wall Street." He charges the Federal Reserve Bank with deflating the farmers, and believes railroad rates ought to be based upon the value of the stocks and bonds of systems. He believes business should be limited to earnings of not to exceed six per cent, this figure being considered by him as liberal; and he wants all commerce to be conducted as a coöperative venture, on a profit sharing basis. His economic gospel is based upon the British coöperative system, and he believes that the Government should help to set up a gigantic coöperative bank to provide capital for coöperative business.

After his first election, he went to Russia to see what Lenin and Trotsky were doing. He came back home and made the statement that Russia then had the most stable government in Europe. This, of course, was speedily converted to a declaration that he had said that Soviet Russia had the best government in Europe, and it made him a peck of trouble.

He gets into every scrap that he can find. He is like the Irishman who inquired whenever he located a fight whether it was a private scrap, or one in which anybody could get in; except that Brookhart never asks any questions. He just hits somebody.

HIS recent notoriety because he spilled the fact that, at a party given a group of Senators, the hosts provided nicely filled flasks of something rating more than one-half of one per cent, for all who wanted them, was not a new outbreak. More than a dozen years ago, Brookhart came down all spraddled out on a batch of officers of the Iowa National Guard, because they had held a reunion of "The Order of the Carabao," which included Spanish-American War veterans and which was, to say the least, damp around the edges.

He stumped the Middle West for Hoover in 1928, but has been fighting him ever since. I was in Wisconsin, in the Hoover headquarters, when Brookhart hit the State, and George Vits, National Committeeman, asked me to hunt him up and ask him to soft pedal on the liquor issue when he spoke in Milwaukee for Hoover.

I drifted up to Fond du Lac and met Brookhart. I suggested that Milwaukee was not one hundred per cent for the Volstead Act, and much to my surprise he consented to lay off Al Smith's well-known dampness at the Milwaukee meeting. I heaved a sigh of relief, but kept my fingers crossed.

The Milwaukee meeting was the wind-up of the campaign, and Brookhart was the big gun. As an Insurgent and a former supporter of LaFollette, he was the best bet Hoover had in Wisconsin. He said at least three sentences before he mentioned the liquor issue and then he cut loose:

"This boisterous booze booster from brewery backing Broadway comes to Milwaukee —." I doubt whether he made many votes at that meeting, but it was typical of the man.

He is not an orator, yet he holds public attention well. He opens his speeches in a conversational tone and talks sometimes for three or four hours without losing a listener. He lectures his hearers for all the world like a college professor talking to his classes. His audiences listen because it soon becomes evident that here is a man who believes his own stuff.

As a campaigner he is ideal in one respect, at least. You never have to worry about his being caught in a raid, or sued for breach of promise. I have known him intimately for more than a dozen years and I have never found out anything which could be used in any way to disparage either his morals or his integrity. His idea of treating a political supporter is to take him up to his room and offer him a big red apple. He can make a dozen meetings in a day, six days a week, and wind up as keen eyed and clear skinned as a child. He never believes anybody is going to vote against him, and never worries about results. He is a good loser, for in 1924 when things broke against him, I called him over the telephone to give him the latest forecast of bad news, and he merely chuckled and said to announce his candidacy in the next primary in case he was licked in that election.

He has an overwhelming idea of his own infallibility, and doesn't believe he can possibly be wrong about anything. I remember one campaign in which we had kept him in Washington and had managed to win out after a wicked fight. The Colonel came home and met me. "Well, Louis," he said, "how much lead did we have?" "About 35,000," I answered. "Is that all? Gosh, if I had been here we would have had 100,000."

Brookhart will be up for reëlection in Iowa again in 1932. He won't spend a dime for his campaign, he has no organization, many of his former strong supporters are either opposed to him or are no longer active, he has practically no newspaper support, and his "issues" are both bizarre and abstruse. That noise you hear in Iowa is not the wind rustling in the corn. It is the boys who are supposed to run things politically whetting their snickersnees upon their boot soles.

Brookhart will tell you that the farmers and the laborers and the people on the streets are for him. He will refurbish his attack upon the nonpartisan league of Wall Street, demand a fairer distribution of the profits of business, and tell the people of Iowa that they are suffering from a series of economic ills which can only be cured by the adoption of his plan of universal coöperation, as originated by the weavers of Rochdale. People like to be told that they are ill, even if they pour the medicine down the sink. If Iowans really had to take what Senator Brookhart prescribes for them, it might be different. As it is, if he does not succumb to the influences of propinquity at Washington and become regular, there is no very good reason to believe that his tactics will be any the less effective in the future than in the past.

Brookhart really believes in the particular brand of buncombe he peddles; or if he doesn't, he makes people believe that he does. This being true, the common or garden voter doesn't seem to care so much about what he actually does stand for.

* * *

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

BETWEEN a very bad three or four days toward the end of a recent Atlantic crossing and the impact of New York, an assortment of bright ideas the Landscaper collected in Europe for the adornment of this department seems to have vanished utterly. The strongest impression of the trip has nothing bright about it; perhaps so much has been said on the subject in the public prints and in interviews given out by returning visitors that anything additional is superfluous, but the irony of the situation is too great to pass by without any comment at all. One refers, of course, to the war for which Italy and France are making feverish preparations, and which is not at all likely to be averted. That such a thing should go on with the full knowledge of all Europe, in the face of all the talk of peace, and in the face of the present depressed state of virtually every nation under Heaven, seems well-nigh incredible. And yet the facts are very plain. The Italians are perfectly willing to admit that the blow will be struck as soon as Mussolini feels that he is ready, and observant Englishmen are wondering for which of the two nations their blood will be shed, when they are none too fond of either, and when their own difficulties call for more intelligence and energy than appear to be in the Empire's possession at the moment.

There are few ceremonies in the present-day world more impressive than those of the Armistice Day celebration in London. This year the day itself was perfect. There were bursts of wind enough to set the flags fluttering at the cenotaph, but even the wind seemed to die when the guns boomed for the two minutes of silence. The day before the Landscaper had sat talking long after luncheon, so long indeed that the lounge of the old club was deserted, and of what was he talking? Of the chances that before another five years had passed, perhaps before another two years had passed, since the general opinion is that Italy and France will be at war in 1932, England would have reason in time to build another cenotaph, and to celebrate another Armistice Day. Two minutes can seem a long time; long enough at any rate for one deeply-moved American, in all the thousands of English men and women who packed Whitehall from curb to curb, to wonder if it were really possible that Europe would see another war, as terrible as the last, perhaps even more so; to wonder at the stupendous folly of a race that boasts loudly of its civilization, humanity and Christianity. . . .

Hard Times for Authors

OF COURSE the Landscaper has no business discussing anything except literature on these expeditions, but literature has been so cheerless a subject for the past few months that there has been a grave necessity for bringing up other and more pleasant topics, such, for example, as war. This is another way of saying that the book business in general is almost as bad in England as it has been in the United States, with one exception; England is used now to hard times and not greatly upset when they become a bit harder. There are fewer ups and downs among the English, anyway, which is partly attributable to their temperament; publishing in London has gone through no such period of inflation in recent years as marked its course in this country prior to the collapse. It might be added that France felt the pinch during the spring, and is beginning to feel it again — one speaks in terms of literature, or rather of bookselling — and it is well enough known that Germany's intense depression has made life much harder for people who write for a living. In other words, one of the least cheering things to do at the present time is to go abroad for a visit to publishers, booksellers and authors; indeed, sea voyages are no good just now as cures for a general dissatisfaction with the state of the universe unless they are made without any landings whatever and even on shipboard Stock Exchange reports are posted every day. . . .

Anyway, They Go On

BUT, like most other activities of the race, writing, publishing, and to some extent, at least, bookselling, continue no matter how dull the times in general. The Landscaper had the pleasure of watching Sir James Jeans's new book, *The Mysterious Universe*, published here by Macmillan, move out of the bookstores in London with a speed that would have done credit to a novel of the most popular variety; some 17,000 copies were sold in the first week after the Cambridge University Press had launched the volume. For this book, which is sensational in its conclusions, Sir James expanded the Rede Lecture given at Cambridge; it embodies the theories of a pure mathematician as to the true nature of the universe. As all the pundits assure us of its importance, perhaps it will help even the dullest dogs among us to get our minds off the apple vendors on our New York street corners. Perhaps neither we nor they will seem of any consequence after we have explored the dim recesses of space, although it is hard to escape that curious paradox of the complete unimportance of the individual to the universe, and the complete importance of the individual to himself.

From Universe to Hotel

BY THE time this is in print, another of the most discussed books of the season in England will be available, altogether another pair of gloves from *The Mysterious Universe*, to be sure. This is Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*, which has probably outsold any novel published in England this autumn, and which with the additional success of the play in New York, is certain to be a best-seller here, also. It won the highest praise from the most serious of the English critics, who hailed it as a masterpiece, which strikes this observer as going a bit far. But it is a highly readable novel, which most people will like. It will appear here with the Doubleday, Doran imprint. Most of the other fiction of the moment in London has already been published here, and much of it already commented upon in this department. The stir caused by Somerset Maugham's brilliantly caustic *Cakes and Ale* had not subsided when the Landscaper set sail for France; one hears that Hugh Walpole, most savagely attacked in the Maugham novel is to do a reply called *Gin and Bitters*. Mr. Maugham spends a good deal of his time denying that he meant to do portraits — or caricatures — of Hardy and Walpole, but it is hardly possible to take his denials seriously. Louis Bromfield's *Twenty Four Hours* and Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *Philippa* are two American novels very well reviewed and widely read during the current season. A Scotchwoman announced to the Landscaper — announced is the only suitable word — that Miss Sedgwick was head and shoulders above any woman novelist writing English today. Whether one agrees with this opinion or not, *Philippa* is certainly one of the best of the author's books, and a beautifully finished story, subtly done, and with the finest appreciation of the shadings in human relationships. Mrs. Grace Zaring Stone's *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, by all odds one of the best of 1930's novels, is also well liked in England, although for some odd reason the title was shortened to *The Bitter Tea*.

Canine Baby-Talk

A BOOK by a gentleman for whom the Landscaper has a profound respect which almost made this gentle spirit froth at the mouth was Rudyard Kipling's *Thy Servant a Dog*, naturally enough one of the season's largest sellers. It will probably be available here by the time these words reach type. Mr. Kipling has written his doggish dialogue in the most incredible jargon imaginable; canine baby-talk for which there appears to be no excuse. After reading a few pages, the only way the Landscaper resisted the temptation to go out and kick a bobby was to try to keep firmly in mind that Mr. Kipling also wrote *Kim*. Of other English books that have been well liked recently are two other novels that are available in American editions, A. P. Herbert's *The Water Gypsies* and Arnold Bennett's *Imperial Palace*. The Herbert opus would be the choice of your scout, but perhaps he is slightly prejudiced against Mr. Bennett because of the gentleman's articles in the London tabloid, *The Evening Standard*, which are usually very bad.

Our Gangsters Are Popular

ONE of the most striking features of the European literary landscape is the extreme popularity of books about gangsters. Our old friend Al Capone is probably the best known American citizen of the times, and the shots that were fired in the hotel room of Mr. Legs Diamond were heard round the world. It is easy to see why a nation like England turns to us for such literature; the day the Landscaper arrived in London a gentleman who fired one badly aimed shot at a policeman was given thirty years at hard labor after a trial lasting a few hours.

The most entertaining book to be found in Paris just now is Maurice Bedel's *Phillipine*, which is a satire on Fascism. M. Bedel wrote *Jerome or the Latitude of Love* and *Count Molinoff*, both highly diverting, but it seems to the Landscaper he has surpassed himself in the new novel. *Phillipine* is the seventeen-year-old daughter of a French department store owner, who, having bought a journal of opinion, sets out to observe Mussolini at work and to compare the enlightened state of affairs in Italy with the corruption and inefficiency existing in France.

The Landscaper's shelf devoted to American fiction seems rather embarrassingly bare just now, containing as it does only one novel of importance. This is Janet Ayer Fairbanks's *The Lion's Den* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), which is a novel of life in Washington, filled with shrewd and accurate observation. It tells the story of a young Congressman's rise to power; of his love affair with the wife of a senator, and of all the machinations and intrigues that go on in the social and political circles of our capital. This is emphatically one of the best of recent novels of American politics. Mrs. Fairbanks wrote *The Smiths*, the story of a Chicago family; she is the sister of Mrs. Margaret Ayer Barnes, whose first novel, *Years of Grace*, was one of the outstanding successes of 1930.

Klaus Mann, son of Thomas Mann, offers *Alexander* (Brewer and Warren, $2.50) as his second novel, a story of the life of Alexander the Great and the influence upon him of his friendship for one Clitus. This is a fair-to-middling historical novel, but hardly likely to set an indifferent fiction market afire.

Current Non-Fiction

FORTUNATELY, there is considerably more variety among current books of non-fiction. For readers who find Sir James's volume interesting, and who are eager to find out more about the earth they live on, or the universe they live in, there are several recent works of real value. Professor Harlow Shapley's *Flights from Chaos* (Whittlesey House — McGraw-Hill, $2.50), is one of these; it is not much longer than Sir James's book, and along somewhat the same general lines. *Man and the Stars* by Harlan T. Stetson (Whittlesey House — McGraw-Hill, $2.50), tells the story of adventures in astronomy from the very earliest times to the present, and discusses such often-asked questions as whether or not there is life on other planets; whether life has a cosmic significance; and whether science has replaced religion. Professor Stetson's answer to this last question is a decided negative, but neither he nor any others of his learned brethren seem to be able to devise a scientific religion that will serve the purposes of the masses nearly so well as the older creeds.

More limited in scope, but easier to grasp, and much nearer home in subject matter is Kirtley F. Mather's *Sons of the Earth* (Norton, $3.50) a retelling of the story of the rise of civilization, this time by a distinguished geologist. There are more than one hundred illustrations, and the writing is good, clear and simple. The book "vulgarizes" knowledge without any sacrifice of scholarship; it is one of the best things of its kind available at present.

Of books on current topics, Will Durant gives us *The Case for India* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), which was written after a brief stay in a country that must be very difficult to understand at best; it does not strike the Landscaper as having any great value, and the edge has gone off sensational reports of the situation. Dr. Durant found things very bad indeed in India and terribly in need of betterment. He puts all the blame on British rule.

America and the Machine

THE most important of recent books on current matters is *The American Leviathan* by Charles A. Beard and William Beard (Macmillan, $5), subtitled *The Republic in the Machine Age*, and a study of contemporary America by one of our most distinguished historians and his son, the latter a technologist. The blurb writer is of the opinion that this volume will take its place alongside de Tocqueville and Bryce; and this does not seem unreasonable praise. Certainly there are no more interesting nor important questions in this hemisphere than the influence of the tremendous growth of machinery on our government and our civilization, a growth that could not have been foreseen by the Eighteenth Century in which our form of government came into being. This is a book that no intelligent American should overlook.

Another volume that falls into this classification is *This Thing Called Broadcasting* by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, Vice-President and General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America, and Austin C. Lescarboura, former managing editor of *Scientific America* (Holt, $3.50), which tells the remarkable and fascinating tale of radio in the United States. In no time at all radio has grown from nothing to one of the greatest industries in the country, and there are many secrets that are revealed in the Goldsmith-Lescarboura work for the first time. There are a number of illustrations, and the volume should prove a help to the thousands of Americans who hope to find their way in front of a microphone; it will certainly furnish a great deal of information to the hundreds of thousands of fans who listen in regularly.

If Dr. Goldsmith and Mr. Lescarboura have given the world the whole story of radio, Dr. Isaac Goldberg has performed a similar service for song-writing in this country under the title of *Tin-Pan Alley: A Chronicle of the Popular Music Racket* (John Day). There are many photographs and facsimiles for illustrations, and an excellent introduction by George Gershwin. Tin-Pan Alley is no more than forty years old; it is a place where fortune after fortune has been lost and won, and it has been full of good stories ever since it came into being. Dr. Goldberg has overlooked very few of these; he has written the story of one phase of American culture which the historians before the advent of Mark Sullivan would never have thought of touching. The book is entertaining and informative, besides being intelligently written.

Something about Marriage

Another excellent discussion of one of the burning topics of the times, more serious than either broadcasting or popular songs, is *Twenty Four Views of Marriage* (Macmillan, $2.50), which is a really good symposium. It is the result of a survey made by the Presbyterian Church, to which men of the most widely varying opinions were asked to contribute. Perhaps its most striking feature is that even the most radical lean very noticeably toward monogamy, and are of the opinion that marriage as we know it, with all its imperfections, is a valuable institution, and one we can not as yet, at any rate, do without. Bertrand Russell might not find much comfort in this book, with his contention that there is much to be said for polygamy and polyandry — or rather, for promiscuity — but it is quite interesting to note that the religious and scientific thinkers are really remarkably close together in their opinions.

And then there is T. Swann Harding's *Fads, Frauds and Physicians* — many readers of The North American Review will recall Mr. Harding's diverting and thought-provoking attacks on certain evils in the current practice of medicine. His book is published by Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press and costs $3.50. It takes up dozens of phases of the business of "doctoring," and often handles physicians without gloves. Mr. Harding is a layman who appears to know a great deal about the medical racket; at least his findings jibe rather uncannily with experiences which the rest of us have had at first-hand, and he never seems to make charges without being well able to substantiate them. He is of the opinion that state medicine is coming and that it will arrive very speedily if doctors do not mend their ways. The Landscaper is not altogether convinced that the remedy is not worse than the disease; state medicine, like state anything else, sounds ideal, but in practice it might not do much more than give us new evils for the ones we have. The trouble with the practice of medicine is very simple — the doctors and their patients are human beings. It is true that many of the doctors put on sacerdotal whiskers and pretend they belong to a superior race, but this you will never believe again after reading *Fads, Frauds and Physicians.*

Books on Peace

To return for a moment to the subject discussed at the beginning of this article, two new books are available that have a bearing upon the future of war. One is Devere Allen's *The Fight for Peace* (Macmillan, $5), a history of peace movements since 1815, with full documentation — how many wars have we had since the peace movement began? — which concludes with a survey of all the agencies that are at work at the present time, and a summary of the encouraging and discouraging features of the situation. Mr. Allen attempts to answer the arguments of the people who do not believe that war can be stopped by the application of human intelligence to the problem. The other volume is *Ten Years of World Coöperation*, with a foreword by Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General to the League of Nations. This is published by the League of Nations at Geneva, and gives a complete history of a decade of effort toward peace, and toward constructive effort on the part of the League members in many fields. Perhaps there is room for pessimism even after one has taken all the League's achievements into account, but at least something has been done and in this world we should learn early to be grateful for very small favors.

Some New Biographies

A few biographies are about, and no doubt the coming months will see as many life stories of the great published as ever, although it is a fact that the field has been pretty thoroughly combed during the craze of the past two or three years. There is, for lovers of art, *The Life and Art of Dwight William Tryon* by Henry C. White (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), a lavishly illustrated volume, with reproductions of no less than forty-seven paintings by the subject of the study.

There is a fine study of H. G. Wells by Geoffrey West (Norton, $3), with an introduction by Wells himself. Mr. West, whose real name is Wells, too, but not related to Herbert George, has written intelligently and interestingly about a vivid, vital person.

A Puritan in Russia

W. P. Cresson has discovered another of those lost chapters in American history and given it an excellent presentation in *Francis Dana: A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $5). In the very earliest days of this republic, Dana was sent to the court of Great Catherine to win her friendship; he was the son of plain living and high thinking New England parents, and no greater contrast could have existed than that between his early years and the time he spent at the court of an Oriental monarch.

A new aspect of James Abbott MacNeill Whistler's personality is revealed in Elizabeth Robins Pennell's *Whistler the Friend* (Lippincott, $3), an informal sketch of Whistler's association with Fantin-Latour and Legros which is based largely on a collection of letters which Whistler wrote to Fantin. It is Mrs. Pennell's belief that quite enough has been made of Whistler the Enemy, and she has attempted to portray him as a gallant and likable gentleman. One need hardly add that she has been successful; the unpretentious volume is delightfully written, and should appeal to all those who have any real admiration for a great artist. There are many well-chosen illustrations.

A thorough-going and well documented biography is Thomas Walsh's *Isabella of Spain* (McBride, $5), which is a history of the times as well, with much discussion of the Inquisition, and of the expulsion of the Moors for which La Católica was responsible.

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

A Misstatement

By Walter Ferguson

In the December 1930 issue of The North American Review, included in an article by John T. Flynn under the caption *Dwindling Dynasties* appears the following statement:

> Almost at the same time Tom Slick, that audacious oil wildcatter, dropped suddenly out of life, without a child, leaving $75,000,000 to his aged mother.

I feel certain that a magazine with the reputation of The North American Review would not be responsible for the circulation of such an erroneous statement if the facts were available. It is very distressing to Mr. Slick's friends down here in Oklahoma, portraying Mr. Slick in a doubtful light, and, in a measure, distressing to the family he left behind. When Mr. Slick died he left a family composed of a very capable wife who is administering the estate, and three most splendid children. The oldest of these children, Tom, Jr., is developing his father's business capacity, assuming responsibility in advance of his years, and is a capable, outstanding young boy.

While Mr. Slick was essentially a pioneer in oil development, I think the term — "audacious oil wildcatter" — puts him in a rather unfavorable light, in view of the millions of barrels of oil he raised to the surface of the earth and the great fortunes that were made in the wake of his operations. Down here his memory is respected as that of a worthy pioneer in a great industry, without whose tremendous energy and far-flung activities vast amounts of mineral wealth would remain in the ground undiscovered. I believe, Mr. Editor, that you will see it in this light after the facts have been presented to you and you will make some suitable reparation for what I am convinced is an entirely unintentional misstatement.

◆

A Boom

By Eduard de Trzaska

It is such articles as *Prosperity Through Home Building* by John Pell which more than anything else justify a magazine. Congratulations on being the first to suggest a concrete idea for the remedying of our economic depression. If railroad and automobile building gave this country her two most prosperous periods, why can't home building on a corresponding scale give her a third as soon as possible?

◆

Repeal That Law

By Harry E. Hauf

I might be termed a fanatic for referring to the subject of Prohibition, but an item in your magazine turned my attention to that subject. This article decried the immunity of newspapers from criticism and their attitude of side-stepping the important question of the day. Yet the country needs a medium to express in a true light the results of the era of Prohibition. And time alone is solving that problem of Prohibition. The prosperity claimed for its duration was but an after effect of the condition of the world. At the beginning of the period our leading competitors were disabled and were forced to us for supplies, because we were sitting on top of the world. Then a law was passed which changed the situation. Our wealth slipped from us. Now we are a people isolated, not by waters but by a wall of law.

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Into the pleasant offices of the German Tourist Information Bureau in New York came a smart young American girl. "I want to go to Germany this summer, and most of all I want to visit Heidelberg. I wish to stroll about in the gardens of the old Schloss, visit the forbidden duelling grounds, and read the names scrawled on the walls of the student prison. When is the most romantic time of the year for me to go there?" Like people in tourist offices the world over, the gentleman addressed was ready for any emergency. The deep scar on his left cheek showed that he might have given a bit of first hand information about Heidelberg and its ancient customs, if necessary, but he only smiled and asked, "How do you like your romance, giddy and gay or colored with the more tender nuances?" Brightening at the suggestion of such variety the girl laughed, "Oh, have you both kinds?" "Yes, particularly in Heidelberg," vouchsafed the agent. You know during July and August the castle ruins are illuminated in the evening. A noisy rocket from the river gives the signal and suddenly from the wide terrace to the highest turret the old Schloss is a-gleam against a crimson sky. Along the banks of the Neckar stroll bands of gay merrymakers and romance, in all its splendid glamour, gives a gala performance. But if romance for you means lingering in the quiet paths of the castle's garden, dreaming your own dreams on some soft May evening when the fruit trees scatter fragrance and forgetfulness abroad under the influence of a slip of a moon, then May is none too soon for you to get you to Heidelberg. Besides, an early start leaves you the rest of the summer to discover the romance scattered with a prodigal hand from one end of Germany to the other."

Germany Entertains This Summer

Many of us are drawn to Germany because of her music. So spontaneous, so ingrained in the German people is their love of music that every summer there is a natural pouring forth of her talent as evidenced in the festivals that are held in any number of her cities. More familiar to us all, perhaps, are the four weeks of the Wagner Festival Plays in Bayreuth, to be held this summer in July and August. During the third week of July when the festival plays begin — including *Parsifal*, *Tristan* and *Tannhäuser* — a stream of music lovers from all parts of the world pours into the ancient Frankish city. Toscanini will conduct *Tristan*, Karl Muck *Parsifal*, and Carl Elmendorff carrying on the heritage of Siegfried Wagner as conductor of the *Ring*, will again, under the general direction of Frau Winifred Wagner, convey a message of great art to thousands. Munich, among other presentations, will revive as an outstanding musical feature this season, Mozart's *Idomeneo*, so rarely heard. It will be given in the Residenz Theatre where it was first performed a century and a half ago. At Berlin's three opera houses and in the famous Dresden Opera all the best pieces from the winter repertoires will be repeated this summer. A bit of special good fortune will fall to the share of those who find themselves in Germany between May 19 and 24, for in Gorlitz, Silesia, a Silesian music festival will be held under the conductorship of Wilhelm Furtwangler.

Rothenburg's Anniversary

In the quaint mediæval city of Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber with its narrow streets, picturesque houses and ancient walls, a celebration of vast importance to tourists this summer will be the fiftieth anniversary of the Rothenburg performance of *Meistertrunk* (Master Drink). Prominent stage managers take the matter in hand, the townspeople are the actors, and the romantic and charming old city itself supplies the setting. Other historic folk plays will be given also in Dinkelsbuehl, Noerdlingen and Landshut.

There is something new in Germany every time you go there. You will never guess what it is this year so I might as well tell you — indoor sea baths in which artificial waves, mechanically produced, buffet you with Father Neptune's own playful roughness, and make it possible for you to enjoy a real sea bath the whole year round. The first of the famous German resorts to introduce this novelty is Norderney on the North Sea. Berlin has had a *Wellenbad* in its Luna Park, but only with fresh water, so that at present Norderney has things all its own way in this respect. It also enjoys a splendid Kurhaus and the only genuine golf links on the North Sea coast.

Another innovation, this time at Nauheim, and

THE
MAYFLOWER

WASHINGTON'S
FINEST HOTEL

AN INSTITUTION
IN KEEPING WITH
THE BEAUTY AND
GRANDEUR OF
THE NATION'S
CAPITAL

Daniel J. O'Brien,
President and Managing Director
CONNECTICUT AVENUE AT L STREET

such a cheerful one, is the introduction of dancing as a method for strengthening the heart. Amateur and professional dancers will meet here in July in a contest for the dancing championship of Europe, and though such contests might be too strenuous for health seekers, they may be an inspiration, along with the Rose Festival which beautifies all Nauheim in the same month. Those who go to take the cure at Wiesbaden in May when the weather is at its best, will find themselves in time for the international automobile tournament and a week of the famous festival in the State Theatre and Kurhaus which, like the great autumn week in Baden-Baden, are always events in society.

Horse Show in Aachen

Such a pleasing impression have the German entries in the Horse Shows in New York and Boston made on Americans this year that a continued interest will be felt by many of them in the German Derby in Hamburg, the famous horse races in Baden-Baden and the equestrian tournament to be held in Aachen (or Aix-la-Chapelle) in July. This tournament is the largest in Germany and it is expected that the riders will give an excellent account of themselves. There are other attractions in Aix too, while you are there. In this ancient city Charlemagne once held kingly sway and no fewer than thirty-two emperors and kings have been crowned there, many of them in the Rathaus or Town Hall which has served the city since the Fourteenth Century when it was built on the site of Charlemagne's palace. This is something worth seeing in these days of republics. Here too (if we may bring things down a little more to our own times) Reuter started his now famous newsgathering service with carrier pigeons. So does romance wind in and out of things that are past and link them to the forever present. That may be one reason why romanticists love to go to Germany.

Who's Who in Scandinavia

Scandinavians are so often associated in the minds of Americans with those hardy pioneers who have practically made Minnesota their own and Chicago their mecca, that it is enlightening to us all to realize once in a while that Scandinavia covers a lot of ground and three very distinct nations. If you do not believe it, just try calling a Swede a Norwegian, or the other way round, or mention either of them as Danish. You will be surprised how distinctly individual the nations we so casually bulk as Scandinavians are in character, language, architecture and almost everything else, though they unite in using kroner for money, albeit even this is Danish, Swedish and Norwegian.

Perhaps you and I came first to glimpse these great countries through some of the very familiar things we have grown up with all our lives and did not realize it. Can't you remember as a child always seeing a box of Swedish matches with its yellow label on the kitchen shelf, just out of reach? You know a Swede invented safety matches and Swedish matches are still lighting most of the world's pipes and cigarettes and fires generally. Haven't you opened dozens and dozens of cans of sardines bearing on their labels the adventure tossed ships of seafaring Norsemen? And, after all, didn't you think those silver sardines from the clear blue waters round Norway made just about the best sandwiches you ever tasted? I do. Maybe because of the romantic picture on the can, but I always liked these best. Then we have all lingered over our well beloved volumes of Hans Andersen's fairy tales with their wild swans, and snow queens and elves; and somewhere in every well regulated family there has been a cherished bit of Royal Copenhagen porcelain, mayhap in the form of a bird, or a rabbit, or a dog.

It may be these early recollections are bearing fruit, but at any rate today we are demanding and acquiring through first-hand experience an acquaintance with the Scandinavian countries. There may have been a time when you thought of them as too far away for vacation consideration, unless you had unlimited time at your disposal. Laplanders, reindeer and the Land of the Midnight Sun always suggested the Arctic, and it is true that you may enjoy the delightful novelty of these if you wish to travel up to the North Cape and the northernmost part of the Scandinavian peninsula. But it is a very long peninsula and by far the greater part of it is endowed with agreeable summer weather by grace of the kindly Gulf Stream, and is surprisingly near the great European centres. Today, if you are truly modern, you will eat your breakfast of good English bacon and marmalade in London, or your coffee and rolls in Paris and fly to Denmark or Sweden in time for an appetizing dinner beginning with a generous *smörgesbord* the same night.

We Ferry to Norway and Sweden

FROM New York there are several steamship lines direct to Scandinavian ports. But if you have chosen to reach Europe on any of the liners which nose their way into the docks at Hamburg, you may fly over to Sweden, via Copenhagen in two hours — four hours less time than it takes to go from New York to Boston by rail. Or, if your destination is Norway, you may connect at Hamburg with the express service of the B and N Line and arrive in Bergen in just twenty hours. This

LAPLAND

THE Midnight Sun by modern, electric train; the only railroad passenger service in the world that crosses the Arctic Circle!

There is no other trip quite like this; few destinations so dramatic. Any day take a commodious fully appointed train at Stockholm, enjoy delicious meals, then a long night's comfortable rest in your private sleeping compartment. And the next day under electric power, you arrive in Lapland, within the Arctic Circle, where the Midnight Sun makes strange day out of night.

Also, within easy reach of Stockholm, cente of Northern Europe's playground, is Visby, city of ruins and roses; quaint costume Dalecarlia; Värmland, country of Göst Berling; and the marvelous Göta Canal.

Eight days direct from New York by the Swedish American Line. From London or Paris by convenient boat or train service—ten hours by air. Through trains from Berlin and Hamburg. Booklet free from any travel bureau or write

SWEDISH STATE RAILWAYS
Travel Information Bureau Dept. K
551 Fifth Avenue New York City

SWEDEN

IN THE
CANADIAN
MANNER

there is a warmth of welcome and generous hospitality at the Log Chateau, Lucerne-in-Quebec, where the winter carnival spirit is now high. Clear, bright days for the winter sports and warm, cheery evenings for relaxation are at their best in Lucerne-in-Quebec.

The Log Chateau is a club hotel maintained primarily for members of the Seigniory Club.

For reservations apply to the Manager, Log Chateau, Lucerne-in-Quebec, Canada.

LUCERNE
in QUEBEC

A CLUB COMMUNITY

LQ41

NORWAY

MIDNIGHT SUN TRIPS
by PLEASURE CRUISER

"*Stella Polaris*"

Four North Cape cruises, sailing from Havre June 3rd, from Newcastle June 18th, July 2nd and July 16th, Spitsbergen cruise from Newcastle July 30th. Visiting Fjords, North Cape, Spitsbergen, etc. *For particulars, apply local steamship agent or write Dept. S.*

B & N LINE

280 Broadway New York

line also operates a fine fleet of vessels between Newcastle and Bergen, and between Rotterdam and Bergen. If you choose the more familiar mode of travel and go by train, you may enjoy the novel experience of being ferried across the Baltic Sea in a few hours via Warnemünde-Gedser to Copenhagen, or via Sassnitz in Germany to Tralleberg. This taking a ferry across the Baltic Sea sounds rather staggering at first, but because the Swedish or Danish ferry boats are built much like modern ocean steamers with spacious decks, dining-rooms and cabins, are thoroughly seaworthy and stable, the trip is an extremely pleasant adventure. Through carriages and sleeping cars are run from Berlin and Hamburg to Copenhagen and Stockholm, Gothenburg and Oslo, the trains being ferried across as well as the passengers, and by the time you reach the other side all custom arrangements have been taken care of and you are ready to fare north without delay.

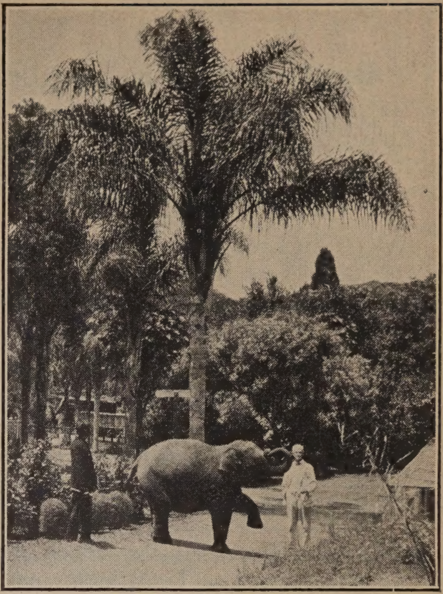
Malmö, the principal airport of entry into Sweden from south and central Europe, lies directly across the Kattegat from Copenhagen, and during the summer season the anticipation of a nine hours' journey between Malmö and Copenhagen to London, Paris and Brussels by air, instead of the usual thirty-six, holds a strong appeal. An air service is also maintained during the summer between Oslo, Gothenburg and Copenhagen. Thus Scandinavia is drawn closer and closer and made as available as it has been alluring for inclusion in your summer plans.

Not one of us would miss a glimpse of some of Norway's fjords, her lacy waterfalls and a journey through the land of the Vikings if we can make it in the time we have arranged for our trip abroad, and today, thanks to the general use and safety of the airlines, this is quite practical. If you have always promised yourself that some day you would familiarize yourself with modern Swedish architecture, and have a picnic on one of these charming little islands in the Skargård that are affectionately (surely it must be affectionately) called "skerries" — this summer is an excellent time to go. For Scandinavia is very beautiful in the summertime, fresh and fair to look upon. People there are kindly and hospitable. Even the weather manages to beguile you and one fair day after another whispers, "Why not linger?" Never was finer yachting than in the waters round Stockholm, and the seaside has endless attractive resorts — simple or fashionable as you prefer. If you have not forgotten the joys of riding a bicycle, or would take on a new accomplishment, run over to Copenhagen where according to statistics there are more bicycles per capita than in any other city in the world, and discover for yourself the beauties of those Danish farms, as well as some of Hans Andersen's castles and his fairies nearby, famous the world over. It is on these farms that many American exchange students have visited when gaining a more intimate knowledge of and friendly acquaintance with our Danish neighbors, although Copenhagen itself may lure the sophisticated traveller.

Athens Keeps Open House

THE fact that nearly every Mediterranean cruise ship either going or coming glides through classic Greek waters up to Piraeus, the ancient port of Athens which still retains its inspiring name, proves conclusively that our heritage from the Golden Days of Greece still exercises a most potent attraction for each one of us. We have all struggled in our day with the differences between Doric and Corinthian columns, worried over the syllogisms of Pythagoras, thrilled over the majesty of Greek tragedy and wept with Byron over the rape of the Elgin Marbles — so when you come right down to brass tacks, we know Greece from a distance tolerably well. But still there is something of the old Missourian, who has to be shown, in all of us and we lose no opportunity to see Athens and its much pictured Acropolis with our own eyes. Whether this interest in Greece has been stimulated by the continuing performance of the Greek comedy *Lysistrata* (now in its two thousand three hundred and forty-first year), in its unprecedented New York run, is a question, but the fact remains that all the popular Mediterranean cruises include Athens.

As we pass to and fro in the streets of modern Athens, shopping for all that is up to the last minute in Hermes Street and rubbing shoulders with a cosmopolitan throng including countless refugees from Asia Minor, it is stimulating to realize that through the streets of this same city Socrates once walked, going daily among men in the market place and among the temples, talking with those who cared to listen and, by asking searching questions, forcing men to think and give astonished utterance to original thought. Not far from the Acropolis and Mars Hill where Paul, amid the mighty works of Phidias told the Athenians that, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands," is another ledge of great antiquity. Here dungeons have been excavated from the solid rock, one of them being known as the "Prison of Socrates," and hereabout Socrates drank the poisoned cup handed him by his enemies. It is arresting to learn that Socrates left no notes nor ever wrote a line, yet his thoughts have been preserved for us by his pupils Xenophon and Plato.



In Mitchell Park, Durban

SOUTH AFRICA

Golden Days— Starry Nights!

Winter — and you long for sunny lands, genial climes! Connoisseurs of travel joys are turning toward South Africa, where floods of sunshine, blue skies, and an exhilarating atmosphere fill one with fresh zest for all outdoor sports — and your eyes may feast on a wealth of wonders such as only Africa offers.

Where else can you see Victoria Falls? The charming, historic Cape Peninsula? Mines that yield more than half the world's gold? Famed Kimberley, whose sparkling gems bedeck the fair ones of earth? The Bantu with his primitive kraal, unique tribal ceremonies, his witch doctors and war dances?

Seaside joys at Durban, Port Elizabeth, Muizenberg and East London — Kruger National Park, with its 250,000 head of African big game — the subterranean fairyland of the Cango Caves — the quaint rock paintings of ancient Bushmen, and the amazing profusion of gorgeous flowers — these are a few more of the interesting high lights of travel in South Africa.

13,000 miles of modern railroads with de luxe express trains, splendid motor highways, and excellent hotels, minister to your every comfort and convenience.

Full information and booklet HB-13 will be gladly supplied by Director, Government Travel Bureau of South Africa, 11 Broadway, New York City.

3-1653

By Way of Introduction

Paul D. Hasbrouck (*Detour U. S. 72*), of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., knows theoretical politics — in Washington, at Hamilton College and Columbia University.

William Lyon Phelps (*The Country or the City*) is an indefatigable product of American cultural life; although by profession linked with the academic world, his days are businesslike in character.

O. R. Strackbein (*The Cuban Tangle*), born in Texas, saw his first railroad train at twelve years of age; he now serves in Caracas as Assistant Trade Commissioner of the Department of Commerce.

Melanie Earle Keiser (*Honey Along the Road*) was also Texas born, and has spent most of her life in Cuba, where she knows the natives well.

Wallace Irwin (*What Price Travel?*) has, with his brother Will, made the name of Irwin well known to the American reading public.

James Noble Gifford (*Tan in February*) is qualified to write on Palm Beach since he has spent nine winters — and one summer! — there.

Tom White (*Exit the Windjammer*) comes by his love of the sea honestly, through father and grandfather and so on back for a hundred and fifty years.

Lieut. Frank Dorn, U. S. A. (*Exile on a Coral Beach*) has been stationed in the Philippines, and is now studying at Fort Sill, Okla.

Amelia R. Neville (*The Fantastic City*) was the daughter of Col. Leander Ransome who, in 1850, was sent to California to make Government land surveys.

Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods (*Through Inferno*) the wife of a former Ambassador to several capitals of the world, is now travelling in Italy with her husband.

Louis H. Cook (*Brookhart, Insurgent*) is a newspaperman and the chairman of the Iowa State Board of Assessment and Review.

Society Sponsors Lucerne-in-Quebec

A four season vacation spot is something to consider in a more thoughtful way than those which open their gates, be they ever so hospitable, for a few months at a time, particularly if it is as easily accessible as is Lucerne-in-Quebec. This 80,000 acre recreation land lies in the broad valley of the Ottawa River forty-five miles east of Ottawa, seventy-five miles west of Montreal, and is but an overnight run from New York, Boston and Toronto. This estate, of which the gracious old Papineau Manor House is the centre, stretching far back into the Laurentians and offering exclusive shooting and fishing rights, is now being administered for the Lucerne-in-Quebec Seigniory Club by a group, on the board of which are gentlemen associated with the best in social and business life in Canada: Hon. L. A. Taschereau; E. W. Beatty, K.C.; Hon. Frederic L. Beique, K.C.; Sir Herbert Holt; Sir Charles Gordon; W. N. Tilley, K.C.

In the old manor house of Louis Joseph Papineau which offers a priceless blend of sports recreation, leisure and seclusion, you will find the same gracious hospitality dispensed today as in those turbulent times when the famous French Canadian patriot entertained the visiting celebrities of many lands. Only today you may entertain with the easy formality of the hunting lodge, or give a ball in an atmosphere of tasteful dignity. You may live in the Lucerne-in-Quebec Log Château, the largest log-built hotel in the world, which in spite of its rustic charm provides all the luxuries of the sophisticated world, or in your own log cabin hidden away remotely in the deep silence of the forest.

As for winter sports in Lucerne-in-Quebec, the mile-long bob sleigh run will be lighted at night from end to end this winter, offering new and thrilling adventures for its devotees; while the toboggan slide, the skating rink and the ever alluring ski trails provide opportunity for unlimited enjoyment.

Drastic North Atlantic Fare Reductions

An item of interest to travellers is the rate reduction on first and second class and cabin passages made by the North Atlantic lines, effective Dec. 20, 1930. Members of the Trans-Atlantic Conference have conformed to these reductions which are more drastic where first class reservations are concerned than either the second class or cabin accommodations. They are the largest made in many years and should make an appreciable difference to you in scheduling your travel budget this year.

The Compleat SHOPPER

Valentine's Day — Lincoln's birthday — and Washington's! Dinners, and luncheons and bridges! Let me whisper in the ear of the busy hostess that at Ovington's are lovely little Italian pottery baskets for individual servings of nuts or sweetmeats. The basket-weave design comes in green or yellow with rose-buds of natural tints; $5.00 the dozen.

* * *

Even our candlesticks may assume an air of gaiety! The Guido Wrought Iron Shop has fashioned a group of animated figures — golfers, promenaders, baseball players and other amusing gentlemen, each of whom carries a candle in his hat. Their vitality and sprightliness are such that I expected them to walk right off the shelves. The prices are around five dollars. If you are seeking an unusual hostess or wedding gift, do let me send you a catalogue although not even a photograph can do them justice.

* * *

Show me a thrill which equals those swift moments when you sail down a snow-buried hillside on a pair of stout skis! But winter winds are biting and there are often tumbles into cold, cold drifts so you need be well-dressed. At Abercrombie and Fitch you will find an endless selection of skiing outfits for women. For myself I would choose a navy blue gaberdine suit with zipper fastenings ($55.00), a soft chamois blouse for extra warmth ($18.50), and a set of woolly socks, mits, scarf and toque in bright red or green ($22.50). With sturdy square-toed boots ($12.00), I could face any jump. To be smartly and comfortably dressed brings surprising courage!

* * *

Have you heard the story behind your favorite Harris tweed suit? On the island of Harris and Lewis off the north coast of Scotland, each little cottage has its own spinning-wheel or loom upon which are woven the homespun Harris tweeds. From the coats of the sheep which roam the moorlands comes the wool which, dyed with extractions from seaweed, flowers, "crottle" from the rocks and soot from the chimneys, is hand-carded and hand-spun. Woven into patterns upon a wooden loom, it is then softened by a hot water wash and teased and beaten while still damp. This "waulking" process which gives the tweed its inimitable texture has become a village celebration; men, women and children gather to sing and play on Waulking Day on Harris and Lewis Island. The tweeds are born of the country, made in the country and, as you know, look their best in the country.

* * *

The moment I saw this pair of lovely china vases I knew exactly where they belonged — on a simple Colonial mantelpiece in an old Massachusetts farmhouse. And then I took them home to my city apartment and found that they were quite as charming on a walnut book-case. Their hawthorne pattern of delft blue is exquisite, but they are only $4.00 a pair. You may order one for $2.00.

* * *

I admit defeat! The dictionary, the thesaurus, the encyclopaedia — all failed to supply words of the proper flavor to tempt you as I was tempted, so I shall merely give you the facts. A razor-back, Smithfield Virginia ham will be soaked for three days and nights, boiled slowly for hours, baked in brown sugar in the great ovens at Maison Glass while constantly basted in its own juices, and sent to your table to show you how delicious real ham may be. The prices, $7 to $12, are based on the weight before cooking at one dollar a pound. Postage is collect.

Dorothy Bradshaw

HARRIS TWEED

The cream of Scotch Homespuns and aristocrat of all sports wear. Direct from the makers. Suit-lengths cut to order and sent postage paid. Patterns free on stating shade desired.

James St. Tweed Depot, 591 Stornoway, Scotland

The Oglethorpe Book of Georgia Verse

Compiled by
Thornwell Jacobs, M.A., Lit.D., L.L.D.

Assisted by
Mary Brent Whiteside, Lit.D.
and
James Edward Routh, Ph.D.

With an introduction by
Nathan Haskell Dole, L.L.D.

A Comprehensive Anthology of the poetry of Georgia, covering a period of two hundred years, from the early hymns of Charles Wesley, down to the recent work of a group that includes Conrad Aiken, Agnes Kendrick Gray, Ernest Hartsock, Daniel Whitehead Hicky, Arthur Crew Inman, Thornwell Jacobs, Roselle Mercier Montgomery, Anderson M. Scruggs, and Mary Brent Whiteside.

An invaluable reference work for schools and libraries.

$4.00, postpaid

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

7% and SAFETY.

STATE SUPERVISION AND CONTROL

Full paid certificates; denominations $100 and up. Dividends payable monthly in cash. No fees or fines of any character. *Earnings exempt from Federal Income Tax up to $300 annually.*

FIRST MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE SECURITY

Write for literature; no solicitors

First State Bldg. & Loan Assn.
Allen Building DALLAS, TEXAS
A-58

$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E166"

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

33 days EUROPE $255

Foremost Student Tours, All Expenses

20,000 satisfied members. Small parties. First class hotels. More motor travel. 250 tours, 26 days $235 to 104 days $890. Seven-country tour $345.

Send for Booklet

COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

(*Continued from page VII*)

and well-diversified portfolios including balanced proportions of bonds and preferred stocks. A further error was that profits thus realized were treated as current income instead of being put into a reserve out of which fixed charges could be met in depression.

Finally, there is the important factor that in most cases the liquidating value of the investment trust has declined by a greater percentage than the stock market averages have declined. In the case of a properly diversified investment trust, including bonds in its portfolio, the reverse should certainly have been true, and unless the trusts can make a better record than this there will be no reason for their existence.

It is not in the least likely that management trusts will continue in disfavor. The mistakes made have been those of practice rather than principle. The huge British trusts of the management type went through a similar experience in the 'Nineties and learned their lesson, and since then their record during depressions has justified their existence and demonstrated the usefulness of the investment (not the speculative) trust to the public. In the long run the best American trusts will doubtless recapitulate their experience.

For those who are incapable of, or averse to, making their investment decisions for themselves three means of escaping this responsibility are opening up:

1. Employment of impartial professional counsel.
2. The general management trust.
3. The fixed trust.

Where the funds are large enough the professional counsel will be preferred. The best management trusts will be essentially equivalent to the professional counsel, and available to investors of smaller means, but the field will doubtless never be wholly rid of incompetent or dishonest management. The fixed trusts will supplement these by catering to those who wish to escape the risk of human incompetence or dishonesty altogether. Until the world is rid of those, of fake oil stocks and all kinds of bogus "investment" schemes, the fixed trust ought to be cherished. Those who are really in need of them should use them.

RUMFORD PRESS

Traveller's Guide

TRANS-ATLANTIC SAILINGS:

Bergensfjord, Norwegian America, Oslo, Feb. 21
Baltic, White Star, Liverpool, Jan. 17
Pennland, Red Star, Antwerp, Jan. 23
Gripsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Jan. 17, Feb. 21
George Washington, United States, Hamburg, Jan. 21
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Jan. 24
Scythia, Cunard, Liverpool, Jan. 24
United States, Scandinavian-American, Oslo, Jan. 24
Ascania, Cunard, London, Jan. 24
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, Jan. 30
Milwaukee, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Jan. 30
Minnetonka, Atlantic Transport, London, Jan. 31
Hellig Olaf, Scandinavian-American, Oslo, Jan. 31
Drottningholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Jan. 31
Lancastria, Cunard, London, Jan. 31
California, Anchor, Glasgow, Jan. 31
Pres. Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, Feb. 4
Roma, N.G.I., Genoa, Feb. 4
Deutschland, Hamburg-American, Hamburg, Feb. 5
Westernland, Red Star, Antwerp, Feb. 6
Ile de France, French, Havre, Feb. 6
Stavangerfjord, Norwegian America, Oslo, Feb. 7
Juan Sebastian Eleano, Spanish Royal Mail, Barcelona, Feb. 8
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, Feb. 7, Feb. 28
Alaunia, Cunard, Liverpool, Feb. 7
Aurania, Cunard, London, Feb. 7
Conte Grande, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Feb. 10
Frederik VIII, Scandinavian-American, Oslo, Feb. 11
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Feb. 12
Cameronia, Anchor, Glasgow, Feb. 14
France, French Line, Havre, Feb. 14
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, Feb. 14
Augustus, N.G.I., Genoa, Feb. 18
Berlin, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Feb. 19
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Feb. 19
Paris, French Line, Havre, Feb. 20
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, Feb. 20
Ausonia, Cunard, London, Feb. 21
Scythia, Cunard, Liverpool, Feb. 21
Transylvania, Anchor, Glasgow, Feb. 21
Saturnia, Cosulich, Naples, Feb. 21

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS:

From Vancouver —
Empress of Russia, Canadian Pacific, Hongkong, Jan. 31
Empress of Japan, Canadian Pacific, Hongkong, Feb. 28
Yokohama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Feb. 7
Niagara, Union Royal Mail, Australia, Feb. 4
From Seattle —
Pres. Grant, American Mail-Dollar, Hongkong, Jan. 24
Pres. Cleveland, American Mail-Dollar, Hongkong, Feb. 7
Pres. Pierce, American Mail-Dollar, Hongkong, Feb. 21
Hiye Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Feb. 18
From San Francisco —
Pres. Lincoln, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Jan. 30
Pres. Madison, American Mail-Dollar, Manila, Feb. 13
Taiyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Jan. 22
Tatsuta Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Jan. 31
Shinyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Feb. 21
Makura, Union Royal Mail, Australia, Jan. 21

SAILINGS TO HAWAII:

From San Francisco —
Wilhelmina, Matson Line, Honolulu, Jan. 21, Feb. 18
Malolo, Matson Line, Honolulu, Jan. 24, Feb. 21
Maui, Matson Line, Honolulu, Jan. 28
Manoa, Matson Line, Honolulu, Feb. 4
Sierra, Matson Line, Honolulu and Sydney, Australia, Feb. 5
Matsonia, Matson Line, Honolulu, Feb. 11
From Los Angeles —
Calawaii, Los Angeles S.S. Co., Honolulu, Jan. 17, Feb. 7
City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S.S. Co., Honolulu, Jan. 24, Feb. 14

SAILINGS ROUND THE WORLD:

From New York —
Pres. Garfield, American Mail-Dollar, Jan. 29
Pres. Polk, American Mail-Dollar, Feb. 12
Pres. Adams, American Mail-Dollar, Feb. 26

Tours and Cruises

MEDITERRANEAN, FROM NEW YORK:

Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, February 3
Thos. Cook & Son, *S.S. Homeric*, January 24
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Hamburg*, January 31
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Carinthia*, January 31
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, February 26
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, March 7
French Line, *S.S. France*, Feb. 14, Mar. 20

ROUND THE WORLD, FROM NEW YORK:

Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Columbus*, January 21

WEST INDIES, FROM NEW YORK:

Cosulich Line, *Vulcania*, Jan. 23, Feb. 14, 1931
Canadian Pacific, *Duchess of Bedford*, February 11, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Volendam*, January 21, February 11
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Statendam*, January 27, February 24, 1931
Anchor Line, *Caledonia*, Jan. 24, Feb. 14
Cunard Line, *Aurania*, Mar. 13, Apr. 1
Cunard Line, *Caledonia*, Apr. 16
North German Lloyd, *Steuben*, Jan. 31, Feb. 17

WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA, FROM NEW YORK:

Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, January 31, February 21, March 14

ORIENTAL WINTER CRUISE:

American Mail Line, *President Grant*, sailing from Seattle, Jan. 24

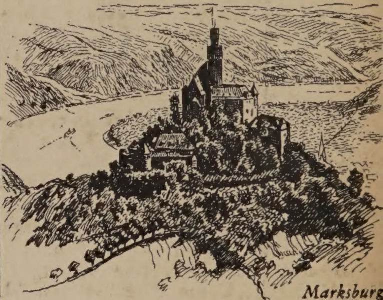
SOUTH AFRICAN CRUISE:

American South African Line, *S.S. City of New York*, January 31; 90 day cruise.

GERMANY
LAND OF POETIC CASTLES

Burg Rheinstein

Neuschwanstein Castle



Marksburg

Romance perches on the wall and keep of castles famous in song and story: Heidelberg, Lichtenstein, the Wartburg. Gay steamers bear the American traveler down the fabled Rhine that flows by towering Drachenfels, and evokes the legend of Siegfried and the Nibelungen. Palaces surmount craggy hills; and little inns open hospitable doors. Great modern cities display operas, theatres, musical comedies, fashionable cabarets, and informal restaurants. The Rheingold Express glides in hurrying luxury. No visé charge, of course, and moderate prices everywhere, and kindly courtesy.

Ruine Drachenfels

"Going to Europe" means going to Germany

GERMAN TOURIST
INFORMATION OFFICE
665 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany.

60

Name ....

Address ....

North American Review

Rec'd FEB 20 1931 B. P. L.

March

Scapegoats, Old and New . . . . Joseph Stagg Lawrence
Lilies of Jade *An Oriental Story* . . . . H. M. K. Smith
Democratic Possibilities for 1932 . . . . Henry Carter
Stables *Background of Boxing* . . . . Jack Kofoed
The Rebel on the Bench *Judge Clark* . . . . Joseph P. Pollard
What's Wrong with the Men? . . . . . . Louise Maunsell Field
Single Blessedness . . . . Mitchell Bronk
Labor Turns to the Injunction . . . . Alpheus B. Mason
If Only Policemen Could Sing! . . . . T. Swann Harding
Revolt in the Tropics *Poverty and Politics* . . Carl F. Westerberg
How Canada Deals with Its Criminals . . . . James Montagnes
The Unemployment Challenge . . . . H. W. Moorhouse
The Home of the Anti-Saloon League . . . George Allan England
Departments by W. A. D., Barbara E. Scott,
Alan H. Temple *and* Herschel Brickell

Forty Cents a Copy *Founded in the year 1815* Four Dollars a Year

“We shall reap

if we faint not”

MAN lives in an ever-changing, never-changing world.

Just as in America today, so in the Ancient World there was trouble when Paul sent his soul-stirring, heart-inspiring, mind-stimulating message to the brethren in Galatia.

“AND LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL DOING; FOR IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP, IF WE FAINT NOT.”

The progress of science and invention has brought comfort to millions that once only a few could enjoy. But the doubts and fears, the trials and tribulations of the Ancient World still attack the human heart and mind. They are the things that sap and undermine courage, confidence and initiative.

No one understands better than B. C. Forbes that the GREATER a man’s business responsibilities, THE GREATER HIS NEED for words that strengthen and uplift.

So, in the pages of FORBES, the reader will always find among its practical and informative articles and editorials A MESSAGE THAT STIRS MAN TO ACTION. Issue by issue, year in and year out, both the letter and the spirit of the message, “we shall reap, if we faint not” are restated in a thousand different ways.

That is the reason, we are told, why so many business leaders of today and tomorrow prefer FORBES to all other publications which deal with Commerce, Finance and Industry.

For B. C. Forbes and his associates have developed an equally-balanced editorial program. With the service of disseminating impartial, accurate and helpful information, THEY HAVE INCLUDED A SPIRIT THAT RENEWS MAN’S ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM AND INSPIRES HIM TO GIVE THE BEST OF HIMSELF TO HIS WORK EACH DAY.

80,000 successful men in business, with a keen sense of social responsibility to their organization and community, now read FORBES. More men of this calibre and point of view should read FORBES regularly. For they are not only the men who determine the buying in their own organizations, but are the men who, because of their devotion to the public welfare, direct the building of the churches, the schools and the hospitals in their community.

Dedicated to a constructive service, matured by years of experience, FORBES offers to serious-minded business men of responsibility A MAGAZINE THAT WILL GUIDE THEM WISELY in the field of Business, Finance, the Business of Life. Send for a sample copy.

FORBES BUSINESS, FINANCE, BUSINESS OF LIFE

Published twice a month. *Sold at newsstands.* *25c a copy.*
Annual subscription, 24 issues, $5.00. *B. C. Forbes, Editor, 120-5th Ave., N. Y.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Momentum

Momentum means mass speed ahead. In business it depends on a nice balance of quantity in production and velocity in sales. How *much*—how *quick*. Reduce either of these factors, put one out of balance with the other, and momentum is lost.

Momentum is a most important factor in any *continuous* forward movement of business. It is like success. It gains power on its own impetus. Curb it and business lags.

Modern Accountancy, in principle, is a basic necessity to business momentum. As a *fact,* it is the essential oil for smooth, unhindered movement. Organization is visionless without its dependable facts and figures. Its business budget, its protective costs, its system, knowledge, control—are all vital factors to the easy running of material things.

But *most* important, Modern Accountancy is the inspiration, in any business, to *mental* momentum—the orderly, continuous speed-ahead of fearless, constructive thought.

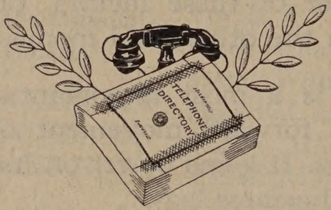
ERNST & ERNST

ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS

SYSTEM SERVICE

AKRON
ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BIRMINGHAM
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CANTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
DALLAS
DAVENPORT
DAYTON
DENVER
DETROIT
ERIE
FORT WAYNE
FORT WORTH
GRAND RAPIDS
HARTFORD
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSON, MISS.
KALAMAZOO
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PROVIDENCE
READING
RICHMOND
ROCHESTER
ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL
SAN ANTONIO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
TAMPA
TOLEDO
TULSA
WACO
WASHINGTON
WHEELING
WILMINGTON, DEL.
WINSTON-SALEM
YOUNGSTOWN

FOR VALUE RECEIVED



A GREAT MANY PEOPLE will tell you that the biggest single service that five cents can buy today is a local telephone call. Without question, it is big value . . . and value that steadily grows as new telephones come into your neighborhood.

There are times when telephone service is priceless . . . when the ability to call instantly a doctor, a policeman, or the fire department could not be measured in terms of money.

But it is not alone the emergencies that give the telephone its value. There are the commonplaces of every-day conversation . . . in the home, the shop, the office . . . whenever you wish two-way communication with any one, almost anywhere.

The telephone has become such an everyday, matter-of-fact convenience—like running water and electricity—that it is natural to take it for granted. It is well to pause occasionally and consider the nation-wide organization of men, money, and materials that makes this vital service possible, and at such low cost.

Here is a system of the public, for the public . . . run on the barest margin of profit consistent with service, security, and expansion. A service that grows as the community grows . . . placing within the reach of an increasing number the means to talk back and forth with people in the next block, the next county, a distant state, a foreign country, or on a ship at sea! No other money that you spend can bring you more actual value.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

Walter Butler Mahony
Editor

John Pell
Managing Editor

Willis Fletcher Johnson — B. S. Stanoyevich — William Alton DeWitt
Associate Editors

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

Volume 231 *March 1931* Number 3

Apéritif . . . . *W. A. D.* 193
Scapegoats Old and New . . . . *Joseph Stagg Lawrence* 197
Lilies of Jade (Story) . . . . *H. M. K. Smith* 205
Democratic Possibilities for 1932 . . . . *Henry Carter* 215
Stables . . . . *Jack Kofoed* 221
The Rebel on the Bench . . . . *Joseph P. Pollard* 227
What's Wrong with the Men? . . . . *Louise M. Field* 234
March (Poem) . . . . *Robert B. Gray* 240
Single Blessedness . . . . *Mitchell Bronk* 241
Before Spring (Poem) . . . . *Anne B. Payne* 245
Labor Turns to the Injunction . . . . *Alpheus B. Mason* 246
If Only Policemen Could Sing! . . . . *T. Swann Harding* 251
Revolt in the Tropics . . . . *Carl F. Westerberg* 257
How Canada Deals with Its Criminals . . . . . . *James Montagnes* 264
The Unemployment Challenge . . . . *H. W. Moorhouse* 269
Compensation (Poem) . . . . *John Langdon Jones* 274
"Upon What Meat . . . ?" . . . . *George Allan England* 275
The Literary Landscape . . . . *Herschel Brickell* 281
The Reader's Turn 288

Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow

Walter Butler Mahony, *President;* Charles Bates Dana, *Secretary*
Ernest Fisher, *Business Manager*
I. Davis, *Assistant Treasurer*

The price of The North American Review, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, fifty cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. The North American Review is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

Title registered U. S. Patent Office. The contents of The North American Review are copyrighted. Republication is permissible only upon special request in each instance.

Tastes Differ . . .

but among your friends are many whose enjoyment is similar to your own. Are they familiar with the new NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW? We shall gladly send sample copies to those names you suggest, without charge.

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY____________________

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY____________________

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY____________________

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
9 EAST 37TH ST. NEW YORK CITY

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

Biography

Charles W. Eliot. By *Henry James*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes $10.

Very full and penetrating is this rich study of the life of the former president of Harvard University whose personality exerted a colorful influence upon his times.

England's Greatest Statesman. A Life of William Pitt. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.00.

Stirring and dramatic is this life story of one of England's staunchest sons whose achievements live on in the framework of the Empire.

Steaming Up. An Autobiography by *Samuel M. Vauclain*. New York: Brewer and Warren. $5.00.

Earl Chapin May collaborated in the writing of this life of the president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which teaches the moral of industry and hard work.

Background With Figures. By *Cecilia Beaux*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

A fascinating book concerning this American woman artist, whose studies of childhood, as well as portraiture of distinguished adults, have stamped her as a genius of the highest order.

Michael Angelo. By *Dmitri Merezhkovsky*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

A short impressionistic study of a great artist, devoting itself to the Sistine Chapel period of his stormy career.

Balzac: The Man and the Lover. By *Francis Gribble*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

The emphasis in this readable book is on the amorous activities of its subject.

George Eastman. By *Carl Ackerman*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

The life story of the first American to put into practice large-scale, low-cost production, backed by scientific research and extensive advertising.

Levi P. Morton. By *Robert McElroy*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

A comprehensive biography of a banker, diplomat, statesman and author.

My Life. By *Leon Trotsky*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

A weighty book but vivid. The lyric portions relating to childhood are contrasted to the epic portions describing a turbulent manhood.

Condorcet. By *Anne Elizabeth Burlingame*. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.50.

Although founded on history, this work should appeal to readers who are interested in the future, as it involves modern progress and an improving civilization.

The Compleat SHOPPER

THE latest wrinkle in entertainment — for children *and* adults! — is the miniature microphone shown at the Mayfair Playthings Store. Perfect in construction, the "mike" can be attached to any receiving set. Pressing a button, you may shut off the programme and do your own broadcasting. Though you stand out of sight (the connecting cord is seventy-five feet long), your voice clearly issues from the cabinet. Imagine the hilarious fun! $7.50 postpaid.

Out of bed — and to that untidy task of squeezing oranges for breakfast juice! But no longer, for I have seen, and can sincerely recommend a simple new juice extractor from Hammacher and Schlemmer. The half-fruit is placed in a stainless steel container, a handle is depressed with slight effort, and juice runs into the glass as if from a faucet. It is said to extract juice from grapefruit, lemons, limes and tangerines as well, and in half the time. Light and easily washed, it is $15.00 postpaid.

Sea horses on soap! What more appropriate? In any pastel shade or black on a white cake, these designs (which won't wash off!) are obtainable only through Barbara Le Wald. The guest size bars are $3.00 a dozen; the larger, $4.50.

Spring is planting time, and nothing will add more to the charm of your home than its shade-trees. For a graceful, majestic tree, astonishing in its growth and so hardy that it flourishes equally in North Dakota and Texas, you will choose the Siberian Elm, introduced in this country by the Department of Agriculture. In Chestnut Hill, Pa., is an elm of this variety, only sixteen years old yet fifty feet high with a spread of forty feet! Within two years your five-foot whip may reach a height of sixteen feet, with the minimum of cultivation!

If you haven't frolicked with Kipling's Boots and Slippers, you have a priceless adventure ahead. And if you treasure their portraits by Marguerite Kirmse, you'll be doubly enchanted by her Scotties in bronze, cast by the Black, Starr and Frost, Gorham Company. The pensive little Scotchman is quite as lovable as his playful brother, and either would make a pleasant desk companion for an "Own God." Each, $10.00.

Dorothy Bradshaw

Read about the Siberian Elm

The newly discovered wonder tree of rare beauty and rapid growth

This home shade-tree offers quick results. It develops the full shape of the Norway Maple, with rich, green clean-cut foliage. It GROWS TWICE AS FAST as the maples and American Elm.

The Siberian Elm will thrive under conditions of soil and exposure that would prevent other shade trees from thriving.

If you want to have LOVELY SHADE TREES about your home—if you want to increase the value of bare lots by surrounding them with fine shade trees—the Siberian Elm offers a new way. With this remarkable tree you can have quick shade.

U.S. Department of Agriculture Says:

"It is very hardy and has proved valuable under a greater variety of climatic and soil conditions than any tree yet introduced."

A Siberian Elm in front of a government building in Washington, D. C. Planted in 1920 as a small whip, it is now 12 inches in caliper.

PRICES

5 foot Trees	
1 tree	$ 2.50
3 trees	$ 7.00
10 trees	$20.00
6 to 8-foot Trees	
1 tree	$ 4.00
3 trees	$10.00
10 trees	$30.00

If you prefer a fully prepaid shipment add 10% to the above prices for delivery.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR A TRIAL TO

THE LIVING TREE GUILD, Dept. 39
468 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send at the right time for planting
..................Siberian Elms, size..................
If check is not enclosed, deliver C.O.D.
Name..................
Street..................
City..................State..................

Guaranteed! If any Guild Tree dies it will be replaced free.

HARRIS TWEED

The cream of Scotch Homespuns and aristocrat of all sports wear. Direct from the makers. Suit-lengths cut to order and sent postage paid. Patterns free on stating shade desired.

James St. Tweed Depot, 591 Stornoway, Scotland

THE SOUL AND ITS MECHANISM
by ALICE A. BAILEY
With Foreword by PROF. H. A. OVERSTREET
A Startling New Approach to the Problem of Psychology

THE FORUM, says:
"This rather striking book is suggestive, but never dogmatic . . ."
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:
"An unusual book that will make its appeal to persons interested in psychology . . ."
THE N. Y. SUN:
"It is a significant attempt at the reconstruction of Western psychology . . ."
KIRTLEY F. MATHER, Harvard University, says:
"The author's presentation of the subject is rational and illuminating . . ."
ALFRED W. MARTIN of The Ethical Culture Society, says:
"The book marks a real contribution to the literature bearing on problems of psychology, and is certain to be of a most stimulating character to all who read it."

Price, $2.00
LUCIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
11 WEST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Puritan's Progress
by Arthur Train
A distinguished author follows the trail of his ancestors—the Puritans—from the earliest days up to the World War with results that are witty, amusing, and extraordinarily revealing.
$3.50 at your bookstore
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

7% and SAFETY.
STATE SUPERVISION AND CONTROL
Full paid certificates; denominations $100 and up. Dividends payable monthly in cash. No fees or fines of any character. Earnings exempt from Federal Income Tax up to $300 annually.
FIRST MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE SECURITY
Write for literature; no solicitors
First State Bldg. & Loan Assn.
Allen Building DALLAS, TEXAS
A-58

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

Cyrus Hall McCormick. By *William T. Hutchinson.* New York: The Century Company. $5.00.

The author has ably painted a detailed picture of American business life in the last century.

That Man Dawes. By *Paul R. Leach.* Chicago: Reilly and Lee Company. $4.00.

This biography interests because of the telling way in which it is written, the author having based his account upon considerable material furnished by relatives of the family. The observations of a grandmother on the difficulties of raising a family of six boys are very real.

Verse and Others

The Collected Poems of Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.

This book comes at a time when the poet's reputation is growing steadily and will stand, no doubt, as his principal contribution to the store of poetry in this country.

The Glory of the Nightingales. By *Edwin Arlington Robinson.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A long narrative poem of hatred and attempted revenge.

John Deth and Other Poems. By *Conrad Aiken.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The leader is a long poem, which is followed by a sonnet sequence, and then come briefer narrative poems and lyrics.

Modern British Poetry. Edited by *Louis Untermeyer.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

The period covered is since 1830, and upward of one hundred fifty poets are represented with 760 poems.

Chelsea House. By *Horace Gregory.* New York: Covici-Friede. $2.00.

Lovers of the modernistic should not overlook these bitter pieces, which describe a painfully obvious phase of New York life.

Letters of Henry Adams. Edited by *Worthington Chauncey Ford.* Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

The letters are interesting reading for their content as well as for the light they throw upon the personality of a striking figure, who was at one time editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Those Eminent Victorians. By *Esme Wingfield-Stratford.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

A new and clear look at a most significant period which we are really only now beginning to understand.

Colossal Blunders of the War. By *William Seaver Woods.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A brutally frank portrayal of the stupid mistakes which were made on all fronts during 1914–1918.

The Financial Outlook

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

Trends

THE retrospection, introspection and prospection that were so prevalent about the beginning of the new year, in annual reports of bank chairmen, journalistic symposia, and similar public statements, collectively created the impression that business volume was about as low as it was likely to go. But they likewise indicated that improvement would develop slowly and gather little momentum before the end of spring, and possibly not until the second half of the year. Into this general picture the news in January blended harmoniously. In those industries in which a seasonal expansion is usual it occurred upon schedule, but the upturn was slight and represented no real gain. The bond and stock markets, however, improved, and the recovery in bonds after their acute weakness during the fall is especially heartening because the history of business cycles demonstrates so conclusively that bonds are always the first to point the upward trend. There is every reason to believe that their gradual advance, with of course intermediate setbacks, will continue throughout the year; though perhaps I should "put up an umbrella" over this prediction by saying that if the Government is compelled to raise billions of dollars to pay off Veterans' compensation certificates, the bond market will be subject to strains which the prediction does not take into account.

In the first seven days of January bond prices rose so sharply that the average high grade corporation issue had recovered nearly all the ground lost between the end of October and the middle of December. Some of the best railroad bonds advanced above their 1930 highs. Many bonds of lower grade rallied sharply. Government bonds continued to gain.

This trend, plus the allied facts of abundant and cheap credit and recovery of confidence, with the passing of the worst of the banking scare, is undoubtedly the most significant development of early 1931. It permits those who expected a rising bond market during the second half of 1930, and who were wrong, once more to hold up their heads. Colonel Ayres has recently described events in the fall of 1930, with his usual flair for a telling phrase, as "the liquidation of the unexpected." Perhaps nothing should be unexpected to those bold enough to forecast, but the heavy selling of bonds by the banks from October onward, however simple the explanation may appear in retrospect, fairly deserves to be called a surprise caused by other surprises, of which the drouth and the tidal wave of bank failures were the most important.

Now it is to be hoped that the liquidation of the unexpected is about complete. Banks and institutions have been buying bonds again, not selling them, and a better demand from individual investors has appeared. Concurrently the supply has increased, for new offerings quickened sharply as soon as the ability of the market to absorb them was demonstrated. During the second week of January bond offerings, which had been negligible for months, rose to $225,000,000. A number of other large loans were ready to bring out. Heavy piling up of new issues applies a brake to the market trend, and causes temporary setbacks. But the bond market is well-liquidated, and in the jargon of the street "healthy." During the second half of 1930 the total amount of capital raised through security issues in the United States was less than $2,500,000,000, the smallest for a similar period in so many years that comparisons are not readily available. The total for the year was the smallest since 1926, despite the great activity in the first half. Obviously vast progress was made during the second half year toward absorbing the oversupply and clearing up the channels of distribution. Furthermore, in several important classifications offerings during 1931 will be less than in 1930; neither the public utilities nor the railways plan to spend as much, and if they raise more capital it will be only because a high and active bond market later in the year induces them to do so.

Thus it seems likely that the January advance in bonds is a continuation of a major trend which was interrupted at the end of last October, and which probably has another year, or thereabouts, still to run —always excepting the possibility of a Government issue of war-time proportions. Purchase of high grade bonds, particularly utility and rail obligations, should prove profitable, and many of the lower grade and semi-speculative issues undoubtedly will improve with them. The latter are recommended to those with experience to discriminate and with means that justify assuming some risk with a limited proportion of the available investment funds.

Signs of the Period

THE ease of money is most pronounced. Acceptance rates were reduced early in January to the lowest levels in history, and then reduced again the following week. Time loans on collateral have been offered at the cheapest rates in thirty-five years. Call loans go begging at 1 per cent, and the discount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, 2 per cent, as previously pointed out is the lowest in history. By all signs this period of extreme easiness in money will last for some time to come. Heretofore the effects of these cheap rates have been felt mostly in the markets for short-term securities, but their persistence, plus gradual restoration of confidence, doubtless will affect long-term bonds to a steadily increasing degree. The foregoing applies to the better grades of foreign bonds as well as to domestic issues, but the lower grades constitute special problems with the outcome contingent upon events within the foreign country itself.

Special factors in the outlook for rail and utility bonds are attracting considerable attention. In rails it is the completion and approval by President Hoover of plans for the consolidation of the Eastern roads into four trunk lines, coupled with announcement by the rail executives that they are adopting more combative policies toward their competitors, which are the bus and truck lines, waterways, pipe lines and air transport. This news has been received most optimistically by rail security holders, although the daily press undoubtedly over-emphasized its immediate importance, and the president of one of the Eastern roads properly points out that it will be at least four years before physical consolidation can be accomplished even if everything runs smoothly.

The questions which agitate the public utilities are political. Government ownership, stricter regulation and control, and particularly legislation adverse to holding companies, are becoming issues of constantly greater prominence. But without going into detail, it may be said that there is no real threat against the safety of otherwise well-secured utility bonds.

It is possible that during 1931 a long-term United States Government bond issue may be offered as preparation for calling and exchanging bonds of the Fourth Liberty loan, whose final maturity is in 1938. Secretary Mellon would like to refund in long-term bonds as much as possible of this loan during this period of easy money, and has already asked Congress for the necessary legislative authority

Bargains Hinted

THE current Wall Street advice is that "sound stocks are in the buying range." It might better be revised to read "many stocks now in the buying range, in that they are selling at a low ratio to earnings and dividends, are sound." The problem of selection is still present, as always. No blanket bill of approval can be given to stocks merely because they are selling to yield 8, 9 and on up to 12 per cent and higher. Many of these companies will earn less in 1931 than they did in 1930, and many dividends are doubtless insecure, In some respects the problem of the stock buyer is easier in these times than in a bull market; at least such a fundamental as money rates is in his favor and there is no necessity to pay a premium that overdiscounts the future to obtain stocks of average good quality. But it is doubly necessary in such times to obtain the best possible information of the condition and prospects of the company and its industry.

Among those stocks which are universally felt to be sound, and which enjoy the distinction of being called "blue chips," prices frequently are not and have not been down to the bargain levels (the test once more is the ratio of price to earnings) which have characterized other depressions. Some of the most favored shares have not yet sold as low as fifteen times earnings, and included are stocks of some companies which may not do as well this year as they did last. The enviable prestige which these stocks enjoy, which has supported them so well during trying times, is disclosed as an immensely valuable asset to the companies. The fact that they are still relatively high is by no means an indication that they will sell lower; they, like bonds, are supported by easy money, by the purchases of men of means who cling to the kernel of truth in the New Era's valuation of stocks, and who can and will forego present return for the assurance of safety that these stocks give them. It is perhaps a reasonable deduction, however, that recovery in this class of stocks may be less pronounced than after other depressions in which they sold lower; and that some of the shares now less well-regarded will advance more spectacularly because they are more thoroughly liquidated.

If the course of the stock market roughly parallels that of general business its best moments are more likely to come in the second than the first half of the year. In the early months adjustments to prospects and earnings as they are disclosed will have to be made. If further liquidation is to come it will probably arise from such disclosures, not from outside influences. The reduction of credit employed in carrying stocks and bonds has been thorough, and throughout the realm of business there are comparatively few general situations that a banker would describe as "unliquidated." The exceptions are to be found in the commodities, in wheat and cotton, for example, where the way out of the Farm Board programme has not yet opened up, and where a drastic curtailment of output is imperatively needed. However, it may again be emphasized that the influ-

ARE YOU SEEKING A SCHOOL or SUMMER CAMP ?

The answer to your school or camp problem will probably be found in the School and Camp Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine.

We shall be glad to send you our School or Camp Booklet and the facilities of our School and Camp Bureau are also at your command for any assistance you require in making a selection best suited to your demands. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Information Bureau
HARPERS MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me information regarding a {school / summer camp} as below.

For Boy or Girl?.................. *Age?*......
Location?..................................
Amount you desire to spend?.................
Name......................................
Address...................................

ence to bring about this curtailment, which is a price below the cost of production, is already at work. And until it brings supply and demand back into line the ability of the United States Government to carry the surplus supplies of each commodity which it has accumulated is beyond question.

The sugar situation is very similar; the price is low enough to reduce the output, and world arrangements have been made to release the surplus gradually to avoid further market demoralization.

A market in which a surplus is withheld is always viewed with suspicion, particularly when a government is the withholding agency, and the business world would feel greater confidence if there were no artificial factors operating. But without support the situation temporarily would be a great deal worse, and if these so-called stabilizing agencies stop where they are, and refuse to repeat their operations indefinitely, they will probably have done little harm. If they try to give repeated doses of the same medicine, year after year, trouble is ahead for them and for business generally. Assuming that they will be wise enough to stop, current price levels justify bullish views of staple commodities.

Banking Failures

PROBABLY no phenomenon of the depression has so shocked and surprised the country, or contributed so much of pessimism to the feeling of the moment, as the tidal wave of bank failures that swept over the country toward the end of 1930. The strength of our banking system, capped by the Federal Reserve Banks, has been acclaimed so often that the weaknesses at the bottom of it — and in places higher up in the scale — have not been generally observed. Although the number of bank failures during the past ten years has been so great that it should have been a national scandal, the nation has refused to be scandalized until the present, when not only has the number increased, but banks of considerable size and prominence have gone down. According to the Federal Reserve Board, 1326 banks suspended during 1930, and their liabilities were approximately $900,000,000. Never has there been such an epidemic in this or any other country, and its effects in shattering confidence, in disrupting the normal flow of credit, and in causing hoarding of currency were really calamitous.

In touching briefly upon this last month, this article said that the worst bank failures usually mark the closing phase of depression; frequently they do not occur until some time after recovery has set in. Hence no bearish conclusions as to the further effect of these failures upon business and the security markets need be drawn. Whether another epidemic will break out during 1931 is more than anyone can say. If wheat and cotton prices fail to recover as the year goes on some heavy strains will have to be borne by the country banks; it is too early to breathe easily. In New York and the other large cities the weak spots probably have now been eradicated or strengthened.

Lessons

Our purpose in bringing up the subject again this month is not to touch on its relation to the general situation, but to point out certain phases of it to readers who use the services of banks freely, and particularly in connection with their investments.

The banks that have failed so numerously fall into three rough classifications, those managed with bad judgment, those one-industry banks, mostly agricultural, that were caught in a relentless deflation of prices of land and farm products, and those whose officers were temperamentally more of the promoter or speculator than the banker type, who were swept off their feet by the New Era and its rapid marking up of values, and who financed or actually shared in all sorts of plans involving a use of credit far out of proportion to the real values of the case. This last group is made up for the most part of new banks or old banks under new management, which have grown very rapidly upon a class of business that more conservative institutions would not touch. For taking that class of business they are now paying the penalty.

However, many of the supposedly conservative banks also have much to learn from the depression, and their customers who use their investment services have even more to learn, and have probably learned it. The most conspicuous development in post-war banking has been the spread of commercial banks into the securities business in one way or another. Many have organized subsidiaries or affiliates to deal in securities, and some have dealt in stocks as well as bonds. Most of them have built up compound interest or "savings" departments, and are encouraging and accepting a volume of time deposits that is enormous not only by pre-war standards, but in comparison with the figures of only four or five years ago. Concurrently they have greatly increased their own holdings of bonds and stocks (where permitted by law).

The increased part that investment activities, promotion and underwriting, play under current banking practice is a matter of great importance. It has its defenders as well as its critics, and doubtless it is a more or less inevitable development which under conservative management is not inherently dangerous. But it is certainly true that many banks with security-selling affiliates have not come through the depression with untarnished standing in the eyes of their commercial banking customers and correspondent banks to whom they sold securities which have depreciated greatly. On the other hand those bankers who held themselves aloof from this business, and who proclaimed that they had no interest in selling their customers any specific securities, can say truly that if they gave any bad advice it at least was disinterested.

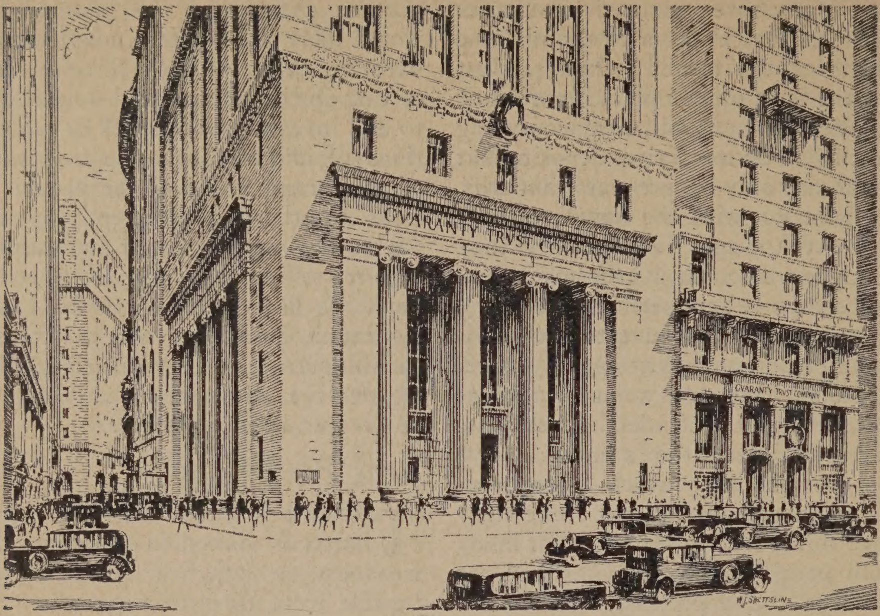
The mixture of investment and commercial banking from some viewpoints is a thoroughly logical and economic one, and the conduct of the affiliates of the commercial banks is upon as high a plane as the private investment banking houses — on a higher plane than many, it is needless to say. Nevertheless it is obvious that the combination has its unfortunate aspects from the viewpoint of the depositors, stockholders and clients of the commercial bank, and if sometimes the earnings of the affiliate strengthen the position of the bank, at other times it losses will weaken it. The danger is that through such an affiliate the bank will conduct activities which lawfully it could not do in its own name, and thereby get around certain standard safeguards of commercial banking practice.

These are some of the considerations that have moved the New York State Superintendent of Banks to recommend some important changes in the banking law. He would deny the right to couple bank stock with any other stocks, a favorite method of setting up the affiliate, and would limit loans to and investments in stock or other obligations of affiliates to a degree that would greatly cramp some of the present institutions. In other high quarters proposals looking to the segregation or limitation of the security-selling business of a commercial bank are likewise being made. Even if no legislation grows out of the discussion, it should instruct bank management by pointing out the weaknesses and the pitfalls to be avoided in the practice.

Bank Bond Holdings

THE rise in investments owned by the banks is viewed in some quarters as a weakness in practice which may cause trouble from time to time when they are compelled to sell bonds to add to their liquidity. It must be admitted that such a situation arose toward the end of 1930, when loss of confidence and currency hoarding caused many banks to sell bonds. Such occasions, however, will be few and far between. Banks must carry bonds as a secondary reserve, and they naturally carry a larger proportion when commercial demand for funds is light. They can safely carry more now that their percentage of time deposits is larger than it has ever been, for when fewer liabilities are payable on demand their assets need be less liquid.

The proportion of bonds held by the banks in relation to their time deposits is much smaller than it was in the five or six years immediately following the war. In the rapid rise of investments last summer, coupled with failure to reduce loans upon securities as rapidly as was desirable, a threat to the security markets existed which would have been clearer if it had been realized how bad business was going to be during the fall. But reductions in security loan and investment items during the November-December liquidation probably have cared for that situation, and to this writer bank investment holdings do not appear to be a threat to the bond market during the next few months.



Serving American Business

FOR nearly a century this Bank has served American business interests. It numbers among its customers many of the most important concerns in the country, providing them with the advantages of ample resources and exceptional facilities in every phase of domestic and international banking.

We invite the inquiries of business executives who may wish to discuss with us the various ways in which we can coöperate constructively with their organizations.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS MORE THAN $295,000,000

© G. T. CO. OF N. Y. 1931

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 231 MARCH, 1931 NUMBER 3

Apéritif

Men of War

NEWSPAPER syndication of General Pershing's war memoirs revives memories of the Wood-Pershing quarrel, itself reminiscent — save that Wood never talked about it — of the Spanish War controversy between Admirals Schley and Sampson. Few people know the facts of the final break between these two World War commanders.

Pershing, on his arrival overseas, was humanly none too pleased when French officers persistently asked him:

"And how soon will the great Wood be sent here?"

More. "Black Jack" evinced no delight when Wood, once arrived, had the good luck to be wounded at the French front.

Woodrow Wilson had finally agreed to tolerate the potential presidential candidate's visit to France, so long as it was made in the rôle of a mere military observer; Wood was to write a report on the A. E. F. for Dr. Wilson — a marvel of research which, when accomplished, Wilson refused to read. From the A. E. F.'s G. H. Q. at Chaumont, the wires were soon reported "red hot with appeals for Wood's recall," and that recall was speedily ordered.

On the night before his departure, Wood came to Chaumont and paid his official respects to Pershing. Next morning, Wood waited on the station platform for the train that was to bear him to the port of departure — assumed that Pershing, of course, would come in person to bid an official goodbye.

But Pershing didn't. The train was made up; Wood thought he had better not get aboard before Pershing appeared: it was more polite to wait outside. The scheduled hour came — not the A. E. F.'s commander. Still Wood waited. The hour passed, and Wood waited.

After fifteen minutes more there reached the station, not Pershing, but one of his aides. The story continues:

Salute!

Salute!

"General Pershing's compliments, sir. He regrets his inability to deliver them in person, but sends word that he took a dose of calomel at bedtime last night and feels he had better not venture out of doors this morning."

Copyright, 1931, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

Our Private Museum

Some years ago we read about a collection that Joe Cook, famous comedian, had got together. This was of objects no larger than a human hand, and he had a whole room full — thousands of them, hanging by strings from the ceiling.

Now we have an idea along somewhat similar lines, but harder to carry out. We want a collection of Objects No More Painful Than a Poke in the Eye. And the particular ones we have our hearts set on at this moment are the Wickersham Report and the letter that Robert Lucas wrote.

Tom Moore, most esteemed of our Special Suspectors, opines that that poke would certes have to be painful, and no mistake.

* * *

Timeo Danaos . . .

The elder John D. Rockefeller has given more money to the League of Nations than many of the governments composing that organization — at least the Rockefeller Foundation has. Mr. Rockefeller heartily sympathizes with the ideals of the League, especially with its medical researches, its welfare-work — and then there is that League Library building, which is to owe its existence to the Foundation. All the gifts connected with such League activities have been duly recorded in the press. Recently, however, Mr. Rockefeller made a personal contribution that has thus far escaped the news-gatherers' eyes.

Mr. Arthur Sweetser is almost the sole remaining American officially connected with the League's Secretariat, being both assistant director of its Information Section and quite the best — indeed, the only — planter, grower and harvester of American financial contributions to this Wilsonian association. He has frequently called on Mr. Rockefeller, and never departed empty-handed; but at the end of Mr. Sweetser's latest call upon the famous financier, the latter handed his visitor something new. It was a neat card whereon was printed the following, apparently emanating from Mr. Rockefeller's own pen:

I was early taught to work as well as play;
My life has been one long, happy holiday —
Full of work, and full of play —
I dropped my worry on the way —
And God was good to me every day.
John D. Rockefeller.

* * *

Moil

There was some trouble a while ago between the movie actor, Tom Mix, and a circus which thought he had agreed to perform in it. Tom, it transpired, had agreed, but only on condition that he would be provided with travelling accommodations suitable for two horses, a Rolls Royce and an entourage of seven, besides a private car for himself. His reported comment in court was: "I am not afraid of work, but I must have my comforts."

Our whale, Emma, considered this silently for a few minutes, then looked up with a certain brightness in her eye and remarked: "Simple fellow, Tom Mix — primitive. Now take me. *I'm* not afraid of comforts, but I must have my *work*." And snickered, the reprobate.

Emma's work — life work, she calls it — is collecting early aphorisms of Henry Ford. And you may think what you like about that.

Sweet Civilities of Life

A GOODLY amount of conversation nowadays is taken up with the contention that there is none worthy of the name. People write sadly or bitterly about it, publishers advertise culture in fifteen minutes a day as a remedy; and the world, of course, goes on talking.

Not so long ago it began to worry us. Was the stuff issuing from our mouths conversation? We considered, and in the end reluctantly had to admit that it was not, at best, very high grade conversation. From this it was but a step to high resolve.

Secreting ourselves at home for several days, we culled a number of opinions about Life from the works of wise men, memorized them and sauntered forth to try the result. Our first opportunity came almost at once.

Going down into the subway, we saw a man who had been following us slip on the stairs and tumble headlong, bouncing and rolling past our legs. With what seemed miraculous fitness, there popped into our heads a quotation from John Gay, and as the gentleman hurtled by we spoke it out — rapidly, so that he would miss none:

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, but now I know it."

When we reached the bottom of the stairway, warm in the consciousness of culture, this gentleman stepped up and without the slightest hesitation punched us in the eye. So much for that.

Safely in our office, we thought: this essay was trivial, untimely. At luncheon would be a better time. Then there could be a flow of talk, "flowers and stars," real discourse. So when noon came we betook ourselves around the corner to the Princeton Club and seated ourselves at a large table where many members could congregate.

Across the way was a beefy gentleman entertaining an expression of anger and describing with great vehemence some operations of his on the Stock Exchange, which had met with indifferent success. Much of the embellishment of his narrative consisted in adjectives unsuited to sober print. What he needed, obviously, was some grave philosophical counsel. So we intoned:

> "O thou child of many prayers!
> Life hath quicksands; life hath snares!"

Alas! We had thought to turn the conversation, direct it into higher channels, but what happened? — It stopped, utterly stopped. Not another word was spoken, and the gentlemen about us, after most startled glances in our direction, hastily completed their repasts and departed.

Sadly muttering, "The dreary intercourse of daily life," we made our way back to the office, and found Emma sulking over one of Henry Ford's early aphorisms, in which she could find no significance. Here was one last chance. We pondered: what counsel would aid her? Ventured at last:

> "Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
> And trifles life."

With infinite deliberation she turned her massive head till our eyes met; her eighteen-foot lip curled; she snorted.

"Do you know what I think of

you?" she asked through gritted teeth — and answered: "You're like the man in your sister's story — so subtle that he didn't know himself what he meant!"

Whereat we gave up for good, retiring with a sepulchral:

"O life, thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road —."

* * *

Serum for Fun

THERE has always been a particularly warm spot reserved in our hearts for practical jokers, and when we noticed in the dispatches from Chicago that some bold laugher-up-his-sleeve had spiked the punch for a W. C. T. U. meeting, the spot really glowed.

Moreover, this started us thinking about the whole question of practical jokes, and eventually brought us to the conclusion that they are in a sad condition of desuetude, that new and original ones are needed. We have started word to this effect going the rounds and already received a telegram from one Donald Marcy Beals, whose name we are unable to find in *Who's Who*, suggesting a joke which may some day have great popularity.

It originates in a book Mr. Brickell reviews this month in *The Literary Landscape*, George S. Schuyler's *Black No More*, whose thesis is the discovery by someone of a serum that will turn Negroes white. Mr. Beals's suggestion is that it would be much more fun to find one that would turn white men black. "Think," he wires (at our expense), "what merry April firsts we'd have. Our friends rushing to the mirror first thing in the morning, wondering, wondering . . ."

* * *

Heliotherapy

SUN-BATHING has always held an odd, almost inexplicable fascination for us. For instance, when there are sun-bathers about we find ourselves drawn unconsciously toward them, and feel the most æsthetic pleasure watching them. And every time some moral league or shore town police chief with an eye on the newspapers goes after sun-bathers, we get extremely annoyed.

But as a matter of fact, no one pays very much attention to them any more. The practice gains favor steadily and quietly. People take off their clothes and lie around without ostentation or defiance; sincerely believing, it is apparent, that their health is the only thing to think of.

However, by diligent, arduous research into medical opinion (*via* Encyc. Brit.) we discover this about sun-bathing: that for stimulating blood cells to resist disease, exposure of part of the anatomy is just as effective as exposure of the whole anatomy. That is to say, if you happen to look out of a window near Times Square or elsewhere and see an undraped chorus beauty atop some building lower than yours, you might do your good deed for that day by calling: "Hey, lady! You don't have to be nude to get the full benefit of heliotherapy. Just keep your arm uncovered." W. A. D.

Scapegoats Old and New

By Joseph Stagg Lawrence

"And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness"

Of the precious heritage transmitted by the ancient Hebrews there is no part for which human nature, particularly in its political manifestations, is so profoundly grateful as the device of the scapegoat. In some instances the ancient ceremonial is retained in all its primitive crudity. At one of our Eastern universities a shaggy mascot presides over the autumnal football fortunes of the great seat of light. If at the end of the game an unfavorable balance confronts the team, this guardian of the grid has proved remiss in his duties and is summarily packed off to the *abattoir*.

No institution so valuable as the scapegoat can function for five thousand years without developing refinements. Only today the masterly Mussolini rose in the sacred temple, donned the priestly robes of Aaron and, scanning the horizon as only *Il Duce* can, chose the object upon whose head all the transgressions and all the sins of Italy could be placed.

The land of the Cæsars has been suffering from a low pulse-beat and an ailment which unsympathetic observers have diagnosed as a hardening of dictatorial arteries. Now it is an axiom of higher Italian mathematics that Mussolini is equal to all emergencies. By peremptory ukase he lowers wages 12 per cent. He plays eight Ministerial parts at the same time, and in his spare moments amazes an ardent and reverent public by giving a master swordsman an extemporaneous lesson in the manly art of flashing steel. (The incident was carefully reported.)

Thus the political head of the Italian State stands revealed as a modern counterpart of Colbert, D'Artagnan, Richelieu and Patrick Henry. In spite of such a precious and efficient natural resource, Italy's spirit is in the gutter. She has a certain dull, nauseous feeling. There is serious unemployment. Foreign trade has fallen off. The silent stacks of idle plants rear uncouth heads into a dismal industrial sky. The *Fisc* is in difficulties. What to do? What to do?

However, this is merely another emergency to which Mussolini proves himself equal. The Italian Aaron leads forth a live goat. Behold, it wears the Stars and Stripes. "This creature," says he, "has brought black days upon us. The Yankees indulged in a prolonged speculative spree. We were just getting on our feet when they disappeared under the table. We have not been the same since the Ides of October and November — from those days we were plunged into rough seas and ever since navigation has been difficult for us."

Confessing a profound disillusionment he continues: "We had been told that there was a country with indefinite, absolute prosperity, without eclipse. All were rich. There was an automobile for every eight inhabitants, a radio for every four, a telephone for every three. Every one speculated on the stock market. Stocks always went upward. Every one bought stock at 20, sold at 100, and, paying on the installment plan, purchased an automobile or radio or telephone, made a voyage to Europe, or perhaps built a house in the suburbs. All was marvellous and fantastic. At a certain point the scene changed. There was a series of black days. Stocks went down 20, 30, and 50 per cent, etc." The tearful tale is unfolded with Gascon gusto.

Now just what is the connection between the American stock market taking the count and the sad state of Italy? In some manner, which the Premier does not make clear, a healthy treasury surplus of 65,000,000 lire was suddenly turned into a deficit of 900,000,000 lire. The cyclical affliction from which Italy is suffering is due entirely to a series of bungling indiscretions in the great Republic of the West. Exit goat and prophet for an indefinite trip into the wilderness.

The scene shifts. We are in Moscow. Here are the controls of that mighty engine of Utopian economics built on the specifications of Karl Marx. There is a troubled frown upon the features of the engineers. An unearthly, clamorous discord emerges from the mechanical bowels of the monster. Has a careless mechanic dropped his tool-kit down the creature's sensitive gullet? The throttles are opened. More fuel is rushed in. The grease cups are inspected. The ventilation is changed. Still the horrendous clamor continues. The blue prints have long since been checked in every detail. They are perfect. The eyes of the world are upon the engineers. What to do?

However, the business of being equal to emergencies is a thriving industry in Moscow. On a day late in November, eight subordinate technicians are summoned before the bar of Soviet justice, accused of high treason against the State. It is charged that they have willfully and maliciously put sand instead of oil in some of the mechanical gadgets, that they turned red lights on where their instructions clearly called for green lights, that they fitted left-threaded nuts on right-threaded screws, at the same time maintaining mysterious communion with capitalistic Powers. In short they are the rotten spot in the State of Russia. With amazing unanimity the eight defendants turn and lead in a goat, all the while chanting a Soviet litany through microphones thoughtfully provided by the prosecution. The goat walks with difficulty. In fact there is something very ungoatlike about him. Upon closer examination we see that he is stuffed and we discern within the forms of Briand and Poincaré, Lawrence of Arabia and other sinister representatives of the enemies of the Soviet Union. Upon the head of this beast are recited the sins of the land. With poetic irony, Russia turns in her embarrassment to a device of the religion which she has proscribed. Verily the goat is a useful creature.

AT TIMES the goat is an abstraction, in which event the vicarious absorption evil which he makes possible becomes wholly innocuous. Consider the case of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Manchester is the core of England's textile industry. As in a legion of other fields, the sun of prosperity had been hiding behind dense dark clouds until the patience, to say nothing of the financial stamina, of the manufacturers and jobbers approached the point of exhaustion. They sought the advice of a distinguished but slightly myopic economist, and then gathered in solemn conclave. The hairy receptacle of sin was led forth. He proved to be the gold standard. Gold, it was stated, had failed to keep pace with the growth of business. This disturbed the balance between the power to buy and the ability to sell. Markets stagnated, production declined, profits evaporated. The culprit, clearly, was the atrophic stock of gold. "Lead it into the wilderness," cried the chamber, "and give us a flexible monetary standard which will expand when business expands." As for contraction — well, why bring that up?

WHAT are the qualifications of a prime, eligible goat?

He must in the first place be defenseless. It would never do to select a creature able to reject the rôle assigned to him or to cause the prophet uneasiness. It is perfectly safe for Mussolini to catechise and ridicule the United States and finally blame it for Italy's indisposition. Such a selection can give the Opposition no comfort, for it would never do to establish the error of the prophet by defending Uncle Sam.

When the Federal Reserve Board first discovered the heinous state of speculation in Gotham, it was placed on the scent by a group of high minded Senators from the South and West. The decline in construction, the inability of the Farm Board to relieve Arcadia, the ravages of halitosis, all were due to the unconscionable aleatory excesses of the stock market. This was perfectly safe. The market as an organization did not dare retort. Whenever a Senator suffered from the gout or an unsatisfactory encounter with the distaff side of his house, he vented his spleen upon the stock market. He lost no votes and his speeches rivalled the more imaginative fiction magazines in interest.

The scapegoat must in the second place be susceptible to judicial processes. There is no satisfaction in the indictment and conviction of a hail-storm or the drought. Of course, such a procedure is rarely real. It must be possible to go through the forms of trial without imposing an excessive strain upon the credulity of the tribe. Thus the case of the Soviet State *versus* Eight Scientists became the trial of England and France, and the fact that eight human victims were physically pinch hitting for these two chauvinistic powers gave the people of Russia incredible satisfaction. The bar of justice is merely a modernized and humane version of the faggot heap and the gibbet. It nourishes a primitive, vindictive and unspeakable lust. In fact there are moments when the scapegoat looks more like the sacrificial bullock.

By the same token he must have human qualities, particularly the capacity to suffer pain. His bleating as he is led off to a fate which he apprehends but can not understand becomes a vicarious atonement. History is full of scapegoats who have served precisely this purpose, among the most notable of them being Socrates and Joan of Arc.

FINALLY, the goat must appear to be responsible for his own selection. His choice must be reinforced by logical processes which will make him appear the culpable malefactor. The naïve candor of the primitive Jews is no longer possible. One of the conspicuous results of his own education is the conviction of the modern man that he is a creature of a higher order, a finely attuned organism responding only to cold reason. He has persuaded himself that the baser responses to superstition so frankly confessed by his forbears have long since been outgrown. Hence the goat must appear to be anything but a goat. The acknowledgment of his true identity would be tantamount to a confession of reversion and atavism. Through the lofty hocus pocus of impregnable syllogism the goat becomes transformed into a felon.

HERE are some familiar domestic instances:

Money is required to effect all transactions. If business declines it is due to a lack of money. Bankers control our money. Business has declined. Therefore the bankers are responsible for our depression.

A machine displaces labor. We have unemployment. This has been an age of rapid technological progress. Therefore the machine is responsible for unemployment.

Farm products are sold on commodity exchanges. The traders set the prices. Prices are unremunerative to the farmer. Hence speculation on the commodity exchanges is to blame.

The party in power pilots the Ship of State. If the Ship founder it is due to the negligence of the party in the saddle. She is on the rocks today. Down with the Administration.

If there are poverty and great wealth side by side, the latter must be the cause of the former.

In each case an ironclad proposition is built about a major sin and the goat nominated in the conclusion. Unfortunately it would be far less mischievous if we could satisfy this desire for retributive and remedial expiation by leading a hairy quadruped into the wilderness. Illness on a broad scale starts a babel of angry voices each identifying the cause according to the peculiar light of his own wisdom or the sway of a pet aversion.

When the stock market crashed in the much lamented autumn of 1929, a hue and cry was raised for a beast upon whose head the sin could be placed. Among the candidates prominently mentioned was the banker. At the meeting of the American Academy of Political Science held in New York shortly after the collapse, one of the scheduled speakers, a man with scholarly antecedents, traced an involved line of cause and effect from the crash backward until finally he came to a pause at the threshold of the banker. This Philo Vance of the economic world proved that the bankers had been responsible for the inordinate excesses of the upward movement by being too lax with their purses, and then when the market had travelled too far they hastily drew in their strings and precipitated the catastrophe. His diagnosis struck a responsive chord in the audience. It relieved those who had come upon stark poverty of all individual responsibility and placed an unerring finger upon an ideal scapegoat.

THE same strain appears in some of the remedies urged today for the stagnant state of business. Diagnosticians whose analysis does not penetrate beneath the two manifest elements of a transaction, to wit, money on one side and goods on the other, have come to the conclusion that a general lack of funds is responsible. Since the central bank is the final guardian of the gold base upon which our money and credit rest, the central bank is in a position to do something about it. Thus the Federal Reserve Board is at once goat and savior.

IN THE case of unemployment the selection of the machine as the culprit is relatively innocuous. It is the result largely of the inability to discover any other satisfactory cause or, for that matter, effective remedy. One phase of the problem, however, which has been utterly neglected and adds force to the error of selecting "technological improvements," is the growth of female labor. There are approximately ten million women employed today as contrasted to two million twenty years ago. Occupations that once refused to admit a petticoat are now dominated by that sex. In commenting on this fact a friend of mine, a grizzly veteran in the financial district, said:

"Twenty-five years ago it would have been hard to find a single woman in any of the great brokerage houses. Today, not a task involving details and routine work but is performed by a girl. What is more, they have displaced the men strictly on merit. In secretarial and clerical work the girl is invariably more painstaking and reliable than the man."

Reduce the feminine part of our working force to the proportions of 1910, and we would find a scarcity rather than a surplus of workers. It would throw seven million jobs open and the crisis in unemployment would vanish. This is not suggested in a spirit of advocacy. Nevertheless it is a more reasonable explanation of male unemployment than the application of new machinery.

However, it is in the field of political economics that the Biblical device discovers its greatest usefulness and at the same time touches its highest level of mischief. Here is the Farm Board rankling under its inability to control the price of cotton and wheat and the necessity of admitting virtual failure of its programme. Congress set aside $500,000,000, ostensibly as a revolving fund, but actually the bread and circus of a political mob. It has spent $250,000,000 and Congress is about to hand over another $150,000,000.

No precise accounting of the fund already expended has yet been made. We do know that the Board holds approximately 120,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 1,300,000 bales of cotton. On these two crops a paper loss of $65,000,000 has already been incurred. According to conservative estimates, the carrying charges on present Government stocks amount to $2,500,000 a month. The Board already holds the entire exportable surplus of wheat, creating thereby a domestic market for the grain about 20 cents above the Liverpool price. With all its heroics, the Board can show the farmer nothing better than ten-cent cotton and eighty-cent wheat. His condition is no better than that of his urban brother, and in some respects not so good. The Board is staggering under the "staff of life" and knows not how to dispose of it.

It is clearly a case where the unguentary balm of a scapegoat is necessary. The spirit adviser of the Farm Board appears. He is in a trance and in touch with powers not visible to common mortals. "The commodity exchanges have interposed grave obstacles in the path of farm relief. The speculation of uncontrolled and selfish traders makes the realization of the Government programme difficult if not impossible. Government regulation will be necessary."

Such in substance are the words of Mr. Legge. His prophetic instincts have led him true and straight. Speculation of any sort, but particularly that type which is responsible for the farmer's woe, is anathema to the political agrarian. Exorcising the sins of political price manipulation and placing them upon the head of the grain and cotton exchanges, becomes a priestly labor of love. The exchanges have all the qualifications of prime scapegoats. They are defenseless, lack political power, have the capacity for pain and are susceptible to all the mock judicial processes so essential in the time honored ceremonial. The selection has the additional virtue of placing the Children of Israel on familiar ground.

The present ailment reaches far beyond the farms and countryside of America. Finding a blotter for the transgressions of agriculture falls far short of adequacy. According to the diagnosis of Congress, the eccentricities of the trade cycle bear with discriminatory severity upon three classes, the aforementioned farmer, the workingman and the war veteran. Furthermore, something more than a scapegoat is necessary. To be able to pass the moral burden of economic transgressions on to some obliging outside party may afford relief to the soul, but will hardly fill the belly. It is well enough for the Democratic party to take a leaf from the manual of the Republicans and, pointing an accusing finger at the persons in power, say, "You did it. Get out and give a good party a chance." Satisfying as this may prove to the competitive instinct of politics, it is not a sustaining remedy for the farmer, the worker and the war veteran. It will not raise the price of wheat for the farmer, find a job for the worker, or permit the war veteran to stimulate consumption. In fact, the situation calls for a creature which has the virtues of the scapegoat, the sacrificial bullock and the horn of plenty.

THE quest of Congress has already been rewarded. It has long since found an ideal candidate for this triune purpose. He has been groomed for a number of years for the great task which is about to be placed upon him, for he is none other than the wealthy taxpayer.

A number of considerations make it possible to connect in a culpable sense the rich citizen and human misery. In the field of abstract economics a theory has won wide popular acceptance which places the responsibility for recurring crises on the shoulders of those whose incomes exceed their ability to consume them. The argument proceeds somewhat as follows:

Mass production depends upon mass consumption. To sustain the latter it is necessary to pass back to the worker in the form of high wages almost all the income from the sale of output. If too large a portion of the proceeds is retained by the manufacturer he will be unable to spend it for consumable goods. In fact this is precisely what takes place. The surplus which the affluent producer retains over and above his own needs is reinvested in plant. The output is increased still further, although the body of consumers has already been denied the means of acquiring the previous volume of goods. The effects are not visible at once, for society has developed innumerable shock absorbers to ward off maladjustments of this kind. The pressure accumulates until a point is reached where output by virtue of its own excesses washes back on the producer. He is swamped. The channels of distribution are clogged. We have a crisis and depression. All due to the faulty distribution of income. The possession of wealth is *ipso facto* evidence that it has not been consumed. Hence consumption should be stimulated, thrift abjured, and a more equitable distribution of income provided. The culprit is quite clearly defined.

ON THE human side we have the sympathy for the pathetic members of the bread line. The world is clearly out of joint when abject misery and embarrassing wealth can exist side by side. The gap constitutes one of those "clarion appeals" to duty which the legislator loves to answer.

By a chain of pseudo logic the causal responsibility of the prospective scapegoat is established. Great wealth and human misery. Cause and effect.

In the second place, the affluent classes are susceptible to those mock judicial processes necessary in the election of the goat. The political priest can indulge his passion for pyrotechnical oratory as he places the defendant on the stand and thunders forth the devastating indictment. It makes crisp reading at home.

Another condition which the income taxpayer fulfills is his utter lack of political defenses. He can not harm the leech that drains his vital substance. Approximately four million citizens file income tax returns. Two and a half million actually pay taxes. A little more than three hundred thousand of these pay approximately 95 per cent of the total net income tax revenue flowing into the Federal Treasury. It is safe to assume that in this small group is concentrated the ownership of the great corporate enterprises which pay income taxes. Furthermore, the capital transfer, estate and issue taxes also fall upon the same select citizens. The total of these accounts form 62 per cent of the Federal revenue. Now if the political representation of this group bore any relation to its importance as a source of fiscal income, it is possible that the selfless Congressional quest for relief would be a little less intense. As it is, this small section of our population on a proportional representation basis can claim approximately three-quarters of one Congressman. Hence the impunity with which Congress assails this class and the magnitude of its benefactions actual and in prospect.

Is there any wonder that the flood of relief proposals during the opening session totalled four and a half billion dollars? With characteristic providence Congress first proposed a little slice of this pie for itself in the form of face lifting and eyebrow plucking operations on a number of rivers and harbors. It then proceeded with magnificent sweeps to allot soothing portions to the farmer, the worker and the war veteran.

The protests of the taxpayer are merely the final virtue of the perfect scapegoat, the ability to bleat and to register pain. There is nothing new under the sun.

Lilies of Jade

BY H. M. K. SMITH

The Third of the Series of Oriental Love Stories

THE spring arbors in the garden of the Inner Palace at Nanking were warm with caged sunlight, and the Emperor Yüan-ti sat in the Pavilion of the Orchids. Slanting amber light sifted through tall bamboos into an alley of green moss where garden-boys in white tunics were feeding flamingos with feathers of flame and the pet blue herons of the Empress. The air was sweet with the odor of cinnamon blossoms, and the fern-like boughs of the osmanthus trees drooped, heavy with singing orioles as brilliantly yellow as the imperial robes.

Although he was a great warrior and his pathway to the Dragon Throne was paved with blood-stained swords, the Emperor was a man of deepest wisdom, and a poet, too. He loved to sit with the broken sunlight quivering over the southern porch and, with golden brushes tipped with the plumage of the kingfisher, write delicate love poems on tablets of ivory. But even more than writing love poems did the Son of Heaven enjoy acting as a personal messenger for the gods of love and, in such a rôle, intervening as patron of the romances which budded and bloomed in the courts and gardens of his palace.

Each day from behind a secret screen of sandal wood he watched the youthful princes and the sons of mandarins who came in the month of Tsing-Ming (the month of Clear Brightness) to be examined by him in the Four Books, the Five Classics, the Hundred Plays of Yuen, and the Sacred Doctrines of Koung-sté.

As they walked up and down in the cool green courts of the gardens, it was not alone in their learning that he took pleasure. From his hiding place behind the perfumed screen he watched with eager eyes to see which of the young nobles looked longest upward to where, like bright, jewelled flowers, the young princesses attendant upon the Empress leaned over the balconies, to take the morning sun.

AMONG them all, there was but one youth who did not look upward with thirsting eyes to that garden of young loveliness. A slender, handsome lad who wore upon his coat of moon-colored brocade the insignia "Chang-yueh," bestowed only upon those who have passed with honor the seven degrees of learning in the ancient and sacred books.

"Who," asked the Emperor of his Chamberlain, "is this youth in the green tunic and the moon-colored coat, whose manner is so gentle, whose person is of such great beauty, but who unlike the others has no eye for the loveliness of women, it would seem?"

"That, Illustrious One," answered the low-bowing courtier, "is the youthful Prince Li Fu-jen, the son of your servant and the upholder of your fifth military banner, the venerable Governor of Hunan. He is a learned youth as you see, for he wears the order 'Chang-yueh,' but it is said that he is still so shy, so innocent, that at twenty he has not yet known the beauty of a woman." The Emperor smiled thoughtfully and tapped a peacock-fan against his lips.

So it was that after his examination, the young prince received in honors from his Emperor a sea-dragon cap with a coral button of the first rank, a yellow satin jacket and a three-eyed peacock feather in a holder of white jade. When he had made the *ko-tow* and was about to withdraw, the Son of Heaven, remembering that this was the youth who alone had not looked upward to the balcony of the princesses, smiled and said:

"My son, thou art wise in many ways for one so young, but I am told that the beauty of women stirs thee not."

The boy's ivory skin flushed red, but he made the *ko-tow* once more, and answered in a clear, low voice:

"Illustrious and most glorious One, because whatever is pure and beautiful casts a spell upon thy most unworthy servant, so he knows that he is not devoid of the love of beauty, even that of women. Yet, O Son of Heaven, miserably is he the lover of such beauty and of such purity as he has never found."

The Emperor nodded and smiled behind his fan as his eyes looked still more keenly at the boy who knelt before him.

"Surely in our empire such beauty may be found, and even now thou shouldst have sons. Else how canst thou hope to administer thy father's Province of Hunan? Thou knowest what say the sacred writings of Koung-sté:

"'A man's knowledge being complete, his thoughts become sincere. His thought being sincere, his heart is rectified. His heart being rectified, he cultivates his person. His person being cultivated, his family is regulated. His family being regulated, his State is wisely governed. His State being wisely governed, the whole Empire is made tranquil and happy.' Thou hast taken on the journey of thy life but the first four steps. Go thou now to the far gardens beyond the five red towers and ponder upon this. As thy last task write me also a poem on the subject of love, and on the next day, return to thy honorable father in Hunan."

Behind his fan, the Emperor whispered for a long time to his Chamberlain, who nodded sagely and smiled to himself. He was still nodding and smiling as he went from the throne room toward the turquoise-studded doors which led to the apartments of the Empress beyond.

The streets of the ancient capital were colorful and gay, but to all its color, its life, its sound and gaiety, Li Fu-jen on his way toward the red towers was both blind and deaf.

Merchants and vendors invited his attention to their wares in high, sing-song voices, a fortune teller plucked at his sleeve, and beggars whined at his side. Beyond the gilded trellises of the shop fronts carved into pomegranates and the pears of plenty, he might have seen the glint of silver and the glow of gorgeous-hued brocades, while at every doorway rose-pink peonies and white camelias bloomed in great blue porcelain pots.

A lacquered sedan chair, its closed yellow curtains painted with the golden unicorn identifying its occupant as some woman from the Imperial household, and guarded by a convoy of soldiers, passed him on the run. He did not even see it as he walked slowly along, pondering over the Emperor's words, nor hear the *hai hai* of the outrunners who ran before it with their red and white-striped sticks.

IT WAS sunset when at last he entered the far gardens where the five red towers stood like pillars of cinnabar in the reddening west. He was discouraged and sad. How could he make a poem on the subject of love when he had never loved? A poem must sing in the heart of a poet as freely as birds sing, and no song of woman-love in all his life had ever stirred his heart to quicker beating. He sat down at the roots of a tree and looked about him. Where the sun shone through them, the blossoms of the apricot and the plum trees hung like a crimson mist, and in the shadows they were like little drifts of snow.

It seemed as though the wandering bees could not bear to leave them as the petals of the fragile flowers in whose hearts they sought for sweetness fluttered down and fell upon his hands. The sun was sinking and the orioles with one last song were flying homeward. He thought of the words of the Emperor, and his heart grew suddenly lonely — sadder even than before.

THIS was the beauty that he loved. This beauty of the dusk, the flowers, the limpid green lake upon which lotus blossoms floated in water still as a burnished mirror's face. Of the far mountains already sleeping beneath their gossamer veils of gray and purple mists, of the never-ending sea which upon one wave carried away the rising moon only to come back freighted with silver stars. Of the trees at dawn, which the rain like a lover had visited in the night, leaving upon every branch a gift of hanging pearls. Of yellow thrushes singing their way at daybreak into the infinite vault of the heavens.

All these he loved, and he knew from the sacred books that their beauty was but the earthly form of that formless One in the pure contemplation of whom he wished to spend his life. He knew that other men's hearts loved tinkling jade and honors, gold and fame; their mouths food and wine and the kisses of the dancers; their arms the soft embraces of women in the ecstasies of love.

He did not want the kisses, the beauty, the arms of women, and then in a shaft of sunlight at the foot of the garden, like a vision from one of the four heavens, she appeared.

She would be too tall if an inch

were added to her height — too short if an inch were taken away. Her face, a shadow whiter would have been too white; her mouth, a shadow redder would have been too red. Her dark, moth-velvet eyebrows were arched like twin rainbows and shaped like the young willow leaves of earliest spring. Her skin was as fair and smooth as the sun-tinged blossoms of the plum trees, her waist as slender and pliable as a roll of new silk. Her eyes were as deep and dark as the sea at night, yet they sparkled like the sea under the sun. Her teeth were like the matched pearls in the combs of the Empress.

She stood poised like a bird on feet so tiny that they remained unbound, her hands fluttered to her breast where in the folds of her modest robes nestled a lotus flower, no whiter, no more delicate than they. Framing the pure but pointed oval of her face, her hair, black and satin-smooth as the wing feathers of a raven, was free of ornament or jewel, and upon her arm she carried the basket of the simple mulberry-girl who gathers food for the silk worms.

It seemed to Li Fu-jen that in that instant all the beauty of the dark mountains, the sinking sun, the flowers, the stillness of the dusk and the young, rising moon, all, all were concentrated in this ethereal and lovely being who stood hesitant, like a startled swallow poised for flight.

Here was a pure, unearthly beauty such as he had never dreamed of, never seen. The young princesses in the Empress's balcony had smiled at him, the dancers at the Emperor's banquets had brushed him with scented satin sleeves, but there had been no stirring in his heart at their near loveliness.

Yet something now shattered in his breast like icicles breaking into splinters of jade under the sun, and something rose and engulfed it like the warm, sweet waters of the floods in spring. He looked at her, and there was a tumult in his soul as wild as the storm-threshed Yellow Sea under an autumn typhoon. There was a humming in his ears like the distant music of harps of cassia wood, a tinkling as of ivory bells with tongues of jade. His eyes burned as though he had gazed too long upon the noon-day sun.

He knew that the girl who stood there before him in maidenly modesty, as though at sight of him she had been rooted to the spot, was the world for him, that the world lay dead around her, that for him nothing else existed.

She was more beautiful than the evening, gentler than the dusk-wind that moved through the hushed trees. The radiance of her presence was more blessed to him than the light of the rising moon and the first, far-distant stars.

He approached her now and looked into her eyes. She smiled as shyly as a child, and then with a movement like a bird, hid her face in the lotus flower at her breast.

"Do not fear me," he whispered, "I am but an humble scholar who would drink at the pure fountain of thy beauty."

"I do not fear thee, honorable sir," she answered and looked into his eyes. Above them in the night breeze, the branches of the plum trees closed as though in an embrace, flower matching flower, leaf touching leaf.

"What is thy name?" he asked her. And she whispered, musically: "Ah Lu-té. I visit in my uncle's house in the Street of the Silver Pheasants. I came to the garden to gather mulberry leaves, but now it is almost night."

SIDE by side and in silence they went down to the mulberry trees on the shores of the lake where the red-tipped rushes bowed a good night to the water, but they did not fill the basket. Instead, they stood and looked into each other's eyes as the moon came floating like a great opal across the rippling lake. The curfew drum sounded its four booming notes and with a little cry of regret she put both her small white hands against his breast. He took them into his and pressed his forehead against her own. They were heart-tied and could not speak. Their inevitable love was as pure as the snow upon the mountains, as white as the moon between the clouds. In the shadowed distance, some one called her name.

"In the days when we are parted," he whispered, "come to the mulberry trees at this hour of our love. Know that if I live I will come back to thee, and if I die I shall go through the seven incarnations thinking only of Ah Lu-té."

"I will come back to the mulberry-trees," she said so softly that he could hardly hear. "The south wind will know my thoughts and carry my heart to thee."

Like a shadow she was gone. The sound of her skirts in the grass had stopped, the garden was empty and still. Longing for her loveliness, for the beauty of this gentle stranger known only as Ah Lu-té, how could he bring his aching heart to rest? He took from his girdle, brushes and a silken scroll, and began, with only the light of the moon, to write as the Emperor had commanded, a poem on the subject of love.

ON THE next day he returned to his father's yamen in Hunan. As the red lacquered cart in which he rode drew near the gateway hung with tablets inscribed with his father's titles, he saw that today it was decked as well with green garlands and silken banners of every hue. Servants came out to meet him with cymbals and with gongs, and in the courtyard musicians began to sing and play. In the great hall, in his richest robes of state his aged father, four score years and twelve, waited to greet him, for the news of his honors at the hands of the Emperor Yüan-ti had already reached Hunan.

He took off his sea-dragon cap and knelt before his father in filial piety and reverence, but in his heart it was his fair, dead mother that he longed most to see. She alone would have understood his great happiness, she alone could have helped him to his heart's desire.

In the huge inner court with its blue tiled roof, its rafters and pillars of teakwood, its tiles of red and gold, the feast of honor and of welcome had been spread. A feast of pigeons, yellow heron and black cranes, fresh turtle and sweet chicken cooked with cheese, of boiled perch and sparrow broth, of game and meats cooked with the hot spice of southern-wood and rice. He could not eat, not even of the pigeon's eggs and lily roots of which he was so fond. He drank only a little tea and rice wine from a cup of tortoise-shell, and as he drank he thought of his beloved, standing at this hour in the shadow of the mulberry trees so far away.

Then, just as the venerable Governor, his father, was about to begin the formal and flowery address of welcome and congratulation, there was a commotion among the servants and soldiers at the doorway. Through the outer gate and over the cobbled courtyard, with a clatter of iron-shod hoofs, galloped a messenger mounted upon a great Fergana stallion with a black and white mane. His saddle of crimson leather was hung with tassels and gilded bells, and the tuft of white hen's feathers in his cap showed him to be the bearer of a message from the Son of Heaven himself.

He bowed before the Governor, and handed him a scroll emblazoned with a golden unicorn and sealed with seven seals. From a leather pouch he drew a carved sandal wood box bound with yellow cords and with a pendant golden seal. This, too, he laid at the Governor's feet and, saluting him once more, withdrew.

The old man broke the seal with trembling hands and peered with age-dimmed eyes at the message from his Lord. His expression was grave and anxious, but as he read a smile broke over his wrinkled, parchment-like face, followed by a look of triumph and of pride. He rose and bowed low to his astonished son as to some noble ranking even higher than himself, and began in a voice choked with emotion to read from the Imperial scroll.

The sonorous words of the edict fell with the cold finality of fate upon Li Fu-jen's unbelieving ears, and struck like the drums of death against his boyish heart.

For the Emperor, pleased with his person, his demeanor, his learning, his honor and his taste, commanded his betrothal to none other than the daughter of the Emperor himself, the Emperor's daughter whose name he did not know, whose face by age old custom he would never see until that hour when he should conduct her to the marriage bed. The Emperor's daughter, whose sacred person no man at court had ever seen, and who was reputed by some of the young nobles who gossiped in the garden to have a cast in her eye, by others, the temper of a shrew.

The quavering tones of his father's voice sang on: "And as a further mark of his benign favor, the Son of Heaven bestowed upon him and upon the lady who was to be his princess, twin golden rings from his own hand set with mystic talismans in the form of carven lilies of jade."

The boy rose, white faced, and stood as though in a dream, while the guests raised their wine cups to his health, his happy marriage, his Imperial bride, his long life and honors, and to many, many sons.

He could not speak, as his father broke the seal of the sandal-wood box and placed the ring of gold upon Li Fu-jen's cold and reluctant hand, the ring with its mystic talisman, the carven lilies of jade.

A little wind stole in through the court and tinkled the glass bells on the lanterns which sang softly, so that only he could hear:

"I am the South Wind. I bring you her heart."

It was obedience — or death. Obedience to the will of his Emperor, obedience or honorable death.

He crossed the bridge of blue and white porcelain into the garden of the little temple where, under the great pines and the pear trees, his mother slept.

THERE was something strange about this garden, where he had played as a child while his mother looked over the sacred lake, with soft, black-dreaming eyes, something that caught and held him like an invisible, tender presence. It was here that he had first felt in some revealing way the power of beauty and the mystery of life.

He recalled at a time in his life so early that his memory of it was clouded that his mother had once lifted him up before the still, golden god in the temple and presented him in a kind of dedication, and that he had reached out with baby hands and touched those gravely-smiling, gilded lips.

He went into the Hall of Great Perfection, where, on an altar of cedar wood in a circle of ruby lamps, her spirit name was written on a tablet of white jade. Before the white jade tablet surrounded with lotus blossoms in slender vases of gold he burned nine sticks of fragrant incense. He knelt before the altar and touched his forehead to the floor. His mother had told him once, when he was still a boy, that here in this temple there had come a miraculous answer to her prayers, that here by the power of the temple's god she had had a vision lovely as a dream. She had taught him to believe that here he too might find an answer to his prayers, and he went now to kneel before that smiling god, the silent golden Buddha who had listened to her supplications in that far-off time and had answered them.

A text from the Sutras, embroidered upon the curtain of ruby silk, caught his eye, and he repeated it under his breath like an invocation — "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee."

Obedience, obedience or an honorable death; he must choose between the two.

He must choose between them, and as he knelt in the darkening of the temple, almost like a voice came the knowledge that death for his love's sake was for him the better of the two. There came to him something from the Sacred Books: "As a man pours back into the flask the wine he would not drink, so may a man return the life he would not live back into that eternal One from which it came."

He knelt for a long time before the still god who looked upon him with a human and understanding smile.

IT SEEMED then that the doors of Heaven opened with a breath of incense of unearthly sweetness and that he saw his mother's face; that she too smiled upon him with that same tender smile which brooded in the dimness upon the face of Buddha. The tears fell surging over his breast. She was gone and where she had seemed to stand was only a swaying ruby curtain with an inscription in letters of gilt, "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee."

What, after all, was a man's life but a fleck of dust upon a mighty and eternal wind? He would hurry out of it with high steps into the other seven incarnations, to find his mother and to wait for Ah Lu-té. He would go back into the One. He would perform the ancient and sacred rite of *sep-uku.*

But first he must write to his beloved, so that she might know that he would not live without her love, that when she too went into the place of souls he would be waiting there for her. On a scroll of white silk he wrote his letter to Ah Lu-té, who dwelt in the house of her uncle in the Street of the Silver Pheasants in Nanking:

> The flowers are falling in the yellow twilight, and the world is sad and hushed. My tears fall upon this silk, for I write you in farewell. The Son of Heaven, the glorious and infallible One, has betrothed me to another, and I must choose between obedience and worldly honor with the loss of you, O my beloved, or death.
>
> Since the hour when we found our love, I have been joined to you. We were born involved in one another, and in the end we shall be one again. I go into *sep-uku* for the sake of our love. Do not forget me like a footprint left behind in the dust, but do not grieve for me. Go to the mulberry trees when the orioles are still — my heart will be there though in a different dwelling, but you will know. I go on the long, long journey, singing and unafraid, and when you come you will find me by the light of my love which will flame higher than all the stars. Tomorrow at the rising of the moon, stand once more by the rushes under the mulberry trees and let the south wind bring your heart once more to me. For at that hour on the cliffs by the River of Chu-tang, I go into that which with your life and with mine, with all life, is but One. For a little hour farewell, O my beloved, I kiss your brow, my finger tips are on your heart.

Already when he returned to his father's yamen, the ceremony of the Exchange of Presents was under way. Great painted carts, some drawn by stout Mongol ponies, some by white oxen, made a cloud of red dust in the roadway as they started on their journey northward with gifts from his father to the daughter of the Emperor, his betrothed. With a great shout and a clang of gongs, the cavalcade, guarded by soldiers armed with cross-bows and swords in scabbards of damascene and ivory, was under way.

The last cart had creaked away and it was nearly dusk again when he crept out, wrapped in a black pilgrim's cloak of camel's hair to hide the white, ceremonial raiment underneath. A great pity for his aged father shook him so that he wept; yet for him, there was no other way. He could not dishonor the Emperor's daughter, he could not dishonor himself. There was no other way but *sep-uku.*

He entered the temple and knelt before his mother's altar once again. There was a rustling, a whispering of silver bells. He could not see the face of the silent, smiling god nor read the sacred inscriptions, but in the twilight, he stretched out his arms to them in supplication, even as he knew his mother once had done.

The circle of ruby lamps flickered as if some one breathed over them, but there was no sign, no sound. A little wandering wind fanned the blue and falling darkness and the first rays of the rising moon shone on the tower of a distant pagoda. The music of the wind-bells that hung around it came faintly to him through the whispering shrubbery beside the now ascending path. In the moon's whitening light, he came upon a single tree of *pau-lo-ina* flowers, purple flowers which are a symbol, meaning "thinking of an absent friend." He gathered some of the fallen petals and thrust them into the folds of the white tunic, over his heart.

The yellow birds had not left the garden by the red towers, the blossoms of the plum trees had not yet whitened the grass, which had echoed to the whisper of tiny feet, yet even in so short a time, his destiny was written. He was on his way to death.

At a bend in the river's course he began to climb still higher, grasping at shrubs and creepers in the steep ascent, and after a while he came to a little rocky terrace on the cliffs. Above him a mountain a thousand rods high, below a river a hundred fathoms deep. A strip of mad green water where without wind there were waves like those of the sea and great rocks, cold in locked moonlight, stood up like the flat blades of sharp, gigantic swords.

The world was spread out before him, but as he looked up to the vast heavens above, he thought how small after all was man's domain, how idle the carnal vanity of his world.

HE TOOK off his black cloak and stood revealed in a robe and sandals of white sack-cloth, as he tied a narrow strip of it about his brow. On a bit of jutting rock he set a small portrait of his Emperor, with burning candles and sticks of incense on either side.

He took from his girdle a figure of the goddess Kwan-yin, kissed it and placed it too upon the little shelf of rock. He made the *ko-tow* before it and in the eight holy directions and then walked out to the edge of the rocky cliff. The moon turned the churning waters into billowing, feathery white, and he began to intone in a calm and steady voice the words written in the sacred rites for those who are about to go honorably into *sep-uku.*

THE words echoed back from the rocks as he stood with fingers joined and his hands against his forehead in an attitude of prayer.

Oh Soul, go not to the East to the silent valley of sunlight.
Oh Soul, go not to the West where many perils wait.
Oh Soul, go not to the South where the evil genii dwell.
Oh Soul, go not to the North to the frozen dragon's peak.
Go forth, O Soul, straight to the heart of life.
Go forth, O Soul, explore the parks of spring.
Go forth, O Soul, and join the birds in flight.
Go forth, O Soul, to what the wise have taught.
Go forth, O Soul, and end what man began.
Go forth, O Soul, be one with what you love.

He stood for an instant waiting for the far-off temple bell and at its first stroke he thrust his hands deep into the folds of his girdle. He closed his eyes with one last thought of Ah Lu-té — and then near by in the darkness at his feet, he thought he heard her voice. He stood rigid while the bell tolled on. Was it a fantasy, a dream? And yet it came again. She called his name once more, he heard her feeling her way among the rocks, he felt her clinging arms:

"Oh, my beloved, didst thou think I would let thee go into *sep-uku* alone? I must go also that our hearts may be forever one. See, my father has betrothed me, too, and without your love I have no wish to live."

He held her in his arms, so innocent, so young, so soft, so dear, so white and faintly sweet like some as yet unopened flower. How could he let her go with him, though death together might be sweeter for them than life apart.

He took the hand which she was holding out to him, so small and lotus white, and lifted it to his lips. The moon sent down a sudden spear of light as it came out from behind a cloud and his heart stood still. In the high silences of the mountain a nightingale burst into sudden trilling song and the stars dropped suddenly almost to the earth. His mother had been right, her god in his extremity had not failed her son, for as he looked again at the small white hand he saw something which caused tears of joy to fall warm as summer rain upon it. On her finger was a golden ring, the Emperor's own, a ring like the one which he wore upon his own hand, one of twin marriage rings set with a mystic talisman, with carven lilies of jade.

LI FU-JEN knelt before Ah Lu-té. Knelt as men kneel only to the Empress herself. And timidly, shyly she put out her hand, touching his dark young head with a gesture of exquisite tenderness and love, as the nightingale sang on.

There was a rustling in the pines close by, and the music of a trumpet filled the air. Below in the gorge another sounded, then further up the valley one after the other like silver echoes, onward to the palace of the Emperor in Nanking.

The Son of Heaven and his Chamberlain sat in the Pavilion of the Orchids with listening ears. As the far-off sound of the trumpets was wafted ever nearer, until at last it filled the outer courts with vibrant joyful sound, the Emperor smiled a smile of wisdom, of satisfaction and of joy.

ONCE again he had acted as the happy messenger of the gods of love, and he smiled as he took from a nacre box on the gilded table before him, a scroll of silk.

"Listen, my friend," he said to his Chamberlain, "what a great alchemist is love, for this is the song of one who only an hour before knew not what love was like. This is the song of one who in a space of time wherein the petals are not yet fallen from yonder plum trees, finds in the garden by the red towers that beauty for which he longed but had not found, who brings happiness to my beloved daughter Ah Lu-té, and to me a scholarly and an honorable son.

"If we helped the gods of love a little, what of that?" And he smiled at his Chamberlain once more, as he unrolled the silken scroll which contained the love-poem of Li Fu-jen written in the garden by the mulberry trees — a poem not yet a fortnight old. Delicately the Emperor waved his perfumed fan and, softly modulated, the words came like music from his smiling lips:

When the birds of spring greeted my Lord,
And I served by the Dragon Throne,
Were these the songs I heard?
Now in this garden the oriole sings,
But the music is not the same.
The bird's notes have not really changed,
It is only my heart singing with it.
It sings as though it possessed a kingdom,
But I would discard even a kingdom for love.
Better a thatched hut with a mulberry-girl
and love
Than a palace and the Emperor's daughter
without it.

Democratic Possibilities for 1932

BY HENRY CARTER

A Preliminary Canvass of the Candidates Now Being Discussed

WITH the convening of Congress in short session the quadrennial race for the Presidency may fairly be said to have begun. The announcement of the November election returns was the immediate signal for predictions as to Presidential possibilities for 1932, and it is true that the elections operated as a species of qualifying test preliminary to the 1932 struggle, but a clearer view of the field and of the principal contestants is obtainable by taking the slightly later date as a convenient if arbitrary point of departure. Although the party conventions will not take place for over a year, although the political developments of the next several months are uncertain and difficult of prediction, the fundamental political issue in American politics today is the question of the control of the Presidency in 1932. To this are subordinated the immediate problems of the moment and upon this the political leaders of both parties are intent. If this be borne in mind much that is obscure in the present party manœuvrings will find its explanation and its excuse.

While it is debatable to what extent the November returns are properly to be interpreted as a repudiation of Republican administration, it seems plain that the Democratic Party has recovered from the shattering defeat of 1928 and, aided by the general dissatisfaction consequent to the economic depression, has scored successes at the polls which have virtually destroyed Republican control of the Senate and House of Representatives, and which have enabled it to contest with its historic rival upon an equality that has not existed for fifteen years. Another such electoral gain, and the Presidency will fall into Democratic hands, regardless of the usual tendency of the American people to elect Republican Presidents.

ON THE record the Democrats have much to encourage them in their hope of victory in 1932. The Republicans are suffering the loss of popularity and the division of counsels which inevitably develop as a result of a long stay in power. Grave internal strifes have appeared in the party and their effect may have far-reaching results in the 1932 elections. Thanks to the stock market crash of 1929 and the subsequent depression the Republican Party has lost its great issue of prosperity, and it is doubtful if even a sharp turn in the economic situation could reëstablish it as the sole and infallible source of material welfare and the full dinner-pail. The coöperation pledge of the Democratic leaders last November was shrewdly designed to forestall any such claim and has put the Democrats in a position to claim a full share of the credit for whatever economic betterment may take place in the next eighteen months. On the great subsidiary issues of Prohibition* and water power control the Republicans appear, politically speaking, to have backed the wrong horses, while the excesses of the Tariff Act of 1930 and their failure to solve the problems of farm relief will not work to their advantage in a national election, in which the vote of the unemployed may well be the decisive element. Furthermore, in spite of mutterings of revolt in some sections of the party, they are to all intents and purposes committed to a continuation of President Hoover's leadership in 1932, which renders any substantial reversal or modification of their national policies practically impossible. The Republicans must stand upon their record in office and upon President Hoover, and they will have to face a voting population rendered critical, impatient, and nervous by hard times.

As against the obvious Republican dissensions the Democrats present at the moment a comparatively united front, however tenuous the basis for that unity may be. Political starvation has imposed a measure of discipline upon their ranks, and the astute staff work of the Democratic leaders and the Democratic National Committee has manœuvred the party into an advantageous political position. They can not be held responsible for the depression, and they may be able to obtain an important share of the credit for the recovery which is bound to come. On Prohibition and water power their position has been politically sound, and they can make effective capital out of farm relief, the Republican tariff, and unemployment. Above all they have the advantage of being able to attack rather than being obliged to defend, and of being free to select a candidate who will best suit the political exigencies of the times and of a campaign against President Hoover. Their chances of success are considerable, their leaders are alive to the opportunity, and the process of sifting their available candidates is already well under way.

To achieve victory the Democratic Party must carry sufficient States to send at least 266 Democratic electors to the Electoral College. The election is by States, not by popular vote, and victory is determined by the preponderance of a candidate in forty-eight individual State contests — indeed, in the true sense of the phrase the expression "national election" is a misnomer. It would follow that the qualifications of the various candidates for the Democratic nomination are to be determined by their appeal to the individual State units, rather than to the country at large, and that the selection of a nominee will in the last analysis depend upon his ability

---

**Note:* — This article was prepared prior to the publication of the Wickersham Report.

to carry the politically important States. The problem is one of practical politics and the choice of a candidate must be made on practical grounds if the Democrats are to exploit their present opportunity.

Traditionally the nucleus of Democratic strength has long been found in the Solid South, with its 114 electoral votes. However, in 1928 the nomination of a wet Catholic Tammany candidate was too severe a strain upon Southern sentiment and susceptibility, with the result that the party was split and the Solid South was broken for the first time since the Civil War. The defeat of Governor Smith made possible a restoration of the traditional party lines in the South, but the wounds of the 1928 campaign are still tender and a renewal of the so-called Catholic Tammany menace in whatever form would lead to another and perhaps more irreparable split. Even now the influence of Governor Smith and his lieutenant, Mr. Raskob, in the party councils is bitterly resented in many parts of the South and it will be a political task of the utmost difficulty and delicacy to maintain the present tenuous working agreement between the Democracy of the South and that of the wet, urban, industrial East.

Following the South the next most important and vital areas from the Democratic point of view are the New York bloc, comprising New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, with 89 electoral votes, and the Middle Tier of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois with 68 ballots. These two areas are among the greatest prizes when counted in votes, and victory in them plus the Solid South will mean victory in the nation. The Insurgent Republican Northwest would appear to offer a tempting field for Democratic invasion, but politically is an uncertain and possibly dangerous quantity. Of this the Democratic party seems well aware, judging by its present coldness to Insurgent overtures in Congress, and it is not probable that it will risk its strength in the East and Middle West to appeal to a dubious Northwest. A more promising area of importance in the struggle for control lies in the border States, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, totalling 59 electoral votes, and here the fight will be close and bitter. However, it is in the South, it is in the New York bloc and the Middle Tier that victory must be sought, and upon a candidate's ability to appeal to these areas will be found the criterion for the Democratic party's choice of a nominee.

At present there appear to be five available Democratic candidates in the running. Governor Smith, in spite of his great abilities and personal popularity, seems definitely out of the picture. The party does not want and can not afford a repetition of the 1928 campaign with its religious issue and the Tammany stigma to explain away, and there seems to be a tacit understanding in the party that Governor Smith will not offer himself again for nomination. There remain Franklin Roosevelt, fresh from his overwhelming victory in New York; Governor Ritchie, now in his fourth term of office and stronger than ever in his

State; Owen D. Young, of the Young Plan fame with his powerful financial and business connections; Senator Robinson of Arkansas, Vice-Presidential candidate in 1928 and Democratic leader in the Senate; and Senator Bulkley, newly elected from Ohio. All are men of very considerable capacity and character, and comparison would be invidious save upon their potential ability to carry an election against President Hoover and to appeal to the voters of the vital Southern, New York and Middle West areas. Considered from this point of view their political availability comes more sharply into relief and their respective chances for the nomination may be examined with greater convenience.

Senator Bulkley is no new-comer to political life. After two terms in Congress (1911–1915) he held important positions in Washington during the war period and has now effected an impressive return to the political stage. His victory as a wet against the dry Republican machine in Ohio was spectacular and this, when coupled with the Democratic and wet overturns in Illinois and Indiana, has suggested that he could effectively appeal to the Middle Tier in 1932. While his wet sympathies would find him friends in the East, he is not especially well known either in the East or the South, and as a new-comer to the Senate he is hardly likely to have much opportunity to play an important part in the party activities of the next year. As a dark horse he has possibilities, but 1932 is not likely to find a dark horse in the actual running.

Senator Robinson is better known and occupies a high place in Democratic and national councils. As leader of the Senate Democrats he will be much in the public eye and as former Vice-Presidential candidate he can claim consideration for the Presidential nomination. He is, however, primarily a Southern Senator and his appeal is almost exclusively to the South. As a Dry his value as a candidate in the wet East and rapidly moistening Middle West is distinctly at a discount, and it is not believed that he would be a strong national candidate. Furthermore, his association with the Hoover administration, both as a delegate to the London Naval Conference and as Democratic leader in the Coöperation programme, has rendered him slightly suspect to a number of his Democratic colleagues, which would damage his chances for the nomination. Arkansas does not command many votes either in a national convention or in the Electoral College, and it seems probable that the candidate will be sought in a larger or more pivotal State.

Owen D. Young is undoubtedly the real dark horse of the party. As Chairman of the General Electric Company he has attained an impressive position in the economic and financial structure of the country. To business men and financiers he offers an assurance of conservatism and stability which can not be ignored. As co-author of the Dawes Plan and author of the Young Plan he has achieved a reputation in foreign affairs second to none. He is being actively supported by a very influential group of New York Democrats in preference to Governor

Roosevelt and, while he is reported as not wanting the nomination, he will nevertheless be an important contender. Unfortunately for his chances, he is best known abroad and in the financial district of New York, while in the country at large he is little more than a name and will have to combat the irrational but inevitable suspicion arising from his connections with Wall Street and with the power companies. While it is to be doubted whether the water power companies and public utility interests actually present the menace which they assume in the eyes of Senator Norris and his followers, yet it seems true that at the present they have inherited much of the political odium formerly attaching to, let us say, the House of Morgan, and may prove a political handicap in the South and West as serious as was Governor Smith's Catholicism. Probably the ablest of the candidates individually, Mr. Young suggests a little too strongly the Big Business type to inspire the enthusiasm which the Democrats must muster to win; and he is too little of the politician to attempt to do so. To turn the Republican Administration out of office, the Democrats must offer a candidate strikingly different from President Hoover in personality and political philosophy. Such a one is more apt to be found in the ranks of seasoned and well-known political figures than in the world of business, and by this criterion Mr. Young will be at a disadvantage.

There remain Governor Ritchie and Governor Roosevelt. Both afford marked personal and political contrasts to President Hoover, and the logic of the situation would suggest that the choice of the Democratic party will fall upon one or the other of them. The two have much in common both in background and outlook. Their records and previous experience are comparable and their ideas are of much the same school of thought. Both have carved out enviable careers in public service and politics, and both have been successful State Governors, perhaps the best single qualification for a Presidential candidate. Both have pleasing and attractive personal qualities; both are eloquent and persuasive speakers; both are known as progressive and forward-looking executives; and either would be acceptable to the conservative business sentiment of the country. Governor Ritchie's emphatic views upon Prohibition and States' Rights have been widely applauded both in and out of the Democratic Party, and his political courage and sound judgment in this respect have been amply vindicated. Governor Roosevelt's outspoken position on Prohibition and upon the water power question have appealed to many, and his New York victories of 1928 and 1930 have effectively demonstrated his ability as a campaigner.

If ability to carry the vital State of New York were the only criterion, Governor Roosevelt would almost certainly be the nominee. However, in spite of his many qualifications and the active support accorded him by many party leaders, Governor Roosevelt lies under two severe handicaps. For years his health has been precarious and considerable doubt is felt whether he could stand the tremendous physical strain imposed upon the incumbent of the Presidency. Perhaps more serious is the suspicion to which he has been exposed that he entertains a too great tenderness toward Tammany Hall. This arises not only from his close relations with Governor Smith and Mr. Raskob, but more especially from the somewhat equivocal stand he appeared to take in the recent judiciary scandals in New York. Granted that his skirts are clean, it is nevertheless evident that the Republicans are in a position to make effective political capital on this issue which might easily assume such proportions as once more to alienate the barely reconstructed Democratic South. Herein Governor Ritchie has an unquestioned advantage. As a citizen of Maryland he would be acceptable to the South, while in the Border States he should prove a strong contender. His wet sympathies and his business conservatism would appeal to the industrial East, and, being free of the Tammany taint, his candidacy would perhaps best serve to hold together the divergent wings of the Democratic party. At present he lacks the substantial and active backing enjoyed by both Governor Roosevelt and Owen D. Young. But much political energy has been displayed by him in the past, and his recent reinaugural address is proof that his candidacy is not one to be lightly ignored.

Whether the choice of the Democratic party falls upon Roosevelt, Ritchie, or another, there will be no lack of issues for the campaign. Prohibition repeal, water power, tariff, farm relief, unemployment, all afford means for capitalizing the resentment, engendered by hard times and economic depression, which is the essential and underlying issue involved. If the Democrats can fix the responsibility for the depression upon the Republican Administration, if they can hold their own ranks reasonably firm, they can justifiably look for success in 1932; the Republicans must pin their hopes to a return of prosperity and an outbreak of Democratic dissensions. These are the lines of battle and on them are based the party manœuvres and alignments now in progress. Whatever the outcome, 1932 promises to be a memorable year in American political history.

§

Stables

By Jack Kofoed

In the Ring, as on the Turf, Few Are in the Money

The little gymnasium is half dark, and puff balls of dust squirt up under your feet as you walk about. It is difficult to breathe, for the air is saturated with the smell of ammonia and resin and the sweat of healthy young bodies, and the ventilation is anything but sufficient.

There are four rings and in each one boys are boxing. They go at it hard, eyes narrowed, lips compressed. Outside the ropes battered and rather cynical veterans spit out crisp words of advice. Scattered about the big room are dozens of other youngsters, punching bags, jerking tall weights, or going through involved series of calisthenics. The scene is a bit depressing, even aside from the dim light and lack of decent air. You wonder why these young men are not at work somewhere instead of wasting their time in such doleful surroundings.

From their point of view it is you who are foolish. They are not wasting their time, and they are working. These fellows are prize-fighters, or hope to become prize-fighters, and in no other way can they get into condition for their activities.

They know nothing — except through newspaper reports — of the beautiful estates utilized by Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling and other princes of the ring for conditioning exercises — estates with outdoor rings, swimming pools and servants. They are particularly pleased, these proletarians, when they can scrape up five dollars a week to pay their gymnasium bills.

It is not only a question of hardening muscles and improving wind in these places. The unknown boxer learns something of his trade here. If he has any native ability at all, he attracts the eye of those sometimes shifty, and always quick-witted gentlemen known as "managers." Without a manager of the right sort no one can go very far, so each is anxious to gain a place in a prominent stable.

"Stable" is a race-track term that has been appropriated by the prize-ring. It means the group of fighting men gathered under the banner of a particular manager. He handles their business affairs, gets them bouts, collects their purses and advances money for their expenses when they are broke. For these varied activities he retains one-third to one-half of what they earn. This sounds like a particularly profitable enterprise. In some instances it is. In others the profit is more apparent than real.

Among his fighters Ike Dorgan has a blond middleweight named Harry Ebbetts, who has been nicknamed the "Freeport Thunderbolt" because of his terrific hitting power. Harry was the headlined performer against Phil Kaplan in Madison Square Garden the night Max Schmeling made his American début in one of the preliminaries, and rates from fifteen to twenty-five hundred dollars a performance. In the smaller clubs, though, he works on a percentage, and that is a pure gamble.

One night he fought Vincent Forgione at the St. Nicholas. It looked like a good match, for Forgione had only recently knocked out Doc Conrad. Dorgan accepted twenty-two and one-half per cent of the gross receipts for his man's purse. A storm blew up that evening, lashing New York with rain and keeping most of the prospective customers at home. The twenty-two and a half per cent turned out to be only $475.

TO THE man in the street it may seem that $475 is reasonably good pay for thirty minutes work, particularly since Harry won without extending himself unduly. But let's have a look at the books.

Board at training camp, self and trainer	$100
Equipment, shoes, trunks, etc.	35
Seconds for fight	30
Miscellaneous — train fare, tips, etc.	50
Manager's "cut"	125
	$340

So, $340 of Harry's munificent purse had flown to the winds before a penny of it came into his hands. The remaining $125 represented his pay, not for thirty minutes of struggle, but for two weeks of hard, unremitting toil, and there would be an interval of several weeks, perhaps several months, before he could earn more.

HERE is a list of ten well known pugilists, picked at random, with their approximated earnings in 1929:

Jack Sharkey	$240,000 in	3 fights
Young Stribling	$160,000 in	21 fights
Maxie Rosenbloom	$100,000 in	25 fights
Tommy Loughran	$130,000 in	6 fights
Benny Bass	$ 80,000 in	18 fights
Joe Dundee	$ 40,000 in	3 fights
George Hoffman	$ 30,000 in	16 fights
Babe McCorgary	$ 30,000 in	14 fights
Jack Renault	$ 12,000 in	4 fights
Knute Hansen	$ 3,500 in	1 fight

Let's see how the warriors and their managers fared. The Hansens and Renaults, of course, were not in the dividend paying class. Even the McCorgarys and Hoffmans, considering what a large percentage of their earnings had to be expended in travelling to such widely separated points as Oklahoma City and Haverhill, could not be classed as plutocrats. Even less can this word apply to the preliminary bouts in which they are pleased beyond words to take a battering for a hundred dollars.

When one reaches the upper strata, though, there is a vast amount of money to be made. True, the overhead is rather staggering, but even after that has been deducted there is a huge profit on the year's work.

No one knows where the next great money-making star will come from, so the breed of managers goes on hoping — and keeping its eyes open. They haven't forgotten how a shoddy, down-at-the-heels Kearns picked up Dempsey in a Western bar-room and made a million while piloting him into the heavyweight championship. They know that a hack-driver named Buckley tied up with a penniless sailor named Josef Cuckoshay, and out of that combination developed the vast money-earning capacity of Jack Sharkey. They have all heard of how newsboy Tommy Loughran insisted on Joe Smith handling him, and that Loughran became light heavyweight champion of the world. No, you can't tell where you'll pick up a diamond in the rough, so it is wise to look over all the prospects you can.

THEY wander around the gymnasiums — these managers — their practised eyes finding fault with that boxer, or lighting at the unexpected ability in the other one. Principally they look at the big fellows, since heavyweights assay highest in the fistic market. It isn't as easy to find unattached ones as it used to be. They start in the amateur ranks, and if they're good enough to win the amateur championship known as the "Golden Gloves," for instance, they've been given so much publicity that they are tied to contracts long before they become professionals.

Then, there are so many cross-currents in the make-up of a pugilist, so many things that come to the surface only in actual battle. There was Knute Hansen, as an example. He stood six feet four inches in his bare feet, wide shouldered, lean flanked, fast as a whippet and a tremendous hitter. But Hansen was a complete failure. He could box, but couldn't fight. No matter what the stake, the Dane could not seem to whip himself into a proper frame of mind for it. Not one of his handlers ever made any money out of the Great Dane.

Fred McKay was a handsome chap, almost as big as Knute and very nearly as clever. In his day — which was twenty years ago — he became known as a confirmed "tanker." Against a chap he knew he could whip, McKay looked like a first-rate fighting man. Against one of whose prowess he was doubtful, he nearly always took the easiest way out. They said he was yellow and a quitter, and his record seemed to confirm the general verdict. But when the war came along, McKay signed up with the Canadians, and when he died, a company commander, at Vimy Ridge, he had won a score of medals and citations for gallantry in action. Those who had jeered at him in the ring were wrong. He had courage. What he lacked was the proper temperament and instinct for the game he had chosen as a profession.

KID SOCK came to New York from Malaga, New Jersey. He was the bad boy of the town, and had licked everybody around the pool room that was Malaga's sporting centre. So he landed on Broadway, looking for a chance. He found that he had to have a manager, so he permitted himself to be picked up by one of the little fellows who hang on the outer fringe of the racket — a fellow who could get him four-rounders at the Ridgewood Grove, and Canarsie and places like that. There wasn't enough in it to buy beans and pay the rent for his hall-room, so he worked intermittently carrying sides of beef at Washington Market and as a helper on a truck.

Kid Sock could hit. He scored numerous knockouts and eventually attracted the attention of a smart fellow who was "in the know." The Kid severed relations with the nickel-and-dime chump who had been handling his affairs. He went into the big stable, and it wasn't long before he was headlined at the Garden. He made money fast, and spent it faster. When he began to fade the Kid was broke, and his manager, having no personal interest in him, sold his contract to a less ambitious pilot for a couple of thousand dollars.

The Kid fell far and he fell fast. Eventually he enlisted in the National Guard so that he might fight at the armories. The pay wasn't high, but he could get a bout of sorts nearly every week, and that meant a living until he went to pieces altogether. Then he went back to a seat on a truck, completely forgotten.

LOOK around the gymnasium. The youngsters are smooth skinned, well built. They have such evident, bubbling youth. In the motley crowd about them are symbols of what they may become — shambling, stammering, punch-drunk old fighters, who hitch and jerk along and can not talk above a whisper. The recruits pay little attention to them. They see no object lessons in the veterans. They don't believe this gentle racket will ever turn them into things like that, because they are too new at the game to know this is part of its currency.

Whether or not a good looking boy is to be turned into a broken-nosed, flat-browed, cauliflower-eared physical wreck is partly dependent on his manager. Only partly, of course. Look at old Dan Hickey and Paul Berlenbach. Paul was thick and stolid and shambled into battle on the flat of his feet. He could not box, but won his fights sensationally because he walked into his opponents and beat them down with murderous left hooks. His was the prize example of the one track mind.

PAUL went down as quickly as he had come up. His stamina evaporated. The sting went out of his blows. Hickey saw that, and though the former light heavyweight champion could have gone along for another year and cleaned up good sized purses, old Dan demanded that he quit the game. What price punch drunkenness, after all?

Berlenbach wouldn't quit.

"Hell," he said, "why should I? I've been boxing less than four years. There are plenty of good fights left in me. I'm going on."

"Not with me," said Hickey, veteran of forty years around the men of the ring. "We've been pals. You're more like a son to me, Paul, than just a guy I'm managing. I'm not going to help turn you into one of those round-heels you see in the gymnasiums. You're going to quit."

But the stubborn German wouldn't leave the ring behind. It was all he had in life; his only interest. He didn't need money, for he had three hundred thousand dollars well invested. But he went on, taking thumpings here and there, and thinking up arguments with which to answer old Dan, who still insisted that he hang up the gloves. When Mike

McTigue finally knocked Berlenbach out, Hickey had a talk with the boxing commission, a very sober talk, and Paul found his license revoked. He was being protected against his will.

Unfortunately, there are managers who have no personal interest in the men who make up their stables. Boys are thrown into one-sided matches and forced to take savage beatings because there are a few dollars to be made. Or, it may be that the manager overestimates the ability of the pride of his stable.

FAMOUS feuds have developed between fighters and managers. Jack Dempsey and Doc Kearns rode the rods and were hungry together in their early days, but with millions in the bank they became bitter enemies who fought each other through a dozen law courts.

Arthur Bulow brought a shy, almost unknown German boy named Max Schmeling to America. By the time the Black Uhlan had fought his way into a commanding position their regard for each other had turned to hate. Schmeling stayed out of the ring for twelve months and very nearly ruined his career for no other reason than to prevent Bulow from getting a share of the money he would have earned.

The manager may argue, and truly enough, that he has a difficult task. When, as in the case of Battling Siki and Bob Levy, the job includes the additional ones of lunatic asylum guard, nurse and interpreter, it becomes complicated beyond words.

Siki came out of the Senegal jungles to the light heavyweight championship of the world. His magnificent body was slashed and dented with nineteen wounds that he had received while serving with the French Colonial troops. He had the instincts of a savage and the mind of a ten-year-old child. Dozens of times Levy was awakened in the middle of the night to get the Battler out of a station-house cell. Siki was always drunk. When paid off for a fight he gave away his money in handfuls, and in the interim his manager had to buy his food and pay his rent. When Bob signed a contract for a fight he never knew if Siki would come staggering into the ring, or not show up at all.

Levy had few easy moments in all the time he managed the singular Senegalese. And when a dope-crazed gangster eased a knife into Siki's body and left him to die slowly in a Hell's Kitchen gutter, it was Levy who paid for the funeral.

A NEW type of manager has come into boxing, and these are not harassed with such troubles as Bob Levy experienced. E. F. Hutton, the multi-millionaire broker, an amateur enthusiast about boxing, formed a stable of comparatively unknown pugilists and hired a veteran trainer to handle them. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, scion of a famous Philadelphia family, took over the contract of Rene DeVos, the Belgian middleweight, though he retained Jimmy Bronson, Tunney's former handler, to attend to the details of the business.

These men are not in the game for money. They have, I think, an idea that they may elevate it to their own level; a hopeless plan. Their fighters, though, are fortunate, for they are not cast aside for a few defeats. They are not cast aside at all, as a matter of fact, for both Mr. Hutton and Mr. Biddle find places somewhere in their entourage for fighters who have been in their service and who have come to the end of their strings. But these gentlemen and their stables are not really parts of the pugilistic ensemble. The business is merely an amusing side-line, and sometimes an expensive one. When these newcomers find it isn't worth it, they will drop out and leave it to the professionals, who are in there for no other reason than to make as good a living as they can.

The percentage of successes among managers is no higher than in other fields. In New York and the smaller cities as well, it is easy to find scores of the small fry who eat at lunch-wagons and sleep in cheap rooming-houses. A manager is no more successful than his fighters, and if they can't rise above small purses and infrequent bouts he suffers along with them. The best of them have gone through days when empty pockets and skimpy meals were too common to cause comment. The game has never been as easy as it seemed.

It's a poor business. The sweat and scheming and effort that go into the business of making a fighter and promoting him after he has been built, would make a man successful in far more profitable affairs. Of course, they all think of the big shots that come to some. Even without a Dempsey to attract the unheard of gates that he alone could draw, they can't forget that six heavyweight bouts that featured Jack Sharkey, Phil Scott, Max Schmeling, Otto Von Porat, George Godfrey and Primo Carnera, grossed more than one million three hundred thousand dollars. That is big money whatever way you look at it.

But, while most of them go on hoping — fighters and managers alike — they struggle on with the ten-dollar a round preliminary bouts, the two hundred dollar semi-windups and the occasional flares where they split as much as five hundred dollars. Madison Square Garden is as much a stranger to the down-at-the-heels wanderers as the Palace Theatre is to the five-a-day hoofer on the small time. Hope keeps them going — a hope that is seldom realized.

That's why the dark, stuffy gymnasiums are filled with fresh faced boys with boxing gloves on their fists and tired-eyed men in shabby coats and spats, talking in the grand manner about champions and big purses, but always watching — watching —

The Rebel on the Bench

By Joseph Percival Pollard

A close-up of that remarkable young judge, William Clark, whose Prohibition decision has astonished the country

Mr. Jerome Frank has recently written a provocative book entitled *Law and the Modern Mind*. It is a tearing of the mask from the face of the law, a devastating indictment of the thought processes of men too much imbued with reverence for the fixed authority of the past. From his array of "judicial somnambulists" the author excepts only a handful of progressive jurists and legal philosophers, headed by Justices Holmes and Cardozo. To this meagre list may now, I think, be added the name of Federal Judge William Clark.

For Judge Clark has performed one of the most astounding feats in legal annals. In holding the Eighteenth Amendment invalid because it was ratified by State legislatures instead of by the people assembled in convention, he has done what no other judge had dared to do before him, and what all judges concerned in the matter have refused to do since. He has interpreted a section of the Constitution in the light of an original theory of political science rather than according to judicial tradition. He has ignored the plain meaning of the words of Article Five, the Supreme Court's approval of that meaning, and the practical working of the Article in the history of Constitutional Amendments. Article Five gives Congress the choice of proposing the ratifying of Amendments by State legislatures or by conventions. Every one of the nineteen Amendments has been ratified by the legislative method.

But Judge Clark, not unreasonably, has distinguished the Eighteenth Amendment from all the others; and he has read into Article Five what he thinks its framers would have said had they been confronted with the strange possibility of a Constitutional Amendment forbidding drink. Any such Amendment, taking from the people power over personal conduct and handing it to the Federal Government, should be ratified by conventions of the people called for that special purpose. So when Article Five says "ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, *or* by conventions in three-fourths thereof," it means "ratified only by the unusual method of conventions when applied to an unusual type of Amendment."

Thus to read one's own views into the meaning of plain and solemn phrases, to use over 12,000 words to do so, and in the doing to scatter bits of general quotations ranging all the way from Confucius to Charles Beard, is, to say the least, to expose to public gaze an original, mobile and imaginative mind — a mind which goes perhaps a little farther than that of any of our recognized judicial dissenters.

William Clark (Harvard A.B. 1911, M.A. 1912, LL.B. 1915) was thirty-nine years old when he handed down his Prohibition decision, momentous despite its pending doom upon appeal. But he was only thirty-four when he was appointed by President Coolidge to the Federal bench in New Jersey, and only thirty-three when appointed by the Governor of New Jersey to the Court of Errors and Appeals, the highest court in the State. Prior to his first judgeship, he had been for three years a member of one of Newark's leading law firms, to which he had come upon his return from gallant service as a captain of field artillery in France. Such a rapid rise in a profession dominated by men old in years as well as in ideas, bespeaks a talent which is given to very few lawyers, even bright lawyers whose opportunities for development are as great as those of this heir to the Clark thread millions. But as Jerome Frank points out, the very nature of the law is apt to do strange things to talent. No matter how scholarly and brilliant, the lawyer must have an exceedingly strong personality if he hopes to withstand the assaults of precedent-and-logic worship, the ravages of the law's inherent conservatism. Certainly Judge Clark's Prohibition decision, unsettling a state of affairs which, no matter how unsavory, has existed for eleven years, shows that he, at least, is not likely to succumb.

Oddly enough, the Anti-Saloon League approved of his appointment to the Federal bench in May, 1925. The mistake was natural. There was nothing in his record of a year and a half on the high State court to indicate that he would kick over the traces. Far from being revolutionary, he concurred in most majority opinions, seldom voiced a dissent, and behaved generally as a young man is expected to behave when admitted to the council table of his elders. Of course, he had practically nothing to do with liquor litigation; that was a field confined almost exclusively to the Federal courts. But even in the determination of normal disputes, both civil and criminal, he evinced little of that independence of thought which characterized the judicial utterances of his colleague, Judge Minturn, who achieved a nation-wide fame for furnishing comic relief to the law by his humorous applications of the old Latin maxims that abound in the books.

Indeed, some of the decisions were anything but liberal. One case involved the construction of a State statute giving preference to soldiers in civil service appointments. Was an army field clerk a soldier within the meaning of the statute? Judge Clark, ex-war hero with a citation for bravery in action, construed the Act strictly to apply only to men in the fighting arm, not to all men in the military service. Another case involved the disposition of a joint savings bank deposit. Could a husband whose wife had left him and taken their joint passbook to parts unknown obtain payment of the fund without serving her personally with papers in the suit? Of course he could not serve her personally, so he published a notice in his home newspaper. Judge Clark, delving heavily into the metaphysics of jurisdiction, held he could not obtain the money. And himself an upright family man and the father of three children, he displayed an almost sentimental tendency to deal harshly with erring husbands in several family squabbles which revealed some evidence of provocation unheeded by the judge.

But this was small stuff (perhaps because he was young he was given no opinions to write in broad social problems during his seventeen months on the State bench) and his big work lay before him. As a Federal District Judge, holding court alone in the actual trial of cases, his task was somewhat different from sitting on an appellate bench surrounded by older jurists. It was a little easier to be his own boss. True there was the chance of reversal on appeal, which seems to affect the work of so many trial judges, but to Judge Clark that was a remote consideration after his recent direct and intimate contact with the last word in judicial determination, and he soon became oblivious to the effect his decisions would have on his superiors. He became, in fact, a new person — independent, courageous, questioning and testing old rules to see if they were adequate to render modern social justice. Gradually but surely he began preparing himself for that break from the past, that unheard-of defiance of the Supreme Court, which was wrought by his powerful Prohibition decision. The volcano, some day to erupt, was smouldering and bubbling away, but was not yet ready to pour its lava hot and fast over the populace.

A change from the State bench to the Federal bench involves, among other things, a change in the nature of the disputes which comes before one. Certain types of cases belong exclusively to Federal jurisdiction, among them patent suits. Now Judge Clark knew as little about the complicated mechanics of patents as most beginning judges, but he did the unconventional thing of admitting his ignorance. Writing his first important opinion, in a suit involving an alleged infringement of a patented device for stopping leaks in automobile radiators, he made the following observation:

> The Court, without an assessor, is not sufficiently informed scientifically, to be able to guide the examination towards the most effective arrival at the truth. So strongly does the writer of this opinion feel, even after his brief experience, that he is resolved to take courses in electrical and mechanical engineering. He hopes thereby to make his actual conduct of patent hearings intelligent, in the sense that he will not lose the benefit of meeting the experts upon at least partially common ground.

There, surely, is the scientific spirit so requisite to the proper functioning of the modern mind. Further, he admitted in his lengthy opinion to spending many hours reading patent digests at the New York Public

Library. And so with all his cases. He does not rely solely, or even mainly, on the briefs of counsel for his information in the matter. He wants to know all about it, and he finds out for himself. His opinions abound in such statements as "Counsel's trouble was unnecessary, because the cases are collected and fully discussed in an article in *The Yale Law Journal*, written with his usual thoroughness and power of analysis by Mr. X"; "The court can not speak for counsel, as the following quotations are not to be found in their briefs"; "The court was somewhat surprised to find that counsel were advocating the convention method of ratification and yet had not referred to the four books which have been written on the use of the convention in formulating and amending Constitutions."

If such comments reflect unfavorably on the work of the lawyers, they show a rather unique approach to the work of the judge. And so does his suggestion that judges should render a prompt decision first and then be allowed a leisurely period in which to prepare a formal and complete opinion in important cases only:

> So, at least, we think, justice would approach the desirable criterion of speed, and the pronouncements of our courts would be both less numerous, and however limited by the frailties of the individual, at least the result of an original research.

The patent decision above mentioned met with a cold reception at the hands of the Appellate Court. But far from being daunted by his reversal, he rather laughed it off. Shortly after the higher court decided he had erred, Judge Clark had occasion to solve another and similar patent problem. In the course of his opinion he detoured around the facts long enough to glorify his fall from grace:

> After the most thoughtful consideration of which he was capable, the writer of these presents held the patent invalid. Perhaps because it was his first, the subsequent opinion was also the result of long and careful study. In the course thereof, certain criticisms of the Patent Office and the patent system were included. The author of this maiden effort was pleased by numerous written expressions of commendation received from members of the patent bar in various parts of the country who had read it when reported. His human vanity was further fed by a laudatory note printed in *American Law Notes* for May, 1928.
>
> This pleasure was short-lived and this pride went indeed very shortly before a fall. Two months after the argument of the case in the Circuit Court of Appeals, a reversal was filed (one judge dissenting). This court is then placed upon the horns of this dilemma: the writing of no opinion might be interpreted by the learned judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals, to whom we owe both personal and official allegiance, as Achilles sulking in his tent. On the other hand any expression of our thoughts might be understood as an unregenerate adherence to our own views, rather than a properly humble acceptance of theirs.

And he went on to hold the patent in suit invalid, notwithstanding the opinion of the Circuit Court of Appeals!

Such independence comes only from a sense of absolute power and security (he has a life job, if he cares to stay). The youthful justice who sat quietly, if not humbly, on the high State bench has developed in a few years into a trial judge able, painstaking, and utterly fearless of criticism or reversal, whose opinions bristle with confidence and finality, and, indeed, with quite a considerable ego. The jauntiness here apparent, together with an ironic touch, pervades all his legal writings, and saves them from the dullness which most jurists are unable to avoid. A felicity of expressing legal ideas which in themselves are novel is not often to be found in the tomes. But Judge Clark thinks nothing, for instance, of making suggestions to his superiors: "An expression of opinion on the point from the Circuit Court of Appeals would be valuable to the District Court judges." Or, of making sovereign legislatures feel insignificant: "If the legislature had used words appropriate to the exact situation, this litigation would not perhaps have arisen. But the habit of deliverative bodies is sometimes otherwise, even where the facts are before them." Or, of denouncing the habit which litigants have of rushing into the Federal courts: "These legal skirmishes seem to have taken place in most, if not all, of the United States courts. In fact, the New Jersey District had, until the inception of this suit, almost occasion to feel slighted." "Constantly, certainly, and, we hope, patiently and clearly, we find ourselves explaining why we feel we can not restrain somebody from doing something."

This last sad reflection appears in the course of the most important opinion which Judge Clark wrote previous to his Prohibition decision — an opinion involving various points of constitutional law. The interpretation of the Constitution is the most far-reaching part of a judge's task, because it vitally affects people and property in their relation to the Government. Judge Clark had been an ardent student of government long before he was given an opportunity to pass upon its problems. His chance came in 1928, and he tackled it with gusto in the case of *United States v. City of Hoboken.*

Here the United States Government had sought permanently to enjoin the City of Hoboken from taxing the piers of the North-German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Lines, taken over for war purposes by Presidential Proclamation in 1918. The seized piers had been used by the Government during the war and up through the year 1920 for troop transports and the disembarking of returned forces. After 1920 they ceased to function in a militant way, but were retained for use in the peace time shipping business. The Federal Government, ever zealous to guard its goods from the presumptuous nuisance of State or municipal taxation, naturally stormed into the Federal Court when little Hoboken insisted on making its levy. But it was made anything but welcome by Judge Clark. He almost asked it to leave and tell its troubles to the State Court, but finally decided to take jurisdiction, observing in his pragmatic and modern-minded way that otherwise the case would only mean "delay, increased expense, and no different result." His opinion was long, his conclusions brief. He decided that the broad war power which the Constitution gave to the Federal Government was sufficient to exempt the piers from taxation for the year 1920. But he refused to enjoin Hoboken from levying its tax thereafter (he even doubted the power of the Federal Government to engage in the shipping business), and held that any further relief which the Government might seek would have to be sought in the State tribunals.

THE significance of his extensive and learned opinion lies in the light it sheds upon his attitude toward modern social and Governmental problems. Here was a Federal judge who had not forgotten that he had once served the State of New Jersey. Nor had he forgotten his readings in the works of Professor Frankfurter and others who deplored the abuse of injunctions, and the outmoded "diversity of citizenship" rule which enabled Federal courts to usurp jurisdiction, and tended to benefit the powerful party to the litigation, right or wrong. He sees tendencies in modern life that need correcting. And even a light connection between the broad evil and the narrow facts of the case before him is sufficient to put his vivid pen to work. The whole troublesome question of State Rights seemed to him here involved. Because the Nation needed a strong central Government at one time is no reason for that Government, now triumphant, to ignore what few rights the States have left. What was law in the days of John Marshall should not necessarily be law in the days of Justice Holmes. Their philosophies of government differed widely, but they were both right because they served different needs. Times change and the progress that comes to the natural sciences should not be denied the science of law:

> The founders and their prophet, Chief Justice Marshall, had experienced the bitter results of State power and selfishness, and they were determined that the nation, once accomplished, should go forward unhampered. (Marshall, in denying Maryland the right to tax the National Bank, had said "The power to tax involves the power to destroy.")
>
> The course of our history seems to have answered the fears of our great Chief Justice and, in fact, to have given some cause, at least, for apprehensions of an exactly opposite nature. If it has not, Mr. Justice Holmes, with his unfailing genius for expressing fundamentals in a striking phrase, would seem to have done it in his: "The power to tax is not the power to destroy while this court sits."
>
> The immunity of the sovereign from taxation would seem to belong to the legal philosophy of the Middle Ages (the King can do no wrong) and to be as unsuited to modern conditions as the immunity from suit.

JUDGE CLARK's deploring of the reverence of past decisions for their own sake is everywhere apparent. It is attested by his constant reference to writers who bravely seek to reform the law, be they lawyers or laymen: Beard, Pound, McBain, Burgess. It is shown in his readiness and ability to see through form to the substance beyond, to see the technicalities that may have controlled an old doctrine and the human facts that should control it now. And he himself says:

> This court has never been particularly impressed with the theory, *stare decisis*. It is too often invoked as an agreeable substitute for mental effort. A chief justice of Georgia once remarked that courts of last resort lived by correcting the errors of others and adhering to their own.

Reversing this dictum somewhat, one might almost say that he, Judge Clark of the lower court, lived by correcting the errors of courts of last resort. At any rate there must be some element of justice about an old rule that hopes to survive at his hands. There certainly was none about the harsh doctrine which made necessary his services as unofficial mediator in the radium paint cases in 1928. There employees of a watch company, engaged in painting dials, had contracted radium poisoning. But they were unable to collect damages for the ensuing serious injuries, because the poison latent in their system had not come to the front until after the Statute of Limitation had operated. Their just claims for compensation were thus outlawed, and the company, seeking the protection of the law, refused payment. Judge Clark, known to be free from inhibitions which blight the law, was called into the case, and so successful were his powers of persuasion that the company agreed to make ample payment to their afflicted workers.

And so, when Judge Clark took his accustomed seat on the bench on the morning of December 16, 1930, and began to read his opinion in the case of *United States v. Sprague*, the clerk of the court and any others familiar with his record knew just about what to expect. And yet, the full implications of the decision were cause for excitement. One of the longest judicial utterances ever recorded, it was based absolutely on a non-judicial thesis: that the language of the Constitution can, at this late date, be modified by the principles of political science, the Law and the Supreme Court to the contrary notwithstanding! When Felix Frankfurter stated that the Constitution has "ample resources for imaginative statesmanship," he little dreamed that a Federal judge would prove it so completely.

By this decision, Judge Clark proved himself to be one of the few thoroughly liberal judges on the Federal bench. (No one on the Supreme Court is a thorough liberal; for Holmes and Brandeis are both "dry," while the small "wet" voices are those of judges who, in other matters, revere property and federalism.) Whether he had another motive than to do his bit to correct an intolerable state of affairs, I do not know. If he has political ambition, it should not be hard for him to succeed in New Jersey, following Dwight Morrow's example. But in the light of his judicial record, if he, as judge, were merely looking for a way out of the Prohibition dilemma, it is not surprising that he found it in Article Five of the Constitution, despite the presence there of the little word *or*, despite what a fellow district judge meekly called "his Master's voice," and despite any and every thing else. When John Locke wrote, in his *Treatise on Civil Government*, in 1690,

> The community perpetually retains a supreme power of saving themselves from the attempts and designs of anybody, even of their legislators, whenever they shall be so foolish or so wicked as to lay and carry on designs against the liberties and properties of the subject,

he must have had in mind a community wherein Judge Clark held a position of power and security. Whatever the outcome of his *coup de loi* may be, and whatever course his star may take, Judge Clark will forever figure prominently in the history of progressive thought in this country.

What's Wrong with the Men?

By Louise Maunsell Field

The He-Man Has Vanished from Literature

From the earliest times straight down to the Twentieth Century, literature was devoted mainly to the cult of the hero. Ninety-nine per cent of the fiction of the past centred about the doings of some strong-hearted and usually strong-armed male, an incarnation, more or less complete, of the ideals of the period, fighting as light against darkness, good against evil. From Gilgamesh, Rama, Hercules and all the other heroes of the ancient world, through the *Morte d'Arthur* and the romances of Roland and the Cid, the line runs uninterrupted as far as the later 1920's. Then suddenly it breaks, and nearly vanishes. The all but complete disappearance of the hero is one of the most remarkable, most arresting phenomena of the present day.

If we are to regard our so-called serious fiction as an accurate reflection of our modern life, this phenomenon is not merely arresting, but actually alarming. Not only has the hero vanished, but his place as protagonist is being assigned to the poor fish, who only too often isn't even a respectably back-boned aquatic individual, but a mere jellyfish. At first thought, this change might seem attributable to the fact that so many of our present-day novels are written by women. The flaccid male of *Dark Hester*, whose future his wife and his mother settled between them, literally over his prostrate body, the general flabbiness of Aldous Wyntringham, father of the *Philippa* who gives her name to what is probably the most tearful as well as the most disappointing of recent novels, can be readily if not altogether satisfactorily explained by the sex of Anne Douglas Sedgwick; that *The Fool of the Family* lacks more than the faint vestige of a spinal column while his genius brother is an unmitigated cad can be regarded as a sign of possibly unconscious feminine animosity on the part of Margaret Kennedy.

But what about the novels written by men? In what light do masculine writers see their fellows? Do they regard them as poor, decadent weaklings when they are not more or less clever rascals, and women as being, on the whole, about the only decent representatives of the human race? For the purposes of this inquiry suppose we ignore all serious or realistic novels written by women, and confine ourselves to those produced by members of the once stronger sex.

Take some of the outstanding masculine novels of the season and see if in any one of them there is a leading man whom any normal human being, man, woman or child, would care to resemble, since this has always been regarded as the test of the hero. Louis Bromfield's brilliant *tour de force*, *24 Hours*, presents a whole bunch of characters, including at least three women who command some degree of respect and sympathy, one of them being the only important person in the book who is at once forceful, well poised, clear-sighted and likable. But the men — !

When a brave thing is to be done, it is one of the women who does it; even the least admirable among them rises to an emergency, while the man in the case lies prostrate. The only prominent male creature in the book who is neither fool nor weakling is one whose prosperity was founded on a transaction thoroughly shameful, while the upright young man of innocent intent is a good deal of an ass. The worst of it is that these are real people, every one of them, representing many strata of New York life; but while the women embody, some of them, the better characteristics of the special stratum to which they belong, the men exemplify the poorer. Or look at a supposedly rather admirable individual, *This Pure Young Man* of Irving Fineman's somewhat tedious prize novel. Ineffectual, wobbly, a moral coward, virtuous more because of his varied fears than for any other reason, a supposed idealist who when the World War flung forth its challenge ignored it ostrich-wise, enlisting at the last only because he was afraid of what people might say about him if he didn't; what self-reliant purposefulness there is in the book belongs to his sister, Mary Louise. As for his fellow-students, they need no Circe to turn them into swine. If possible, they are rather more contemptible than even the young men portrayed by John Held, Jr. in his *Grim Youth*.

Thus that younger generation which so prides itself on its perfect frankness and honesty. What about the elder? Booth Tarkington's publishers proclaim him the dean of American letters; and his latest *jeune premier* is a jellyfish if ever there was one. Gordon Corning's entire body wasn't worth as much as Edna Pelter's little toenail; a truth of which the author is perfectly aware. In all *Mirthful Haven* there is only one male for whom it is possible to cherish the smallest degree of liking or admiration, and even he showed himself a person of extremely poor judgment in fancying that by marrying Edna he could force the townspeople to regard her as anything save an unscrupulous young woman who had successfully befooled a very old man. Or consider the case of Bart Carter, the central character of Charles Norris's recent novel, *Seed*. Vibrating helplessly between wife and mistress like the proverbial ass between the two bundles of hay, disloyal to both women out of sheer weakness, he is the very poorest of poor fish. But though Peggy, his wife, is a combination of fool and Pharisee, Mildred

Bransom is an intelligent, up-standing woman who compels respect until the author forces her character entirely out of focus in order to provide his tale with a moral (!) ending.

NOR is it American fiction only that exploits the poor fish. The weak male, playing a very uncertain fiddle to the much stronger female, is an outstanding character in English novels as well. Movie-minded though she was, Jane Bell of A. P. Herbert's notable and altogether delightful story, *The Water Gipsies*, appears positively heroic when compared with Fred or Ernest or the weakly kind-hearted George Gordon Bryan, even though said George did finally muster up sufficient courage to run away from the various females who pursued him with a determination worthy of a better cause. J. B. Priestley's admirable and curiously timely *Angel Pavement* presents a whole group of real people, but without a single man in whom there is any noticeable tinge of the heroic. Only the scoundrel of the piece has any particular strength of character, even though the poor old clerk does contrive at the very last to face the long-dreaded loss of his job with a certain stoicism. Of the two leading men of Somerset Maugham's very entertaining *Cakes and Ale*, one is a schemer whose every thought and act is motivated by self-interest, while the other is gently manœuvred and maintained in a desirable and perfectly insincere pose by his resolute wife, the second Mrs. Driffield. Jim of *The Redlakes* is, it is true, a much better specimen of humanity than either of these; but Francis Brett Young has taken the utmost care not to let him appear in any degree heroic, even while leading him through the difficulties and horrors of the South African campaign.

This same sort of care is one of the special characteristics of the really up-to-date novel. The leading man is seldom really bad; only invertebrate. There is, it would seem, nothing of which the modern novelist, young or old, English or American, is so desperately, so almost abjectly afraid, as of allowing any hint of the strength which might lead to heroism to mar the perfect flabbiness of his leading male character.

AND not entirely without reason. Wasn't Ernest Hemingway himself actually accused of being a romantic, because he rashly permitted the narrator of *A Farewell to Arms* to fall thoroughly and wholeheartedly in love? Something which, like heroism, is now regarded as quite unworthy of serious and sophisticated fiction. It is true, of course, that in real life people do occasionally so far forget themselves as to be guilty of heroic actions; but these unfortunate occurrences modern novelists find it perfectly easy to overlook. Even the historical novel has fallen into line, and is disdaining heroism as old-fashioned. Didn't Rafael Sabatini choose for his latest tale the story of Robert Carr, *The King's Minion*, who really wasn't much better than a young man of the present time? Or rather, of its fiction. For the old convention of the chaste heroine and the gallant hero is one from which the modern novelist recoils with such unutterable horror that brave men are becoming rarer than black swans; in fiction.

Does all this argue a new and unaccustomed humbleness of outlook in the male? Is the modern masculine author afflicted with such a painfully keen sense of his own deficiencies that he feels obliged to credit his male characters with worse, and more of them? Or is it due to a not particularly subtle form of vanity?

ARE men making themselves out worse than they think they are, in order that they may have the pleasure of being assured that they are better than they know they are? It can't be that all the men who write serious fiction have suddenly and as it were unanimously become convinced of the general contemptibility of their own section of humanity. Nor can they all have been abruptly afflicted with an inferiority complex which makes them delight in presenting other men as despicable in order to feel that they themselves are by contrast really quite admirable. Or have the much vaunted achievements of women caused a new and curious modesty to attack men like an epidemic of whooping-cough or measles?

Strangely enough this disease, if disease it be, would seem to have entirely spared the producers of one especial type of fiction. For the hero has found a refuge, and taken effective revenge on his disclaimers by making that refuge extremely popular. The present astonishing vogue of the detective story has been attributed to everything from the panic in the stock-market to the incomprehensibility of Einstein, but the truth is that it is largely if not solely due to just this fact; that in it the hero has taken shelter from the blasts of disapproval that have raged around his unlucky head. Unlike the serious or sophisticated novel, the detective story always gives occupation to a hero; its leading man must meet danger gallantly, be cool, astute, unselfish, even chivalrous, finding reward for all exertions and difficulties in the triumphant vindication of accused and injured innocence. He may even, on occasions, rescue the heroine! Not only does crime (preferably murder) fiction provide sanctuary for the hard-pressed hero; it also enables him to assume guises once deemed altogether unsuitable.

THE detective story is read by all sorts and conditions of men for the very reason that among the dozens upon dozens of fictional hero-detectives whose lives are just one thrilling adventure after another, every man can find at least one whose identity he may himself adopt, one in whom he can not merely see himself, but see himself doing the things he would like to do and winning the applause he would like to command. And this no matter what his temperament or physique may be. Unless possessed of a quite exceptionally vivid imagination, it might be a little difficult for the middle-aged or definitely antique father of a family to see himself as the dashing young hero of, for instance, the old-time historical novel; but he can find a detective to fit without any very strenuous effort, and so experience vicariously not one but a whole series of thrilling adventures.

Is he unpleasantly conscious of possessing more than his due share of avoirdupois? There is Anthony Wynne's kindly, astute Dr. Hailey, the very fattest of fat physicians, not to mention G. K. Chesterton's dusty little priest, the psychologically inclined Father Brown. Or is he diffident, retiring, the sort of man who would rather face a den of thieves than a woman's club? He can find solace in the experiences of Ambrose Chitterling, who recently discovered the truth about the exceedingly perplexing *Piccadilly Murder*, and thereby saved an innocent person from the somewhat disagreeable fate of being hanged. Some little mannerism may have been a life-long torment to him; Lance O'Leary's nervous fingers roll a stub of pencil as he pursues his way through the hair-raising intricacies of *The Mystery of Hunting's End*, as well as during his triumphal progress amid the shuddering horror of those dreadful things that happened *While the Patient Slept*.

To the detective story hero, even old age is not a barrier to achievement; Professor Brierley was quicker-witted than any of the younger men about him when it came to perceiving the awful truth about *Murder from the Grave*. Tall or short, thick or thin, young or old, every man can find a detective to suit. The terrible handicap of blindness itself may be overcome. Ernest Bramah's brilliantly clever Max Carrados discerned what was hidden from others, although *The Eyes of Max Carrados* were sightless.

Nor do professions make any great difference, though the advantage is perhaps a little with the scientists. Conan Doyle once declared that when a doctor did go wrong he was the most dangerous of criminals; he is also, it would seem, among the most astute of detectives. Witness Dr. Thorndyke, the medico-legal gentleman of R. Austin Freeman's creation, whose latest achievement was the discovery of *Mr. Pottermack's Oversight*.

But since a good deal of leisure is one of the most important requisites of an amateur detective, practising physicians are less frequently encountered than those who have either retired, or are busy with some special research work. When *Dr. Priestley Investigates*, the unexpected comes to light, and if Scotland Yard finds itself confronted with some apparently unsolvable mystery, *Mr. Fortune Explains* the entire affair, to the reader's complete satisfaction. The ex-military man, for this same reason of needed leisure, is active in the detective field, especially in English stories. Colonel Gore has solved a whole list of puzzles, of which the bewildering *Murder on the Bridge* is the most recent; Colonel Anthony Gethryn found *The Link*, and so saved an innocent man. Newspaper men too are numerous, and there are professional investigators to suit all types. The man who knows himself a plodder, patient and painstaking, usually finds small comfort in fiction, but he can exult over his prototype, Freeman Wills Crofts's hard-working Inspector French, whose infinite attention to detail had ruined many a neatly constructed plot before he unmasked the gruesome one which was connected with *Sir John Magill's*

Last Journey, while the man who is fortunate enough to be of quick wit and impish humor may readily identify himself with one of the very best detectives known to fiction, A. E. W. Mason's Hanaud, of the Paris Sûreté.

EVEN the man without any profession at all, who in American fiction is usually treated as one of the lowest forms of animal life, has a chance to play the hero among murderers. Lord Peter Wimsey is always both likable and successful, though in his experience with *Strong Poison* he was badly handicapped by falling in love, while one of the best-known detectives in fiction, Philo Vance, is a dilettante when not engaged in solving such sinister riddles as those propounded by *The Green Murder Case* or *The Scarab Murder Case*. But though these investigators, professional and amateur, belong to every known type and range in temperament, from the Gallic quickness and gaiety ascribed to Poiret and Hanaud to the British thoroughness and tenacity of Inspector French and John Ringrose, there is not one of them who ever whines; not one of them who lacks courage, not one who is mean or treacherous, not one but can rise gallantly to an unexpected emergency or risk his life without making the least fuss about it, not one but possesses some at least of the qualities normal men would like to regard as their own. And then too there are so many things they can do, quite as matters of course, which most of us hanker to do and either don't dare or lack opportunity to venture, like pulling the emergency signal on a train, giving orders to formidable-looking policemen, walking calmly into places forbidden to the general public, or indulgently explaining to an admiring but bewildered audience the facts in the case of some mystery which has completely bemused the District Attorney's office, or even Scotland Yard! Puzzles are interesting, thrills exhilarating; but the lure of the hero, confronting danger and doing extraordinary things as calmly as if they were just nothing at all, is entirely irresistible.

PERHAPS this is why so many writers are turning to the crime story. Elsewhere, as has been said, heroism is out of fashion. Modern biography, an article recently published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW declared, devotes itself enthusiastically to the process known as debunking, which has developed from a pastime into a passion, and much of the spirit which permeates modern biography pervades modern fiction. In both, cynicism is frequently mistaken for sophistication, and the one great ambition of the average modern author is to appear sophisticated. The same desire to belittle, to convince themselves and others that mankind is fit only to be sneered at, which seems to be the underlying motive of a good deal of biography, is quite as influential in fiction. Only those who concern themselves with crime and criminals dare to maintain that the general run of humanity is really not half bad. The reading public, take it as a whole, is astonishingly humble-minded; it admires what it is told it ought to admire, and reads the books prescribed for it, accepting doses of debunked biography and disillusioned fiction as meekly as it swallows spinach and Bulgarianized milk. But the very meekest do revolt occasionally and this same public indulges in detective stories as in ice-cream sodas, apologetically — and persistently.

Those of us who have read history elsewhere than in school are likely to have, however, a deep-lying skepticism regarding radical changes in human nature. Environment alters; knowledge expands; the point of view shifts, more or less accordingly; but fundamentals remain. This skepticism makes us doubt whether, despite our fictionists, the men of today have so abruptly and generally lost all vestiges of that spinal column their ancestors undeniably possessed. Modern novels to the contrary, it does seem just a little improbable that practically all males should suddenly have lost the qualities which through the ages have made heroes out of some of them. Is it possible that the disappearance of the hero is only a matter of selection, and of fashion? That he is merely suffering a temporary eclipse, while the so-called modern spirit drags the totally unheroic into the limelight?

There is no force more powerful than that of current fashion, and it may well be that the *genus homo* is not really in the least degenerate, that only in fashionably modern fiction has the process of evolution been reversed, and man reverted to the jellyfish!

March

By Robert B. Gray

Hail, March! The tulip and the daffodil
Are swarming in their elfin, gay delight
Over the laggard winter's train like dawn
Dancing upon the tattered gown of night.
Patters the rain! Where stubborn snows, withdrawn,
Reveal a patch of green on russet hill,
Aladdin-conjured, wings a magic flight
Of flame-red tulip — yellow daffodil.

Single Blessedness

By Mitchell Bronk

Marriage Is a Partnership as Well as a Lottery

We may be drifting into a social code where it will be otherwise — feminism and the various women's movements are said to imply that — but hitherto the blame for old-maidenhood has supposedly rested upon the shoulders of the male sex. Therefore let a satisfied Benedick explain why, in his estimation, spinsterhood still exists.

The trouble with far too many women who are in the matrimonial market is that they have nothing in particular to recommend them; to "sell" them, as is said in the business world. It is stupid of them not to see this. They wonder why they never get proposed to; but why should they be? The man, young or old, who is out wife wooing isn't going to marry a creature simply because she is a female, or because she happens to be sitting by the side of the road as he passes.

Let the young woman matrimonially envious look about, be a little observant. She will find that the object of her jealousy possesses some marked attraction that draws into her train the crowd of suitors, and ultimately lands her a husband. It may be a pretty face; or a fine taste for dress and skill in "getting herself up" that makes her pass for good looking; or kittenish ways, which do fascinate many males; or entertaining intellectual brilliancy; or shining social gifts; or an inborn or acquired domesticity which assures the wooer that with her he would always have a pleasant home; or a superabundance of good nature, a quality that goes far with men; or a masterfulness that overcomes him; or it may be that most sordid of attractions, the present or prospective possession of a lot of money — always there must be something.

If the girl or woman who hankers for matrimony is without at least one of these or the other attractions that might be named, or isn't willing to cultivate some such "drawing power," her case is hopeless; she isn't likely ever to wear orange blossoms. Marriage, in short, is a partnership as well as a lottery, and if a woman is going into it she must expect to "put up," against the stock in trade — from her point of view the "desirabilities" — that are coming from the other party.

The average bachelor woman should, however, take courage. The tastes of men are varied and inexplicable. Let her light her lamp and shine! The chances are that somewhere there's a bachelor man who will fly into her flame. If this does not happen, and she honestly knows that she is built for wifehood and is not entirely lacking in the things that are supposed to attract men, let her go out and hunt. If she thinks that such a course is unwomanly, or bad form, or in any other way objectionable, she's so wofully antiquated and unenterprising that she doesn't deserve a husband. Some of the happiest matches that I have known (whether made in heaven or not) were certainly made by the woman herself. The men who are not asked are as numerous as the women who are not asked. Many spouseless men stand year after year on the brink of benedick-tion, waiting only for a push; and why shouldn't the interested woman be the one to give it?

A FORBIDDING countenance, or at least that lack of beauty which we term plainness, is ordinarily attributed to spinsterhood. It would be rash to deny that a pretty face is a great asset to any woman manhunter. The physiological and psychological reasons why this is so are obvious. Anyhow, husbands like, as well as other people, to be surrounded by beautiful things, and the prospective husband knows that he will be surrounded by his wife's countenance a whole lot. Instinctively men sense that beauty is more than skin deep; believe, with Emerson, that "all beauty warms the heart; shows health, prosperity and the favor of God"; and with the ancients that the face is the mirror of the soul.

But the old maid and the plain young woman should have some direct things said to them right here. Most homely women seem to be possessed to be so. We are weary of listening to the whining of the *feme sole*, "If only I were as pretty as Mary Ann or Mary Jane!" or, "Men never become interested in me, I so sadly lack the catchy face that always wins them!" We observant, philosophical males wonder. We look around us and see such a host of married women who decidedly are not what we would call good looking. Yet they have desirable, even ideal, husbands.

How did they do it? Then let us add — it's a man's word, but an important one for the single woman who would be double — there are not many homely faces that could not be made reasonably beautiful; at any rate, sweet, which amounts to the same thing in the eyes of most men. By cosmetics, and all that sort of thing? Yes; but more especially by the smile that won't wash off; and jollity and hearty laughter; and a good circulation and digestion, superinduced by plenty of sleep, exercise, fresh air, and the right kind of food. Such cultivated, within-your-reach good looks may not put you into a beauty contest, but it will be beauty enough to satisfy and attract the desirable husband. Study the early life of the buxom lass who became the dazzling Lily Langtry. Remember how men thronged the plain Madame de Staël and the homely George Eliot; and how loveliness broke through the ugliness of Eleanora Duse's face.

That mention of cosmetics suggests the delicate, or indelicate, subject of personal untidiness as a promoter of old-maidenhood. Repeatedly women have deplored to me their singleness, saying over that everlasting "Why?" and I did not dare tell them, as I am telling them here, that it was not the lack of a captivating face, but the lack of a bath a day; that it was the breath malodor, or the uncared-for finger nails, or the unsightly teeth, or the unshined shoes and unbrushed coat, or the unbecomingly coiffured hair, or the wretched taste in dress — every one of which things, notice, is easily remediable — that was standing between them and the coveted favor of the other sex. Men of the better sort, that is. The men to whom these little matters make no difference our women readers, we assume, leave out of account.

IN THIS same connection, let it be emphasized that ill health is no lure to the normal-minded wife seeker. In our grandparents' day it was otherwise. Frail flowers were then on the market and much sought after, especially by big and burly males — of the "cave man" species; even the consumptive cough called them. Today it is different. In these Nineteen thirties Robert Browning would have eloped with a world champion tennis player, channel swimmer, or aviatrix, instead of the invalid Elizabeth Barrett. Yet one still finds unadvised females who seem to think that their complaints and weaknesses will interest and appeal to the men who are paying them court, or who stand a chance of doing so. They are deplorably in the wrong. Most men have sympathy with suffering and bodily affliction in woman, but are disinclined to marry the objects of such sympathy; are shooed off by "poor health."

No inconsiderable number of women desirous of marriage and who are in many ways attractive and endowed with varied wifely recommendations fail to win the men who pay them attention because of their sheer tiresomeness. Over and over again men have confessed to me that such and such a young woman was all right for a dance or two, for a summer vacation flirtation, but that the thought of spending a lifetime, even a short one, with her was horrifying. They are fortunate if they find that out in time! Divorce, anyhow, frees husbands and wives from a magnitude of tediousness. To be eligible, the maiden or widow must possess in addition to some of the other qualifications that are being suggested "staying power"; must be the kind of woman who is likely to celebrate her golden wedding, as well as the initial one. For however common divorce is becoming, few men marry with it in view.

A MAN of my acquaintance became greatly interested in, that is, deeply in love with, a certain young woman. This interest and affection were as warmly returned. There was all the staging of a conventional lived-happy-ever-after playlet. They were eminently suited to each other. Yet nothing came of it. My friend was a rationalist, in the sense that he always let his head and not his heart direct his actions. This is the explanation of the fiasco of his *affaire du cœur* that he gave me: he wanted the girl, but did not want her family;

and it seemed that the one would have to go with the other. Some of them were nice, but others were not; were impossible; at any rate were people that he did not want to tie himself up to. If he could have married the girl and gone off with her into the wilderness somewhere, or to Europe to stay, nothing in all the world could have prevented him from making her his wife. But ordinary married couples can not live after that fashion.

In almost every instance there is a family, or part of one, that must be counted in with bride or groom in the marriage contract; and not infrequently they're impedimenta. This theme has been exploited threadbare by the novelists, and in the face of all that they have set forth it is surprising that this reason for men, and women, not marrying is so often overlooked. What is the woman, who is thus handicapped, going to do about it? I don't know. She can hardly kill off all her relatives just for the sake of getting married! She can only trust to luck, somewhere, sometime, to come across the exceptional suitor who will care for her so inordinately that he will not let her objectionable kindred stand in the way.

It will be suggested that I am taking no account of that very important ingredient true love, which presumptively knows no obstacles. Perhaps sometimes it doesn't. But I am remembering that this is a very practical, pragmatic, unromantic, calculating age in which we are living, and that it has squeezed no end of sentiment out of marriage, as well as various other phases of life.

It strikes one as odd that men, who are notoriously addicted to gambling, frequently refrain from matrimony because they know that it is indeed a gamble; they decline to take the chances. The bad luck of some of their friends at the game perhaps frightens them. This is why young men, who are naturally more venturesome — to say nothing of their unwisdom — have less hesitation about taking the leap into the married state. Widowers, also, are daring in this respect, having learned by experience that sometimes you win in the game.

There is scarcely, as is commonly supposed, a mercenary side to this problem of non-marriage. If a man wants to marry for money he will find plenty of opportunities to do it; and it's his own business! But, notoriously, rich men are constantly marrying poor girls, and *vice versa.* Poverty, even abject poverty, does not seem to hurt a girl's "chances." The rich old maid is no rarity. Some men, it is true, refuse to venture into wedlock because it will mean a curtailing of their pleasures, comforts and sacrifices that they are unwilling to undergo. But the number of such men is not large.

A famous actress, who is also distinguished for her purity of life and high ideals, in discussing recently the popularity of certain women stressed in particular the sex appeal of these women as a factor in such popularity; with men, that is. We all understand what she meant. Let it be insisted that there is nothing *per se* shameful or sinful about a pronounced sexuality, in man or woman. Like God's other gifts it is unequally distributed. Thus some women possess it in large, some in slight, measure. When it is lacking the woman may be very good, and good-looking, and attractive in divers other ways, but she is not likely ever to be ardently sought in marriage. Such women are sometimes classified under the designation "cold." They occasionally make good marriages — especially in middle age — and become ideal wives and mothers; but the chances are against it. From their ranks the ancient and honorable order of old maids is in great part recruited.

Yet this should forthwith be added: the larger proportion of the bachelor women of this class don't care; are not worrying at all about the fate of spinsterhood; have little desire or ambition to be married. They have other interests and concerns. They are playing today and are destined to play in the future an outstanding part in the world's affairs. Accordingly, one need not waste much commiseration upon this kind of maiden lady. They don't need it and don't want it. We men take off our hats to them!

Before Spring

By Anne Blackwell Payne

I met him in a drizzle
With mud upon his shoes,
But swaggering with the symptoms
Of gay, momentous news.

He fluttered like a banner;
It would not let him rest,
It trembled in his pinions,
It burned upon his breast.

And ever since I saw him
I'm very still to hear,
Like one who waits for music,
The dainty hoofs draw near.

The golden wheels turn faster.
O, delicate approach!
Soon down the windy highway
Will swing an emerald coach.

Labor Turns to the Injunction

By Alpheus T. Mason

A notable triumph of labor in the recent Railway Clerks' Case, decided May 26, 1930, passed almost unnoticed. For the first time in a decision by the Supreme Court this case demonstrated the effectiveness with which the injunction can be employed in behalf of labor.

Ever since the 'Eighties the injunction has been the most important legal weapon in an employer's hands against acts of organized labor. Laborers have chafed under the fact of its judicial sanction; government by injunction has long been a byword; nor has labor been passive to the ever-increasing use of the injunction. Indeed, hardly a session of Congress since 1892 has not seen measures introduced to rid organized labor of the injunction incubus. These efforts, in the course of time, were rewarded; both Federal and State anti-injunction legislation has been enacted. But the courts have found these statutes either largely declaratory of existing law (as was true of the labor clauses of the Clayton Act and certain State enactments), or wanting on grounds of constitutionality. Criticism of the judiciary bristled afresh; new measures of relief were proposed. Indeed there is now pending before Congress a bill which certain writers have declared to be "the most considered legislative effort that has yet come before Congress attempting to grapple with the difficulties of intervention by law in the controversies of industry." Thus one chief objective of the American Federation of Labor is still to secure an anti-injunction measure which will meet the needs of organized labor and also satisfy the canons of constitutional interpretation.

Few appreciated, apparently, that there might be other ways to meet the injunction evil. It remained for *The United Mine Workers' Journal* to point out another approach to the problem.

After the famous Coronado Case, (1922) wherein Chief Justice Taft held a trade union to be suable, although unincorporated, the general feeling among labor leaders was of discouragement if not of despair. *The United Mine Workers' Journal*, however, had a more optimistic outlook. Unlike *The American Federationist*, this magazine regarded the Court's decision as of great importance to the union cause: "It has long been a popular pastime with employers to rush off to the courts and ask for an injunction every time a labor union dared to make its appearance in their neighborhood. . . . If labor unions would fight such employers with their own kind of fire it would not be long until the injunction process would be as unpopular with employers as it has always been and still is with employees. Coal operators secure injunctions to prevent strikes. Labor unions could secure injunctions to prevent lockouts. The decision of the Supreme Court in the Coronado Case opens the way for just such protection. This is one of the very interesting and important features of the decision."

SINCE this comment, events in the field of American industrial relations have been taking a somewhat novel turn. Labor unions themselves have been using the injunction to promote their own purposes and protect their own interests. Damaging as several Supreme Court decisions have been to organized labor, it now appears that matters take on a more favorable aspect.

The most significant illustration of labor's success in its effort to turn tables on the employer, is found in the above instance of the Railway Clerks' Union. This case was said by one labor periodical to be "as unusual as would be the case of a man biting a dog." Its novelty lay in the fact that the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks applied for and secured an injunction against the Texas and New Orleans Railroad, which, in violation of the Watson-Parker Act, sought to prevent an increase in wages by forming a company union with whose representatives the company proposed to deal exclusively.

Congress had provided in the Watson-Parker Act of 1926 that railroad officials should treat with employees' representatives chosen by the workers. Contrary to Subdivision 3 of Section 2 of this statute, the company itself began to form a union. Pressure was brought to bear on members of the Brotherhood to withdraw from their own organization and make the company union their sole representative in all dealings with the road. The effect, of course, was to deprive the employees of the protection of their own organization — their chief dependence for fair wages and proper working condition. In the words of the District Court, it was so arranged that "the railroad would be in position of surely having a vote (in mediation and arbitration conferences) on both sides of the table, its own side and that of its employees."

THE Brotherhood proceeded to rid itself of the company union in a somewhat novel and unusual manner. Strikes, boycotts and picketing formed no part of its programme. Relying upon the provisions of the Watson-Parker Act, the Brotherhood appealed to a Federal District Judge, J. C. Hutcheson, Jr., for an injunction against the road and certain of its officers, restraining them from interfering with the clerks' union and from displacing their organization as representative of the employees. Railroad officials, so it appears, paid little or no attention to the court's order, whereupon counsel for the Brotherhood went into court with no less than one hundred counts alleging violation of the restraining order. The case went to trial and certain railroad officials were found guilty of contempt. The railroad appealed, with the result that the judgment of the District Court was affirmed. The Company then secured a writ of *certiorari* and carried the case to the Supreme Court. Here a unanimous bench, speaking through Chief Justice Hughes, denied all the contentions of the petitioners.

For labor the most important point is that Section 2 of the Watson-Parker Act confers a substantive right and not merely, as counsel for the petitioners argued, an abstract right. The consequent right of the union to be represented by persons of its own choosing, and the obligation of the railroad not to interfere with employees' freedom to organize, the judges held, could not only be enforced in the Federal Courts; it was a right enforceable also by the extraordinary process of injunction.

Counsel for the petitioners argued further that the Federal Court was without jurisdiction because property or a property right, as required by Section 20 of the Clayton Act, was wanting in this dispute. To this argument the Chief Justice demurred, saying that he doubted whether Section 20 could be regarded as limiting the authority of the court to restrain violation of an express provision of an Act of Congress. But even granting that it was necessary to show a property interest, Chief Justice Hughes maintained that "there was such an interest with respect to the selection of representatives to confer with the employer in relation to contracts of service."

This case involved a dispute in interstate commerce, the control of which is authorized by Act of Congress, but the implications that flow from the opinion of Chief Justice Hughes are far-reaching. Since the right to work, the right to bargain collectively, and the right of the union to choose its own representatives, are all property rights, such rights when invaded are entitled to equitable relief. Since a company union under the influence of the employer prevents workers from faring as well financially as they would if represented by their own union officials, such organization denies workers their due enjoyment of a property right. Weighty evidence of the financial interest which the employees had at stake was produced in the course of the trial. A letter from the vice-president of the railroad, Mr. Lull, to the president, Mr. MacDonald, revealed Mr. Lull's opinion that if the matter of higher wages was entered into with the Brotherhood, it would be necessary to increase the pay-roll $340,000 a year, whereas settlement with their own organization could be made by a wage advance not exceeding $75,000 a year! But even though the company union interferes with property rights, it is extremely doubtful whether a trade union could secure an injunction against its continuance without legislative sanction such as was afforded in the Railway Clerks' Case.

In the light of Chief Justice Hughes's opinion it would seem that the trade union has come to bear such a close relation to the public welfare as to justify legislative interference with freedom of contract to secure its promotion. It is hardly necessary to say that the interpretation which the Supreme Court placed on the phrase "liberty of contract" in the cases of *Adair vs. United States* (1908), and *Coppage vs. Kansas* (1914), has long since been denied by economic and social facts. Certainly in the economic sphere there is never liberty of contract until there is equality of bargaining power. Chief Justice Hughes has now almost reached this conclusion. In fact his position is not far removed from that taken not long ago by an arch-Liberal, Mr. Justice Holmes, that "the union alone furnishes that equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins."

LET it not be supposed that this is the only case in which labor has successfully prosecuted a suit in equity against an employer. Court records disclose no less than seventy-odd cases, State and Federal, in which labor has appeared as party plaintiff in injunction cases.

The first to attract widespread attention was *Schlesinger vs. Quinto*, a New York case decided in 1922. Here the New York Cloakmakers had entered into a trade agreement with an employers' association to substitute a week work system for the so-called piece work system. In the face of this agreement the association adopted a resolution that beginning at a specified date its factories would run on the piece work system. The union appealed to a court of equity and an injunction was granted enjoining the employers' association from violating its contractual obligation. Mr. Justice Wagner, now Senator, who spoke for the court, made a point of the novelty of the case:

"The fact that employers have entered equity's threshold by a hitherto untravelled path does not lessen their right to the law's decree. Precedent is not our guide in deciding these disputes, for many are worn out by time and made useless by more enlightened and humane conceptions of justice. That progressive sentiment of advanced civilization which has compelled legislative action to correct and improve conditions which a proper regard for humanity would no longer tolerate, can not be ignored by the Courts."

THE Schlesinger decision supplied a precedent for several other decisions in New York and elsewhere in which a labor union successfully appealed to a court of equity for protection against illegal acts of employers. A very recent and especially interesting case is that of *Ribner vs. Racso Butter and Egg Company*, New York, 1929. Here the employer had entered into a contract with the union to discharge any employee upon receiving official notice from the union that said employee was no longer a union member. In violation of this agreement the employer retained three workers whom the union had expelled for nonpayment of dues. The employer was duly notified of the facts but he refused to discharge them. Pleading that the employer's breach of contract lowered the prestige of the union in the eyes of both members and employers, and that there was no adequate remedy at law, the union sought relief from a court of equity. A restraining order issued and the judge took occasion to commend the union for seeking the equitable remedy rather than resorting to more violent methods.

"It is proper and praiseworthy," he said, "that a union, as in the instant case, having entered into a contract with the employer and feeling aggrieved because of an alleged breach thereof by the employer, should come into a court of equity and there seek the protection of its rights, rather than resort to picketing and strikes to redress its wrongs, with the resultant effect upon the orderly conduct of business and inconvenience to the public."

Despite the whole-hearted manner in which the various courts have sanctioned labor's recent effort to deal with offending employers by peaceful appeal to a court of equity, there is still good reason to believe that the injunction will never serve employees as effectively as it has the employer. In the first place, although the radical unions have been deeply gratified at the success which has attended labor's use of the injunction, the injunction is still regarded among conservative trade unionists, such as representatives of the American Federation of Labor, as the iniquity of iniquities. Convinced as they are that equitable intervention in industrial disputes has always been unfair and unwarranted, trade unions regard labor's use of the injunction as nothing less than a delusion and a snare.

But there are other reasons for questioning the injunction as generally effective means of combating unlawful acts of the employer. Successful labor activity requires concert of action and widespread publicity. A successful boycott depends almost entirely upon publicity. The same is true of picketing. In the course of both of these activities violence and damage to property and property rights frequently result, and in the suits for equitable relief that usually follow, employers are seldom at a loss for evidence to support a true bill.

In the case of the unlawful activities of employers, the facts are entirely otherwise. Seldom indeed will an employer be so remiss as to allow inside information of damaging sort to leak out only to be produced as evidence as was the now famous letter in the Railway Clerks' Case. Blacklists and lockouts, the most objectionable capitalistic activities, are generally considered unlawful and subject to be enjoined, but employees frequently experience no little difficulty in securing sufficient evidence to support the fact alleged. The reason is clear.

The success of a blacklist depends absolutely upon secrecy. A lockout may quite conceivably be made to appear as the inevitable result of economic forces rather than prompted by the malicious motives of the employer.

But all this is not to deny the notable success that has attended the already frequent use of the injunction in behalf of employees. The writ of injunction is now definitely established as a means by which unions can fight employers with their own fire. The effect in the long run must be to equalize and stabilize the observance of contract obligations between capital and labor.

If Only Policemen Could Sing!

By T. Swann Harding

A Swedish Masseur Tells Some Profitable Tales

In a moment of synthetic comradeship, during which he sought to deflect my mind from the obvious fact that he was pounding the devil out of me, and from the further reflection that it would be decidedly more economical for me to exercise than to be massaged, my Swedish medical masseur recently told me three exceedingly interesting stories. These stories indicated a turn of mind and a way of thinking so diametrically antipathetic to anything regularly on exhibit in this country that they momentarily amazed me.

Story number one had reference to a quite ordinary Swedish police officer patrolling his beat. He encountered there a drunken gentleman in civilian clothes and, in the humane Swedish way, suggested that he go home quietly. The gentleman refused and, instead, insulted some ladies who were passing. The policeman kindly warned him a second time — courteously and without even threatening to wind his baton about the gentleman's neck, or making any derogation whatever about his ancestors. The gentleman again refused and started to sing. That was almost too much for even a Swedish policeman to bear, but he warned him a third time, as he was legally compelled to do. Polite suasion proving impotent, the policeman arrested the gentleman and propelled him to the equivalent of our police sergeant, who at once said: "You are aware whom you have arrested?" The policeman replied: "I am; it is my precinct captain; but I know of no legal right a police captain in civilian clothes has to be drunk on my beat, to insult ladies there, and to make himself a nuisance by loud shouting." The captain was duly reprimanded and fined. The policeman was promoted, but he continued to remain at the same station-house (to use our terms) and to serve under the same captain, and there was no bad blood between them.

The second story concerned a young customs officer, who observed that the room of the steward of a certain transatlantic liner was full of boxes of cigars each time she made port from America. But after his superior, a lieutenant, visited the steward's room there were not so many boxes of cigars there, and the lieutenant's embonpoint was notably increased as he left the ship. The young man concluded that cigar smuggling was going on under his nose, and it seemed never to occur to him either to ignore it or to blackmail his superior for a promotion in return for his silence. Instead, he struck his superior smartly as he left the boat; the cigar boxes betrayed themselves and, subsequently, he became a lieutenant and the former lieutenant served as his subordinate — again without bad blood.

THE third tale was perhaps slightly more amazing. It concerned what we should call a politician who was also editor and proprietor of a leading Swedish newspaper. He was very critical of the Government in his editorials, and very voluble about how he would run things if he but had a chance. The electorate subsequently took him at his word and gave him the opportunity he craved; he became Prime Minister. He retained control of his paper and it was edited by his subordinates. After he had been in office about a month, the leading paper of the opposition published conspicuously a very pointed editorial which questioned the talents and abilities of the Prime Minister, and finally asked the Prime Minister's paper to say briefly what he had done since he had been in office to earn continued support. The Prime Minister's paper replied promptly, and the gist of its reply was: So far as we can see he has done no single thing to merit his continuance in office, and he might better resign before he makes such a complete failure as to injure the future prospects of the party. The Minister resigned. He again took up direct control of his paper. He remarked that it was far easier to pick flaws in Government from the outside than to act wisely and well when you had attained power. He retained his critical subordinates and actually thanked them.

IN ORDER more completely to demonstrate the very peculiar manner of thinking prevalent in this curious country (it would require a new series of *Persian Letters* fully to explain it in America), I might add one more true instance. During the late European unpleasantness, when prices rose, the Swedish railroads, being State operated, found themselves compelled to have more revenue. Their problem was therefore presented to the electorate in this form: We must have more revenue. We can secure it by raising the prices for tickets, but that will affect few people — for everyone does not use the railroad trains steadily — and it will also compel them to pay considerable lump sums. On the other hand, we can secure the revenues needed by an increase in taxation which, on a *per capita* basis, will scarcely be noticed — although then those who do not will, of course, pay part of the increased cost for those who do use the railroads. Which do you prefer? The public preferred the tax, on it went, and railroad operation continued without increased rates. But a few years later the railroads again addressed the electorate in this wise: Due to unforeseen circumstances, we now not only find that the increased taxation is no longer necessary to support the railroads, but that we have inadvertently accumulated many million dollars as a result of this tax. Shall we retain this sum as a sinking fund, to use for repairs and improvements, or would you prefer to have it returned to you in cash on a pro rata basis? The vote was taken and the money was retained by the railroad administration.

As I have already intimated, these are matters for me to perpend. I write from a city where corruption in the Police Department has recently been under the public gaze, and where there seems no disposition at all for subordinates to act for the public good, or to do other than agree with their superiors, unless they see an opportunity for personal aggrandizement through newspaper notoriety by acting otherwise. One of our public hospitals has been under investigation because a local judge charged that a woman (a mother) committed to the institution for examination was needlessly operated upon and died as a result thereof; but the physicians, nurses, and even some of the hospital patients were so loyal to their conception of making everything seem all right that the Welfare Board, already interested *ex officio* in whitewashing all evils, was easily induced to bring in a verdict of all is well.

Indeed there has been little in my past experience to prepare me for such narratives as my masseur told me. Subordinate police officers, like most other subordinates with whom I am familiar, would be most unlikely to think that the road to promotion lay through the honest and sincere exercise of their functions, even at the expense of arresting or causing legal difficulty for a superior. In my experience the loyalty of subordinates is never to the public; seldom even to the concern or to the administrative unit. It is, in this land of individual responsibility and personal autocracy, to some more or less petty personage *per se*. I could not imagine a policeman even thinking of arresting his inebriate captain found in citizen's clothes on his beat; I can much more easily imagine him shielding his captain from detection and the wrath of his own superior — say the major. That might bring him a promotion. Arresting the captain would almost certainly injure him in some more or less subtle or indirect manner. The same holds for a subordinate customs officer who, like a normal Prohibition enforcement official, would be far more likely either to demand a share of the loot or else maintain a dignified silence, than jeopardize his tenure of office by impertinently investigating the extra-official activities of his lieutenant.

When it comes to politicians, I am aghast. There still sticks in my memory the Methodist gentleman who, though a member of the United States Senate, narrowly escaped the penitentiary for telling the truth, a plot engineered and connived at by the Department of Justice itself — if unchallenged public reports may be believed. I have also somewhere heard of a Member of Congress who, without the slightest consciousness of having done anything unethical, took a manufacturer's representative into meetings of the committee on tariff revision, having disguised the gentleman as his private secretary. The Senatorial censure of this individual seems to me, however, rather deplorable, because beside living strictly up to the ethics of that body he was intelligent, cultured, and highly educated. That an editor-politician could possibly conduct himself in this country as did the one in Sweden, therefore, exceeds my capacity for ready credulity.

And why should he? I see no reason why he should. There is nothing fundamental in our *mores*, our training, or our congenital attitude of mind, which leads us to be loyal first to the concept of a happy and healthy social body, and secondly to our own personal, avaricious, acquisitive selves. Sweden possesses what is essentially a functional government, which pursues an economic rather than a political technique, and its people have developed wonderful social consciousness. We retain a purely political government, a soviet of lawyers, which pursues first of all the political technique, and tends to scorn scientific economics, and which does remarkably well when you consider that it has been obsolescent, or actually obsolete, for at least fifty years — if not longer.

MY ACQUAINTANCE with the police department is fortunately very slight. I aim to keep it so, and nothing would induce me to appeal to it other than the most dire necessity. I have, however, heard traffic officers so roundly and so unnecessarily abuse women automobile drivers as to render them too nervous to drive, thus deliberately working to produce accidents. Yet I have discovered that protest to their superiors will simply result in the action of the inferior being sustained, because police loyalty is to the police department, not to justice nor to public safety. Such loyalty conveniently works both ways and protects the simple patrolman in his more offensive moments quite as well as it does the captain when he deviates into iniquity. I somehow think that misplaced loyalty and undue respect for individual authority work more havoc than they produce good results.

WHEN I worked in industry my loyalty was initially to the scientific director. What he said was right for me because, as a research assistant, I came under him. My prospects of being paid or promoted were exclusively in his hands. My duty was also to protect him in sundry subtle ways from the money-minded personage who acted as president of our company. Later, however, my loyalty was to the production manager, as I entered the factory, and then I had often to take his part against the scientific director on questions upon which I should formerly have agreed solidly with the latter. If, by his direction, a production error occurred, it was my duty to get the remains down the sewer and to manipulate the cost card statistically until it was most unlikely that the president of the company would ever realize what had happened. The facts of the case were almost always of slight moment in our discussions, which usually concerned ways and means of "passing the buck."

However, the president of our company was personally responsible for the entire organization and, as against the Board of Directors or a competitor, we should have stood with him to a man. The consumer, the public, just and fair prices, excellent quality goods — to these things we were not loyal and they did not enter into the picture at all. Not only is such procedure true of business in America, but particularly as applied to a public utility.

The public naturally expects all Government enterprises to be inefficient, without ever once considering that it must be thus, so long as political means predominate in the solution of purely economic problems, and so long as it forgets that where other means step in, as in the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture, very valuable bureaus which pay enormous dividends are established. In short, the public distrusts Government without knowing why, expects the worst and then abuses it for inefficiency.

For instance, how many laymen with business minds can even understand such a thing as this: There was a rich and powerful coal company in America which mined a valuable vein, but at a certain point, due to a geologic fault or slide, the vein was lost and the remainder of it could not be found by the company. There was in the Government service a geologist who studied this vein. He was a public servant. He was a true scientist. He was seeking to match the vein up so that vast stores of coal might be opened to the public — at $11 a ton, though the mine cost might be less than $1. Alone, in his private laboratory, he examined fossils, rocks and soil samples, worked out the problem, unerringly matched up the vein, and discovered precisely where the remainder of the rich field was located. His salary was then $3,000 a year. He had nothing to do but resign, wait a year or two, and sell his valuable information to some business organization in such a way as to make him inordinately wealthy. He did nothing of the kind. He reported his finding honestly; the coal company secured the land where the vein was and became enormously wealthy, whereas the geologist now, many years later, gets a salary of $4,500. How many average people can understand this geologist's sort of loyalty? It was misguided, of course, because in all such cases the people never benefit until gamblers and entrepreneurs have extracted fortunes from the knowledge so obtained. But his loyalty was sincerely to an ideal of public service which the very business men who profited from his discovery could not possibly understand, and they naturally thought him a little cracked.

Or, again, I have found, as doubtless you have, that both in public and in private enterprise "the boss" is a sacrosanct figure. He has responsibility and he usually has power. He issues orders and instructions and they are to be carried out because loyalty centres in him. Perhaps he issues an order which he himself instantly disregards and breaks. Perhaps he insists that subordinates be on hand from 8:30 to 5:30 because "no man can work short hours and accomplish anything," yet he himself arrives at 9:30, lunches from 12 till 2, and quits at 4. Nothing is thought of that by his subordinates. Such actions are interpreted as his inherent right and he is openly expected to do as he does. The president of the industrial concern I left some years ago to undertake State work at a lower salary chided me for being attracted also by the prospect of more leisure — I was going to have a seven in lieu of a nine hour day — quite indifferent to the fact that he himself was never in his office for more than four and a half hours daily! This sacrosanct character of the boss is the same whether he be a police captain, bureau chief, general manager, president of the company, or chief editor.

Yet as a matter of fact we actually form a community of people striving somewhat ineffectively as things are to extract maximum happiness from life by performing the duties and tasks which it seems incumbent upon us to perform in order to obtain economic goods. The more healthy the community is, viewed as a hypothetical social organism, the more likely we are as members thereof to be contented and well provided for. By social and economic law, then, our loyalty is to the stability, the health, and the general prosperity of the community.

What do we need in order to attain the condition apparently existing in Sweden? We need first of all to cultivate loyalty to social justice rather than to individuals, cliques, and organizations. We need the ability to regard social order and community health as so important that individuals will naturally act as did the policeman, the customs officer, and the editor cited at the start, and public utilities will quite naturally do as the Swedish railways did, knowing that the people will understand and render a wise and a just decision. That should take approximately five hundred years at our present rate of progress, but I see no reason why we should not set it up as a goal. It involves, of course, the complete sacrifice of a great many things we habitually regard as very important and very wise — such as the right of police captains at annual salaries of $3,000 to accumulate large fortunes within a very few years and retire on half pay quite respected citizens. It involves the sacrifice of those fetiches — individual responsibility and fanatical personal liberty. I agree that these things have their moments. I ask simply, are they worth the price of civic disorder and national economic and social chaos? Personally I do not believe that they are.

* * *

Revolt in the Tropics

By Carl F. Westerberg

Poverty Is the Common Denominator of Those Lands

In India the revolt against British rule smolders persistently. In Latin America revolution follows revolution. However much humanitarians may have beclouded the Indian issue by the injection of political and religious shibboleths, the facts are that this revolt and the Latin American revolutions have a common origin in economic discontent. In the case of India, it is easy to blame England as an iniquitous political monster, sucking the life blood of its miserable millions; it is easy to ignore the record of history which shows that until the English came, there had been for centuries neither safety of life nor of property. But, since the Latin American nations are free and self-governing, these theories, which seem plausible when applied to India, can not be used at all. All kinds of cumbersome theories have been devised to explain the constant political turmoil reigning in these countries. Whether the writer lay the blame on racial, social, religious or medical conditions was simply a matter of choice to be governed by some personal bias. The dominant note in all these writings has been the assumption that, if a free people can succeed in maintaining political stability, economic prosperity must be the inevitable consequence.

The great common characteristic of all tropical countries is poverty, of the type which exists among our Southern mountaineers. It exists in the tropics for the same reasons that it exists in this country, because the marginal lands can not produce wealth at the rate which is required to maintain our modern phase of civilization. As a whole, tropical soils are so poor that the price of their cultivation is poverty.

This soil deficiency of the tropics is so paradoxical, so opposed to the general belief, that it deserves explanation. The layman visiting the tropics is impressed by the rank vegetation which surrounds him, and makes the almost universal mistake of concluding that only a rich soil could support such a growth. But, in the kingdom of plant life, moisture and a certain degree of warmth have always been more important than soils. The aerial species of orchids live without any soil at all excepting for such particles of dust as may fall on their roots. The rank jungle growth of the tropics is, for the most part, a growth of weeds thriving on a lean soil.

The great commercial crops of the world, such as the cereals, require a soil which contains both humus and certain mineral salts. In the tropics, conditions for the formation of humus may, at times, be so extremely favorable that topsoils may accumulate to a depth of fifty feet or more. Such conditions are, however, relatively rare because the erosion produced by torrential rains in the rainy season and hot, dry winds in the dry season destroy the topsoil about as fast as it is formed. In the temperate zones, conditions for mineral enrichment of the soil are ideal. The shattering effect of frost breaks the rock up into small fragments, and the heaving action of alternate thaws and frosts disseminates these fragments through the soil. In the tropics these favorable factors are totally absent. The result is that tropical soils, even when they contain sufficient humus, are usually deficient in minerals.

As long as agriculture was entirely a matter of hand work, the inhabitant of the temperate zones possessed no great advantage over his tropical competitor. The greater richness of the temperate soils was counterbalanced by the fact that in cold countries the farmer had to devote a great part of his efforts to the securing of clothing and shelter, both of which were of little importance in the tropics.

But the development of agricultural machinery placed an immense premium on rich lands, sufficiently level for machine cultivation. Such lands are almost entirely within the temperate zones. In consequence, the farmer in these zones was able, for the first time in the history of the world, to produce an immense surplus of foodstuffs. The railroads became an economic possibility because the wheat growers produced enough tonnage to support them. Labor was released from agriculture into industry, and the increasing prosperity of the farmer furnished a ready market for the products of all forms of industry. However unimportant wheat may be today in the life of the average American or European, it was wheat which laid the foundation for the monstrous industrial empires today, and even now railway mileage, which is an industrial necessity, is more closely allied to the production of cereals than to industry.

The growing of wheat in tropical countries, with the single exception of India, was gradually abandoned because the soil and topographic conditions made it impossible to grow this grain in competition with the temperate zones. Because wheat could not be produced, extensive railroad construction was impracticable, and because railroad facilities were not created, manufacturing industries could not locate themselves in that area. It is very significant to note that India, which is still a producer of wheat, is the only tropical country with any great railway mileage.

The increasing prosperity of the temperate zones created a market for certain agricultural products which were not subject to competition outside of the tropics. Of these crops, with the exception of sugar, all were of the orchard type, and the most important was coffee. From a broad economic point of view, these crops are all very undesirable because their production is based entirely on the existence of very cheap labor. Without exception, whether the crop be coffee, cacao, sisal, or rubber, the yield in pounds per acre is small and the amount of labor required is enormous. In the case of coffee, the gross value of the yield per acre is about equal to that of an acre of wheat; but a family can grow ten times as many acres of wheat as they can coffee.

TROPICAL poverty is a survival of Eighteenth Century conditions in the Twentieth Century. As was the case a hundred years ago, this poverty is not characterized by actual hunger excepting where overpopulation exists. India is overpopulated as is Porto Rico, and in both places a certain portion of the people are chronically hungry. In general, Latin America is underpopulated and the condition of hunger is absent. But the processes of trade and commerce are educational, and year by year the difference in living conditions in the tropics and in the temperate zones is being emphasized. The result is perpetual discontent. In Latin America, this process has been going on for many years. No criticism of tropical affairs, whether in America or in India, can be wholly fair if the critic ignores the very existence of this form of poverty or if he fails to offer an economic solution for the problems it creates.

The economic structure of tropical nations approximates that which existed all over the world prior to the Nineteenth Century. There was an hereditary ruling class, either financial or political, small in number but powerful, and an immense percentage of illiterate laborers. The middle class was small and unimportant because the economic conditions did not require the existence of such a class. There was none of that diffusion of wealth throughout the entire social body which seems to be requisite for the maintenance of a republican form of government. This is the condition which prevails today in the tropical countries and it is the source of their political troubles. The middle class represents a transitional stage between wealth and poverty, and where it is absent, it shows that the transition is virtually impossible through ordinary industrial or commercial activity.

UNDER these conditions, politics offers the most ready method of advancement in economic status. The most intelligent and ambitious men seek politics as a career and they form that vast body of office-holders, both military and civil, who, rather than a middle class, separate the owners of wealth from the peons. Since the wealth of the country is mostly in the form of agricultural investments, almost entirely non-mobile and peculiarly susceptible to seizure or destruction, the wealthy families are forced to enter politics for their own protection.

It seems impossible to divorce a republican form of government from the not necessarily related system of government by political parties. The peculiar instability of many Latin American republics arises from this association. Where employment by the Government is the most important method of individual economic advancement, it is evident that when political parties exist, an important fraction of the more intelligent and enterprising portion of the public is at all times deprived of a means of living merely because of political affiliations. In attempting to overthrow an existing Government, these individuals are moved by economic need, which is naturally a more compelling urge than mere devotion to the ideals of a party. Since the peon is always living in a state of more or less hopeless poverty, it requires but little effort to secure his adhesion to the revolutionary cause. Under normal conditions, no political issues exist which give one party any great numerical superiority over the other, and the result is a Government in a state of perpetual equilibrium, with the wealthy class holding the balance of power.

WHEREVER chronic poverty exists as a check on individual initiative and effort, the election of Presidents by a fair popular vote almost always results in the defeat of the administration. Since the new administration, however good it may be, is unable to ameliorate the condition of chronic poverty which is entirely beyond its control, it becomes manifest even at the beginning that, if it be permitted to survive until the end of the elective term, it will be overthrown. So, it is only human nature to accelerate that overthrow by means of a revolutionary movement, which is in truth merely the anticipation of an election. This natural resentment against the continuation in office of an administration which has lost public confidence manifests itself even in the United States by the constantly increasing demand that the interval between election and assumption of office be reduced.

Sooner or later, the everlasting alternation of administrations becomes intolerable. This is particularly true where wealth and vested interests are concerned. Out of this situation arise dictatorships. The Dictator is, in effect, an absolute monarch who has assumed control of the Government by the consent of the people. The foreign public visualizes a country under a dictatorship as a country terrorized into submission by an army. This is not true, for where the army is a political instrument, as it is in most tropical countries, it accurately reflects the sentiment of the majority of the inhabitants. In most cases, the Dictator maintains himself in power by means of changes in the Constitution which, while theoretically insuring the election of Presidents by popular vote, in effect perpetuate the rule of the Dictator. Therefore, the Dictator does not have to guard against an electoral upturn and he is free to concentrate his efforts against the contingency of violence or revolution.

ON THEORETICAL grounds, this situation may be highly repugnant to all believers in democracy. In actual practice, the only important objection is the fact that the Dictator has assumed sovereign powers without, at the same time, providing any legal means for succession to the throne. Since the Dictator is able to override or ignore laws, he can make decisions as rapidly as if he were the executive officer of a private corporation. Since he is not limited to a specified term of office, he can work toward objectives whose attainment is far in the future.

While the Dictator may be motivated by the most sincere form of patriotism and may be more interested in the wielding of power than in personal financial gain, he can maintain his power only as long as he permits other people to make money. The one and only foundation which can maintain him is national prosperity. It is for this reason that most dictatorships are good governments in the sense that they promote the development of resources and means of transport and communication even though, at the same time, they outrage the rights of minorities.

As long as a Dictator can continue to spend money, his position is almost impregnable. Not only is his rule profitable to his own supporters, but even his opponents make money, through the artificial prosperity induced by governmental expenditures. If commodity prices rise, the revenues of the Government improve and therefore increase its borrowing capacity. But, sooner or later, commodity prices will fall and the burden of service on loans will become onerous. The Dictator is compelled to retrench, and he at once loses the support of the political machine which kept him in power. The burden of taxation has increased, and in consequence the support of the wealthy class has been alienated. The permanent opposition and the wealthy classes combine with the dissenting elements of his own party, and the result is an almost bloodless revolution. Politically the event has exactly the same significance as the overthrow of a European cabinet resulting from an adverse vote in parliament. The resulting Government may be another dictatorship or the revolutionary party may, for the sake of the sentimental effect abroad, resort to an election. The risk of submitting the issue to popular ballot is very slight, because invariably the revolution has succeeded because it truly represented the will of the people.

But, whether the new executive obtain his office by seizure or by election, he inherits the problems of his predecessor. The mere change in administration, despite the hopes of the people, can not reduce the service on the national debt nor can it raise the prices of the exportable products of the country. The fundamental poverty of the nation still exists and the degree of this poverty can be modified only by factors beyond the control of the Government. If these factors remain unfavorable, the new executive will probably fall in a short time in exactly the same way as his predecessor.

While the general pattern may be slightly modified in different countries, as a whole revolutionary movements in the tropical nations are all alike. Their coming can almost always be predicted, and when they do come, they are of little real importance. Their nature is purely political and they never have the disastrous consequences of such social revolutions as the Mexican and the Russian.

With the single exception of the revolt in Argentina, all the recent revolutions in the Latin American countries have been true to type. The deposed Presidents or Dictators, for it is very hard to tell which some of them were, all fell because of the development of world wide economic conditions which were completely beyond their control. In every case, these men were competent executives who were trying to develop the resources of their nations. Argentina is not a tropical nation and tropical poverty is not prevalent. This revolution was somewhat of a freak performance. The elected President was either mentally or physically disabled, or else deliberately refused to perform the functions of his office, so that the Government virtually ceased to operate. A similar situation might conceivably arise in the United States if a President became mentally incapacitated at the beginning of his term of office. Such a situation would present a number of very intricate legal problems. In Argentina it was settled by means of a revolution. It is most improbable that this revolution will be followed by others, as the conditions which predispose a nation toward revolutions are almost entirely absent in that country.

In theory, at least, people can be educated to differentiate between those ills for which political parties can be blamed and those which are beyond the control of any government. In that case, they would cast their ballots in favor of general principles instead of as a blind protest against their own poverty. But, even in the United States, where mass education is the rule, political results, more often than not, are caused by factors which are beyond the control of the party which happens to be in power. Under the economic conditions which prevail in the tropics, educational facilities in any way comparable with those which exist in the United States or in Western Europe are a financial impossibility. To expect that still higher degree of education which would enable their people to differentiate among the obscure causes of their ills, is a complete absurdity. The cost of education is such that no tropical country can support it.

The cost of the public school system of the United States amounts to about seventeen dollars per capita. This is more than the per capita incomes of most tropical countries. The service on the Peruvian national debt requires taxation amounting to about three dollars per capita. From the American point of view, such a sum is negligible, yet in Peru it was such a terrific burden that it was an important contributing factor to a revolution. No matter how low the wages of Peruvian teachers may be, Peru is financially unable to pay the cost of mass education.

Venezuela is an example of a country which is really trying to educate its people. It has a population which includes about 600,000 within the usual limits of school age. Because of the scattered nature of the population, it is probable that one teacher would be required for every twenty pupils. On this basis, if the teachers were paid as much as a clerk receives in that country, the teacher payroll would amount to more than $35,000,000 a year. This sum is more than the entire cost of running the National Government, in spite of the fact that this is the most prosperous of all tropical nations. Under these conditions, the obstacles against even that slight degree of education represented by the mere ability to read and write are stupenduous.

Tropical poverty is the fundamental cause of both illiteracy and political instability. While the analytic observer will readily admit the existence of this poverty, he is prone to believe that, had political or racial conditions been different, this poverty might not have existed. But as far as the tropical Americas are concerned, there is a long record of attempts at colonization by Europeans and even by Americans, all of which have ended either by the complete evacuation of the colonists or by their reversal to Indian standards of living. When the world succeeds in eliminating the physical causes of tropical poverty, it will at the same time eliminate the phenomenon of political unrest. The tropical American nations will probably continue in the future as they have in the past, with a few years of peace at a time separated by revolutions, which will always appear more important abroad than in the country where they occur.

If India succeeds in gaining her independence, she will begin her national existence under conditions far more adverse that those which confronted the tropical American nations at the time of their liberation. The latter countries were so sparsely populated than there was land in abundance and there was no food problem. As opposed to this situation, India is today overpopulated. The American nations possessed a relatively homogeneous population, consisting in general of two races which were not separated from each other by religious barriers or inhibitions. India, on the other hand, is an incredibly complicated collection of diverse races and religions which are separated, one from the other, by the accumulated hatred of centuries. If the tropical nations of the Americas existing under conditions infinitely better than those of India have been unable to maintain a state of political stability, is there any reason to expect that India will be able to do so?

The Indian Nationalists have based their campaign on the premise that India is economically wronged as a result of British dominion. The implication is that, if India were self-governed, she would be able to maintain a standard of living better than that which now prevails. All the historical evidence seems to refute this claim and to indicate that if England abandons India the result will be complete chaos.

Against the theories of the philosophers, ministers, missionaries and humanitarians who have espoused the cause of India with little knowledge of tropical conditions, there stands the irrefutable fact that under modern conditions no tropical nation has been able to secure political stability or to support a modern standard of living. These things have not been attainable, not because the various nations which have tried to secure them have been afflicted with racial faults too great to be overcome, but because the tropics can not possibly support a modern civilization.

How Canada Deals with Its Criminals

By James Montagnes

Two youths, caps pulled far over their eyes, their shirts open at the neck, walked briskly into one of the small branch banks which are common in the residential parts of any Canadian city. This was in Hamilton, Ontario. They pulled out guns, ordered the teller to hand over his money, collected it and walked out. There was the usual car on hand, and away they sped. Some blocks distant an eighteen-year old Italian girl saw a car come speeding down the street and draw up to another standing parked at the curb. There was a screech of brakes, a sight of two men jumping from one car to the other, holding in their hands bundles of what looked like bills, and the car was off. But not before the girl, scenting the unusual, had taken down the number and hurried with it to the nearest police station.

Four hours later, one of the would-be bandits was captured in his own home. Twenty hours after entering the bank both youths, one of nineteen and the other twenty-one, had been sentenced to six years for robbery with arms, two years in addition for stealing a motor car, and thirty lashes to be administered to each during the first eighteen months of their confinement in penitentiary.

The case is not out of the ordinary. It was chosen because of its recent date. It demonstrates that in Canada justice moves swiftly, and with hard sentences. To that fact is laid in part the reason why crime in the Dominion has not reached the height that it has in the United States. While Canada follows to a large extent the tendencies exhibited in the growth of civilization in the United States, as witness the Dominion's automobile traffic, talking picture theatres, radios, miniature golf courses, and current fads, there is at least one phase of this development that is not followed with equal rapidity. Crime in Canada has always existed, is perhaps more noticeable today than at the beginning of the century, but it is by no means on a par with that in the United States.

The reasons for this are several. Some go back many years. Some are lodged with the constitutional laws underlying the government of the country.

To Prohibition has been laid a large part of the blame of the present crime situation in the United States. Be that as it may, this cause has been wiped out in Canada. Of the nine Provinces there remains but one wherein Prohibition holds, and that is Prince Edward Island, the smallest of them. In the others Prohibition, practised for some years, has been done away with. In Ontario the ten years under Prohibition showed a greater record of crime than before that time. Bootleggers, large and small, thrived in this most populous of the Provinces, next door to a Province that was wet — Quebec. Today, with three years of government liquor control in force, bootlegging is practically stamped out. According to Sir Henry Drayton, chairman of the Ontario Liquor Control Board, bootleggers have been eliminated in Ontario. There is no business for the larger operators, except through short-circuiting export liquor to the Province, and this is difficult, and the small ones are so few in number as not to count, especially from a crime instigation viewpoint.

But Prohibition is merely one item to which the growth of crime is attributed. Take the question which puzzles most Canadians. How is it possible for graft and corruption, according to newspaper reports and magazine articles, to be so rampant in the police forces and among the judges of the various United States courts? That question is a difficult one to grasp for the Canadian who is not acquainted with the methods of appointment of officials in these departments.

Unlike the United States, where sheriffs, judges, State attorneys and others connected with the enforcement of law, are often elected, in Canada these positions are given to men of capability by appointment. Politics plays but a small part in their selection. Certainly these men, entrusted with carrying out the law, are not elected in Canada by popular vote.

That fact is perhaps the greatest factor in keeping crime down in Canada. With politics out of the question, gangs have been unable to gain a hold on the life of the city or the country as a whole. There are no officers to be bought over for fear of losing their jobs through political pull; there are no judicial positions whose holders have to be paid protection money or whose career depends on their acquiescence to the gang because they can not antagonize electors. These conditions do not exist. *Ergo*, the enforcement of the law in Canada can be said to be practically as graft-free as it is possible to have it.

Every judicial officer from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada down is an appointed official. A county judge is given his appointment for the same length of time, and on the same condition, as a judge of the Supreme Court. Judgeships are given only to men of competence, and while these appointments are made by the political party in power at the time at Ottawa, or at the various Provincial seats of government in the case of magistrates, the appointment is for life, being given by the Governor-General or Lieutenant-Governor in Council, which applies to any Governor-General and any Lieutenant-Governor. Only if the holder of the position gives cause for calling for his resignation is he recalled. Otherwise a judge is on the bench for life. And this factor makes it impossible for any one political party to gain the ruling hand or allow graft.

If the Liberal Party appoints a number of judges while it is in power, and vacancies occur during the ensuing Conservative Government, then this party may fill the vacancies from men among its ranks, though not necessarily. As the Canadian Prime Minister, the Hon. R. B. Bennett, stated in Toronto at the last convention of the Canadian Bar Association, his Government would in future appoint Canadian judges on the basis of fitness only, without regard to political or other consideration.

There are few cases of judges being recalled in the Dominion. And thus with death being the only other factor leading to vacancies it can readily be seen that politically justices, judges, magistrates and similar judicial officers are not open to corruption.

While the fact that Canadian jurists are appointed rather than elected, and the same procedure holds for all law enforcement officers, is probably the main reason why crime has not reared its head in the Dominion as in the United States, it must also be understood that the Canadian is not as sentimental with a criminal as is the American. British people, as a whole, have always maintained that a criminal has come to his end by his own folly and therefore sympathy rests not with him. Society must be protected, and the person who has broken the law is a menace to it.

A Canadian judge will not hesitate to condemn a prisoner to be hanged, if he is found guilty of a major crime. The logic behind this is that the prisoner has placed the noose around his own neck.

Hanging, by the way, is the method by which the death penalty is administered in the Dominion. It is not popular with criminals. Perhaps that is why there is but one hangman in all of Canada. He travels from one Province to another. And he has but few trips to make in a year.

Which brings up another item as to why Canadian criminals are not so apt to get in the toils of the law and United States crooks stay away from the Dominion. That is the severity of the punishment and the speed with which it is administered. Canadian courts, whether the trial is with or without jury, give hard sentences to young and old alike. Long prison terms are not uncommon, even for first offenders, when the crime is one of theft or merely carrying weapons. Long terms coupled with lashes serve to punish the law breaker and to put fear into the would-be criminal. In fact, the possibility of lashes is said to be the main reason why American gangsters steer away from the Canadian cities.

Speed is the other barrier put up against American criminals who would come to the Dominion to practise their trade. Where in the United States a prisoner can obtain release immediately on arrest for even major crime accusations, in Canada bail is not allowed in many such crimes, and seldom for murder, attempted murder, or any crime punishable by death. The prisoner must be brought before a court within eight days of his arrest; usually it is the same day or the following day. And with equal celerity the trial moves after the first indictment by the county or city court, when the trial for a major offense is taken before the higher courts for trial either by jury or non-jury.

Accustomed to such laws, it surprises Canadians to read in American papers and in press dispatches in Canadian papers that gangsters, criminals and even murderers are able through legal technicalities to be let out on bail time after time and so prolong their trials till the crimes have been practically forgotten, except for the continued postponements on the court docket. This situation can not exist in the Dominion, a fact due not only to the legal structure of the Canadian criminal code but also to the efficiency and conscientiousness of its administrators. Quick action is the keynote.

Not long ago a prisoner was brought up in a Toronto court. He had been kept in jail longer than usual. A man can not be kept in jail without a trial for any length of time at the pleasure of the police or the court. Commenting on this fact, the judge severely censured the police, stating that it was against both Canadian law and British practice. Such measures on the part of justice go a long way to keeping crime down to a minimum.

It must not be surmised from the above that Canada is a land which has a minimum of crime, a country where the criminal is scarcely known. The Dominion has its share of crime, major and minor, just as any country in the world. In fact, crime today in Canada is perhaps somewhat on the increase, just as it is in other parts of the world, although the ratio of increase is by no means proportionate with that in the United States. There are in Canada the same gaming houses, vice districts, gunmen and bootleggers that one finds in the country south of the international boundary. But while there is an underworld, there is not the organized underworld, divided into its big and small gangs, which is so much a part of the American scene during the past few years, and has given cause for so much to be written on the subject of crime. Crime in Canada, while noticeably on the increase through world conditions, is still so negligible that there is practically no criminal bibliography and there is very little written about crime in general. Organized crime in Canada can not live under the present legal structure.

Murders in the Dominion are not very numerous. Petty hold-ups are the main offenses which can be listed as being on the increase. Some of the recent murders have been attributed to gang inroads. Three of these occurred in eastern Canada last summer, and while at this writing they have not been solved, and may never be, the solution is not one that can be laid at the police door for neglect of duty. There are murders in many countries which are never solved. Such murders in Canada are few and far between.

Crime is often laid at the door of the foreign-born population of the country. Statistics in the Dominion, however, go to show that native-born Canadians are more frequent offenders than are those born in southern and eastern European countries. This is especially of interest, since Canada has as diversified a population as the United States, though not as old nor by any means as numerous. And from accounts which predominate in the American press it seems that conditions are just about the opposite there. In Canada, which also has its many foreign societies, the Black Hand or the Mafia are practically unknown, mere names to scare little children with.

Crime has of late been coming to the fore in a racial capacity, after some years of decrease. Lynchings are once again often read about in the newspapers. They are especially of interest to Canadians following a recent racial outbreak in southern Ontario, in which the tables were turned very neatly to show that Canadian law would not stand for such demonstrations.

A WHITE girl was said to be living with an alleged Negro. It was understood they were to be married. A few days before the marriage was to take place a mob of seventy-five white-clad, hooded men invaded the house where the couple were living in a suburb of Toronto, carried off the girl, restored her to her mother, and then to the Salvation Army, after which they motored calmly back to Hamilton from where they had come.

The case aroused wide attention. The police were immediately put on the trail, found the leaders concerned, and brought them to court. They were charged with having their faces illegally masked at night, abducting a girl and interfering with personal liberty. Their leader, a chiropractor, stated that they were members of the Canadian Ku Klux Klan, and were merely performing their duty, taking the girl from the alleged Negro.

But in giving his decision, Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario — to which court the case was finally taken on appeal — had this to say in part on the case, which sums up the Canadian attitude towards crime in general and this type of crime in particular:

"THE accused and his companions took it into their own hands to interfere with her rights. In doing so they not only committed an illegal offense but also a crime against the majesty of the law. Every person in Canada is entitled to the protection of the law and is subject to the law. It is the supreme dominant authority controlling the conduct of everyone, and no person, however exalted or high in his power, is entitled to do with impunity what that lawless mob did. The attack of the accused and his companions upon the rights of this girl was an attempt to overthrow the law of the land, and in its place to set up mob law, lynch law, to substitute lawlessness for law enforcement which obtains in civilized countries. The greatest calamity that can befall a country is the overthrow of the law. Without it there is no security for life or property. Mob law such as is disclosed in this case is a step in that direction, and, like a venomous serpent, whenever its horrid head appears, must be killed, not scotched."

The Unemployment Challenge

By H. W. Moorhouse

He Favors the Five Day Week

At this moment our organization of economic affairs is the target of critical attack. We are undergoing a business depression such as comes upon us every few years. More millions of men than usual are out of work. Goods have been produced in profusion. Factories that are silent could turn out additional supplies endlessly. Food, clothing and warmth are plentiful on every hand; yet men are hungry and cold. Can we find the solution?

What do we hope to gain in the way of economic improvement? Are we expecting perfect coördination of all parts of the industrial mechanism? Are we looking for rapid adjustments in economic relationships? If the present organization of industry does not wipe out poverty and assure equitable distribution of wealth immediately, will we want to adopt revolutionary measures, overturn our present order and go, for instance, to Communism?

Unemployment is a colossal defect of our economic system. With storehouses bursting, large groups of men are unable to earn wages with which to buy the goods. Our economic structure is collapsing around us because men who want to work can not work. There are many kinds of unemployment: voluntary; disability; seasonal; new machinery or technique; business depression. We will not say anything about the first three varieties. Not because they lack importance, for they are important, but because they are comparatively fixed and certain and we can cope with them if we can find the answer to the other two. Compulsory idleness due to growing use of the machine and business depressions must be got under control if we are to avoid a radical upset in the economic order.

The argument against the machine has become popular of late, but is not very convincing. Fifty years ago and one hundred years ago, unemployment during business depressions was proportionately as great as now. In 1873, Coman the historian tells us that three million men were out of work, and the picture of those men walking the streets in need of food and shelter is more pitifully drawn than the ones we see today. Yet, the use of machinery has made enormous strides since 1873.

Moreover, machinery gives employment as well as causing unemployment. The machine makes work.

Men must be employed to make machines to make machines; and in transporting, selling, advertising and financing them. The horizon of economic life has been extended. A century ago, we are told, there were ninety-two individual wants and sixteen necessities; now, four hundred and eighty-four wants, ninety-four necessities. Now there are thirty-two thousand articles urged upon us through salesmanship compared with two hundred articles a century ago. These new functions and new fields have absorbed a multitude of workers.

In addition, the working week and the working day have been shortened. In the early days of machine labor the hours in the factory were limited only by the physical strength of the workers. Gradually hours have been reduced by employers voluntarily, through legislation, or as a result of collective bargaining. Twenty years ago only eight per cent of wage earners in manufacturing worked forty-eight hours or less a week. Now this is the maximum week for over fifty per cent. Almost three-fourths of industrial workers in 1910 were employed longer than fifty-four hours a week; now, less than one-fifth.

However, machinery has made overproduction, in its economic meaning, too easy. In five years we can build all the factories we can use in ten years. In almost every field of industry there is overcapacity which will not be needed until the next boom. We started the year 1922 with a huge building deficit which had been created during the war. Beginning in 1913 construction had been below normal; most of the time until the end of the war, excessively far below. In 1919 expansion started. This was halted by the crisis of 1921, after which an unprecedented era of building held sway for seven years. In this period, the deficit was filled, current needs supplied, and the future cared for to a greater degree than we like.

The machine has solved that old problem, formulated by Malthus, by adding so generously to the food supply and comforts of life that the barriers to increase of population were dissolved. The machine put vast areas under intensive cultivation; it built comfortable, sanitary houses; it developed the science of combatting disease. In the last one hundred years more people have been added to the earth than during all the preceding centuries.

But this huge population is itself a barrier to a smooth running economic order. Mass production through the use of machinery has been pretty well mastered; but it depends upon mass consumption. The consumer is not as easy to control as a machine. The consumer is a fickle human being who wants what he wants when he wants it. He sees a new toy and like a little urchin clamors for it and gets it. In the twinkling of an eye a miniature golf course is set down on every vacant lot. It was easy to gear up the machinery of production and turn these courses out at incredible speed. But how about the intricate machinery of consumer-demand which was being exerted normally along certain channels and then, suddenly diverted, left the picture houses comparatively empty? When we consider the number of people, the variety of present wants and the thousands of articles urged upon consumers, we begin to understand the problem of balancing production.

MACHINERY is setting too fast a pace. Output is too prodigal. Wealth is being turned out more rapidly than it can be assimilated. Production of goods in various lines can not be kept in balance. Almost before it is realized there is excess production for which no immediate demand can be found. Plants curtail; unemployment starts; a whole train of influences is set in motion which may lead to a major depression and severe unemployment.

From the beginning there has been opposition to the introduction of machinery. It has been useless to oppose it and will ever continue to be. Machinery piles up wealth quickly, adds to the comfort and variety of life and releases men from hard labor. Thus, imperative desires are satisfied. Furthermore, the *entrepreneur* is driven by the profit motive to perfect the technique of production.

There is another imperative desire — the desire for leisure — which can be used consciously to curtail overproduction and underemployment. Heretofore we have viewed leisure as an end, not a means. It can be made a most effective agency to combat enforced idleness.

If because of the efficiency of machinery there is not employment for all workers six days each week, we should adopt a shorter week. It is better for more men to be employed less days than fewer men more days.

Unemployment not only subtracts from the purchasing power of the unemployed; it tightens the purse strings of the employed, who in fear and uncertainty spend grudgingly. It is important that purchasing power be widely distributed. Forty-two million workers on the payroll five days would exert more purchasing power than thirty-five million at work six days. If a shorter week could be made universal this moment, the depression would end more quickly and normal activity be gained months sooner. Buying power would be created, reallocated and released. Moreover, added leisure would give time and thought for the development of new wants; for instance in the fields of entertainment, travel and education.

For six years prior to 1929 we had been enjoying a high degree of so-called prosperity. Yet during this period many industries were in depression and there was unemployment serious enough to give us concern. Even in such a period purchasing power was not well distributed. We can not expect the next six years to be as favorable. The acute need is present for a better equilibrium between production and consumption. More leisure will spread employment and help to equalize purchasing power. A shorter working week offers one of the most effective means for bringing economic affairs into balance.

THE normal exercise of purchasing power is the key to prosperity just as the abnormal use of purchasing power was the cause of our present distress. Over-demand brought on the depression. Excessive expenditures during good times are the underlying reason for the hard times which follow.

Mass purchasing power is the chief explanation of the era of prosperity which ended in 1929. Never before had so much income been so widely distributed. Industrial payrolls were at record levels. Farmers were enjoying an income substantially above that before the war. Growing dividends and profits from a rising stock market were swelling buying power. In addition, finance companies manufactured more instalment credit than had ever been turned out before. Not only was current income flying out the window; potential savings for months and even years to come were being mortgaged. Bank deposits reached unprecedented heights: around fifty-five billion dollars compared with about thirty-five billion ten years before. Machine production, in large volume, at low unit cost, and declining prices, found an eager market.

NOT only were individuals buying at an accelerated pace; corporations, in the flush of prosperity, expanded their plants in the expectation of still further enhancing their profits. This always happens during boom years. President Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, in an address during the depression of 1921 said: "Our studies of industries as a whole show that we usually expand our equipment just at the periods of maximum demand for their products instead of doing our plant expansion during periods of slack consumption. We thus make double demands on labor and we doubly increase unemployment in periods of reduced consumption. That is indeed one of the factors in our great unemployment today."

Over-demand leads to overproduction. Goods are produced so rapidly that production can not be kept in balance. Some industries must curtail. Unemployment follows, inevitably, and the buying link in the chain of prosperity is worn thin; the crisis comes; the decline; the period of subnormal activitiy; then the same process all over again.

WHAT is the answer? The writer confesses to a partial sense of fatalism in regard to the peaks and valleys of business activity, the recurring periods of over-demand, overproduction, underemployment, and under-demand. Yet the business cycle at least can be modified. The peaks need not be so high; the valleys can be raised. Overproduction and unemploynent can be kept within more reasonable bounds. Lean years will continue to follow the fat, and the fat the lean; this industry will be in the ascendant; that one will decline; workers will turn from one employment to another, and in the shifting will be unemployed temporarily; but we can avoid general major depressions such as we are now suffering.

The rate of business activity is now accurately measured by authoritative agencies. We know when we are exceeding the safe speed limit. Can we use the facts and apply the brakes?

First, it is essential that we watch faithfully a reliable business index. That should be as much our duty as to scrutinize our balance sheet. Any business executive who fails to have such an index laid on his desk once each month is like the locomotive engineer who would pay no attention to signals.

Second, reserves marked "Unemployment" can be a most important item on the financial statement of every company. We know that machines will wear out or become obsolete and so set aside part of the current income to prepare for this eventuality. We have reserves for almost every purpose, but have neglected the most obvious need and certainty of all. During crises, these unemployment reserves can help maintain full employment, say, on alternate shifts of three days each; purchasing power will be better sustained, under-consumption minimized and overproduction much more quickly corrected.

UNEMPLOYMENT insurance can be directed toward this same end. Many progressive companies are working along these lines. But why not make such obvious preparations universal? There is cost to be considered. But how costly these terrific crises! To those men of wealth who are thinking of establishing foundations to promote education, health or the general public welfare, I commend the thought of an "Unemployment Foundation" whose income shall be used to put men at work only during periods when business activity is below the normal line.

Can individual companies accomplish the purpose of smoothing out the business cycle? Not unless the whole industry will work in coördination. The industry, and in some cases groups of industries, will need to accept joint responsibility.

The old competitive idea is giving away to a coöperative spirit. Think back to the days when rivalry between the railroads was so bitter that the passenger fare between New York and Chicago was cut to one dollar. But in this as in many other fields the attitude toward competition is becoming progressively enlightened. Competitors are coöperating through their trade associations. The stage is being set for a forward move in the control, by industry itself, of the activities of the industry for the good of all.

Some kind of over-all planning we must have. If the industry will not do it, sooner or later public sentiment calls on Government to take a hand. The trend is for Government to play a larger part in the regulation of business enterprise. These regulative measures will stop at the "happy mean" if, and only if, business leadership will keep business activity within reasonable control.

IN THIS discussion we have advocated measures which will lead to a better control of unemployment. These remedies are mostly preventives which can be applied most effectively when business is running at normal rate. In the mean time, what of the period just ahead? Are any extraordinary developments in store which will lift us quickly out of subnormal activity? Two industries, building and automobile, which took us out of the 1921 depression so fast and exerted such powerful stimulating influences in the last prosperity epoch, have spent most of their immediate force. Revival from the current decline does not promise to be as rapid or as sustained in the years immediately ahead unless we can adopt in an organized way some such progressive principle as the shorter working week.

Given a longer time, transitions will come which will offer new work which will create new prosperity. Just what ones will mature, and how soon they may exert a dominant influence, no one can say. We are hearing now about the autogyro, which is a new kind of airplane which can rise and land vertically. This may or may not be the forerunner of suburban air passenger traffic. There is a possibility that suburban residential areas might be transplanted as the result of such a development. Factory and business centres might be reallocated. Unprecedented building activity could grow out of such an invention.

There are new vistas in the field of refrigeration. Foods are soon to be prepared, transported and delivered to the home under startlingly new methods. It may not be too daring to suggest that within ten years, offices and homes may be cooled in summer as effectively as they are now heated in winter.

Electricity and chemistry, two modern Goliaths, will continue to perform their amazing miracles. The railroads will proceed toward electrification. Coal will be utilized at the mine and transported to the consumer in the form of electricity. Chemistry, of recent years, has revolutionized a number of industries, including leather, paint and silk. In the chemical field anything is possible.

But these very transitions which will usher in a new era of prosperity and solve depression unemployment, will at the same time intensify unemployment due to industrial readjustments. There is nothing simple about economic affairs. And, unless we expect economic life to be lived on a dead level, there will always be some tangles to unsnarl.

Compensation

By John Langdon Jones

No winter has there been whose raging cold
Spent not its tyrant anger ere the spring
Began to flower the waiting earth and sing
Of crocus, hyacinth, and marigold.
No tempest ever lashed, nor waters rolled,
But that the ocean soon became a thing
Asleep: as safe beneath her mother's wing
A child finds slumber when her sobs are told.

Those heaven-blue eyes that thy Creator gave
Made me half worldly praying at a shrine,
And since the utter loss of thee I lave
My lips from unsweet cups incarnadine.
Thou canst not smell the blossoms o'er the grave,
I can not hear the music that is thine.

“Upon What Meat—?”

By George Allan England

Being a glimpse of the plant and personnel of the Hon. Anti-Saloon League of America

The interurban trolley brought me, after a pleasant journey of sundry miles through verdant Ohio fields, to the famous burg of Westerville. Lying north-by-east of Columbus, Westerville is “the biggest little city in America.” It admits this fact, itself. Like certain individuals, Westerville has had fame thrust upon it — for what fame could surpass that of sheltering so eminent a world-saving organization as the Hon. Anti-Saloon League of America? Has not Westerville, Ohio, become for all right-thinking persons a potent Mecca; a goal for prayerful pilgrimages even like the one on which, that radiant day, I found myself engaged?

“Sure, buddy, I'll let you know when we get there,” promised the conductor, seated at ease and throwing peanut-shells out of the window. Contemplatively he champed a few nuts, then added: “You can't hardly miss it. They got quite a place out to Westerville, them Leaguers has!”

“Quite a place” evoked to my mind's eye various office-buildings and print-shops active with the clatter of typewriters and the rumble of presses; buildings hive-busy with the come-and-go of snappy, pepful clerks, tense with the driving energy of keen executives, all keyed up to the tremendous and soul-satisfying task of spreading the Gospel According to St. Volstead and St. Jones — making this wicked old world a dustier, drier, drearier dump.

It was therefore with a vague surprise that I queried: “Where?”, when the conductor yanked the bell, remarking:

“There she is, mister!” He pointed. “Don't you see her? Sure, that's her — the Anti-Sloon League!”

Ding-ding! The car lurched forward, and left me standing in the elm-spotted sunlight, confronted by no mean disappointment.

In place of the towering and expected skyscrapers, I beheld a smallish, two-storied house of brick, part whereof had just been painted a most aggressively violent yellow. This house stood back a little from the village street. It looked rather somnolent. No sound whatever of uplifting activities issued from its open door and windows. Odd!

At one side I saw a lawn that stretched away to a one-story brick workshop, which I rightly conceived to be the League printing-plant. A wide sidewalk, almost completely overgrown with grass, extended to this establishment. And along this walk, still vainly listening for the whirr and growl of busy propagandist presses, I took my inquiring way.

The door yawned. I entered, and beheld activities indeed — to the extent of one solitary and rather dejected printer sitting on the back of his neck and devouring pie out of a tin pail.

"Hey, there," I queried in a refined manner. "Where's the offices?"

The pie-eater sketched a vague gesture, with a piece of pallid crust, in the general direction of the brick house.

"Reckon you might find somebody down there, mister."

Again I trod the herbage of that dimly-traced sidewalk, and presently entered another open portal.

A SOMNOLENT air, like that of the Sleeping Beauty's château, enfolded my senses. Desks, chairs, filing-cabinets, all of mediocre and second-hand quality, stood on uncertain floors; but personnel was conspicuously *non est*. I pushed forward, on exploration bent, and — penetrating a rear office — flushed up a covey of two startled, antique maidens, eating soup from bowls on desks. For a moment I felt abashed in their vestal presence; much as I suppose a Goth or Vandal might have felt when, with vorpal blade in fist, he accidentally stumbled into a nunnery. But swiftly I rallied, with:

"Beg pardon! Can you tell me where to find any of the executives?"

Another wave, this time with a soup-spoon, indicated a direction more to the sou'west.

"You might try the other building, across the street," suggested one of the vestals. Meekly I thanked her, and withdrew.

SO THEN, the League had still another building? Ah yes, indeed! And presently I discovered it; another brick house of modest proportions, on t'other side of the village Main Street. I marched upon this stronghold, entered, and again saw a couple of similarly third-rate offices. The calm of an immense vacuity rested thereon. Peace, perfect peace. No signs of life were visible. But at last, in response to tentative knockings, an excessively attenuated and anæmic maiden appeared.

"Dr. Cherrington?" she answered my question. "He's in Buffalo. Dr. Russell? He's somewhere in Pennsylvania, but I don't know just where. Mr. Fickel, our editor? Well, he was here this morning, but he's gone now. Maybe he's in Columbus. I don't know. Mr. Larimore? I guess he's around town, somewhere. If you'd like to wait, maybe I could find out."

"Oh, thank you!"

The lanky lass vanished. I waited, edifying myself meanwhile by inspecting a profusion of pious prints, pronunciamentos, programmes, publications, propagandas and photographs that adorned the chaste walls. The general idea of them all was that Rum was a diabolical, depraved and demonic dragon, and that thumbs down was the correct verdict for it. Many lofty souls were shown in the rôle of Saint George;

and all right-minded people were standing on the side-lines, hissing the dragon and rooting for George.

The photographs were particularly enlivening. They portrayed various godly gatherings of Drys, all hallowed by the laudable purpose of enlarging the Sahara, the Gobi, the Kalahari and other arid areas. The largest photo of all, and the most edifying, showed a vast concourse of Saints surrounding the Hon. Pussyfoot Johnson, who had just returned from London minus one optic.

INSPECTION of these works of literature, piety and art eventually palling, I ventured a little further exploration and unearthed another female. This time, a fat one. Her air, somewhat like that of a startled rabbit, gave me rather a guilty sensation. In League Headquarters, it seemed almost indecent to address questions to such guileless gals. But anyhow, oppressed by the massive silence and somnolence of the place, I craved action.

"Beg pardon, but isn't there *anybody* here I can talk to?"

The fat female thought that perhaps Dr. Cherrington's private secretary might possibly see me — which indeed she did, after I had been led up a creaking stairway of the ancient house. This house, like the other, had been transformed from a sinful private residence (in which perhaps even beer had once been drunk), and had been lustrated to the purposes of the League. Now it had become indeed an immaculate Holy of Holies.

Decorously Dr. Cherrington's private secretary received me, with perfectly refined explanations as to the absence of all executives. Her large brown eyes of untainted candor surveyed the universe and me through thick-lensed glasses. She was simply clad, and looked utterly sinless. Time, very much time, had not robbed her of illusions about the possibility of saving the human race, or the desirability of doing so by prohibitive measures. She had an expression of convinced sincerity that this wicked old world of alcohol and general cussedness yearned for salvation; that she had the 100 per cent formula to snatch it from the burning; and that if at all useful, she would gladly march to the stake.

As a fit background for this obsolete virgin, many shelves of books arose; shelves crammed with volumes, pamphlets and prints, all crucifying the Demon Rum; describing the combat between the Demon and the Drys; proving that the only hope for the Cosmos is joyless juicelessness, from pole to pole.

THE details of my interview with this exemplary person need not detain us. Freely I testify that the humanity-saving secretary made no attempt to convert me to the beauties and glories of The Noble Experiment. Probably the idea never even occurred to her that I stood in outer darkness and needed conversion at all. The mere fact of my presence there, of my interest in the saintly work at Westerville, must have convinced her that I was already one of God's Own Elect Cocktail Chastisers and Alcohol Annihilators, Inc. Neither did I breathe any heretical word, in her chaste hearing.

My main impression of the interview is that any argument of ordinary, common horse sense would rattle from the League type of mind like birdshot from the hide of a phenomenally thick-skinned rhino. About all I gathered in addition was that the zealous Dr. Cherrington was a cripple, and that Dr. Russell was well advanced in his eighties — a brace of sprightly and debonairly bold Ithuriels, their lances tipped with the flame of a righteous and invincible zeal.

At last, however, I began to yearn for male society, and —

"Isn't there any gentleman connected with these offices," I queried, "that I could talk to, about the work of the League Headquarters?"

"Well, there's Mr. Larimore, I suppose."

"And where is Mr. Larimore?"

"He was here this morning, but he's gone now. Maybe he's at home. But no, no; he wouldn't be there, would he?"

"Wouldn't he?"

"No. His wife is away at Magnetic Springs, taking the cure. And so he doesn't stay at home much, now. He might be at Emmy Lou's."

"And who, who is Emmy Lou?"

"A relative. He eats there."

"Oh! Could you 'phone, and try to reach him?"

The spinster 'phoned several places, but got no information. Neither the Larimore home, nor Emmy Lou's, nor any other domicile panned out any pay dirt of knowledge respecting the whereabouts of the elusive Mr. Larimore. So the damsel opined we'd better go gunning in person.

"He is possibly somewhere about town. We might just happen to run across him."

I signified my willingness to run across any official of the Anti-Saloon League. But how?

"There is a car outside that we can use."

A car! Fine! Running across such an official in a car — the heavier, the better — was certainly attractive. So the spinster and I got into the car. Somehow it seemed a bit improper to sit beside so irreproachable a paragon, but anyhow I did it. The lady's boots pressed all the starters and pedals and gadgets, but nothing happened. That was the car's day off. Like a man, it simply wouldn't fire or perform, under that urge.

"Let me try, madam?"

I assumed control. After a series of mechanical experiments, I induced the car to proceed. The obsolete virgin instructed me about signals and turns and things, all to be most carefully observed — for Westerville is very strict on traffic, even though it's only a village with the usual Main Street, a religious college and the usual sprinkling of churches.

Thus we proceeded on the Hunting of the Larimore.

But no Larimore was visible upon the streets, nor yet at Emmy Lou's. Emmy Lou's was all cluttered up, as to porch, with kiddy-cars, baby-buggies and infantile impedimenta. We pushed our way over and through these entanglements. Knocks and rings availing naught, the guiltless girl entered.

"Not locked, eh?" I queried.

"Oh, no. We never lock our houses, here. Why should we?"

Godly and unusual Westerville! Blessèd art thou among cities, thou and thy Anti-Saloon League!

Refined investigation yielding no results, we finally retraced our course to League Headquarters. And there, behold, was the elusive Larimore, *in propria persona!*

A FAT, untidy, languid-looking gentleman was Mr. Larimore; a pale, unshaven gentleman; a gentleman who seemed a-weary, weary with this world; overheated, dejected, and on the whole rather indifferent whether school kept or not.

This listless person gave me a pulpy paw and invited me in to talk things over. He slumped at a desk and suffered with the heat. His lips sagged; I noticed that his tongue sagged, too, like a sick baby's. His conversation ran to the pathological. I wanted to hold high intellectual wassail *re* activities in the noble Domain of Drought; but he rather leaned toward gall-stones, arthritis and diabetes.

I found out a few facts, however, apart from the more intimate symptoms of his wife's case and his own. Facts such, for instance, as that Westerville has a population of 3,100; a city manager; and a record of such extreme aridity that the last attempt to start a saloon there was fifty-odd years ago, ending in disastrous failure.

I was told that Westerville is better known abroad than any other city in the United States — that is, of course, except New York and Washington. I learned that it has more names in *Who's Who* than any other city of the same size; and that — oh, fame of all fames! — it is the home of the illustrious Pussyfoot's own mummy-dry and monocular self.

Westerville, it seems, is likewise celebrated in every quarter of the world because of its abnormally high percentage of church-members; as well as because it shelters the universally-famous institution of higher culture known as Otterbein College, with 550 students all belonging to 17 religious denominations. "In the field of temperance, Otterbein College has been aggressive." So saith a pamphlet given me by the languid Larimore's own hand.

NOW that I'm quoting, here's some more from the same source:

> The moral tone of Westerville can not be excelled by any other place of its size in the United States . . . It is the Executive Headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League of America, with its various organizations, the Lincoln-Lee Legion, the American Bond, and the American Issue Publishing Company. The publishing house of the League was established in 1909, and from this small beginning it has grown to the largest reform publishing plant in the world. It has real estate, plant equipment and other assets approaching the valuation of a half-million dollars. It has an output of 40 to 50 tons of literature a month. The range of printing includes everything from a weekly paper to a 96-page magazine, and from a large book of many pages to a pink ticket. This is the more interesting when it is considered that everything printed has dealt with the Prohibition question in one form or another.
>
> *The American Issue* is the official organ of the League, and has an average circulation of over 1,000,000 per month. This, with all the other literature printed, if converted into book pages, would be equivalent to over 41,000,000 pages per month. In the offices, over 200,000 first-class letters are mailed out every month. The employees of these two institu-

tions number over 200, with a total pay-roll of over $6,000 per week.

Westerville has a W.C.T.U. . . . If you are not so fortunate as to live in Westerville, remember when motoring through to pick out that little dot on the map, which marks "the biggest little city in America," and spend an hour with us. You will come again.

I SPENT several hours, and I will never return. If it came to a show-down, better be dead and respectably buried in some live burg, than alive yet buried in a dead one. Nothing in the world could be more appalling than continued existence in a holy hamlet like that.

The place looked hot, pious and weary; oh, extremely weary. The Anti-Saloon League offices looked bloodless, languishing. (If those statistics about publication are true, there's magic at work, somewhere!) The excellent Larimore's conversation about magnetic baths and uric acid and albumen and sugar rather palled on me, after a while; the more so as I had to stimulate the good man to keep him talking at all.

He appeared extremely tired, discouraged and adipose. So after a while I got up and departed.

A City of Saints, that's Westerville, Ohio; a place about as "human" in its spirit of good fellowship and cheer as a morticians' convention; about as hale, hearty and inspiring as a plate of cold bean soup and half a mouldy waffle for breakfast. The Anti-Saloon League, and its personnel and work, seem to me possessed of all the cheery, dynamic inspiration of a sculpin that's been dead about a week.

From one end of the works to the other, out there in Westerville, I couldn't discover any signs of activity whatever; nothing but a dank, tomb-like odor, a clammy desuetude, the flabbiness of completely dehumanized suppressionism. Nothing at all was happening there; nobody was doing a durned thing at all visible to the nude eye. (Not "naked" eye, please, in Westerville.)

AND yet, and yet — the little book says: "Forty to fifty tons of literature a month; 41,000,000 pages; 200,000 letters"; and branches all over the world; and everybody knows what the Anti-Saloon League has really done. The bootleggers, especially, are grateful for its beneficent activities. We have some idea of the amount of cash it's spending, the lobby it's maintaining in Washington.

We know its glorious record in fomenting lawlessness, bootleggery, law-breaking, disrespect for law; bribery of politicians by rum-runners and racketeers; in stimulating hijacking, poisonings, murders — and the hallelujahs of joy when a dry agent plunks cold lead through the liver of a suspected rum-toter.

We know something of the whiplash it cracks over many of our illustrious lawmakers; we have heard tell of it as the real, invisible oligarchy of these United States of America.

And yet — ! With headquarters and a personnel such as I found in Westerville, whence comes the amazing, autocratic force of this organization, that dominates the world's most powerful Government? Whence this tremendous strength?

"Upon what meat hath this our Caesar fed, that he hath grown so great?"

I'm asking you!

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

Economic and financial prophecy having reached a new low since the current depression got under way, it is probably foolish to embark upon any attempt to forecast the course of events in the world of books during 1931. There are, however, certain signs on the horizon that seem to demand reading, not the least important of these the actual reduction in the size of spring lists. For several years it has not been possible for two publishers to meet without the question of overproduction obtruding itself; it has been obvious to all students of the situation that long before the slump a great many more books were being published in the United States than were being absorbed. Available outlets have been choked, booksellers sent to the wall through vain efforts to buy everything published, and the whole trade left in a state of confusion that has been, one regretfully states, more or less characteristic since publishing and bookselling were born.

Overproduction met under-consumption head-on in 1930 in the book business, as in many other businesses. There were some efforts at reducing output in the autumn of the year, but publishers work from six months to a year in advance—often longer — and so fall lists were about up to normal in size. But real reductions have now been put into effect, ranging from ten per cent up as high as fifty per cent, so that the general average will mean a very real cut in the number of books offered for sale during the first half of the present year. Almost inevitably this reduction will continue into the last six months, for even if there should be a sudden revival of business in the summer, there would not be time to make the indicated increases.

Much Less Fiction

The principal cut is in fiction, for it has been fiction that has suffered the most in recent months. The output of second- and third-rate novels will be much smaller this year than it has been in any year since the War, and the Landscaper can see very little reason for tears in this state of affairs, although his heart is moved by the plight of disappointed authors. If laid end to end, the novels that have passed through the Landscaper's hands in the past decade that were of no consequence whatever, and which were eternally forgotten within a week after they had been read, would reach a shockingly long distance. The reduction will probably touch the lighter type of biography, which has encroached very definitely on the field of fiction within the past few years; it is not likely to have much effect on the more solid types of books, for which there is a demand even in the dullest times, although, of course, it is not exactly increased by such periods as we are now passing through.

Perhaps the great sensation of 1930, the dollar-book experiment, is far enough away from us to allow a reasoned judgment of its success or failure. Since virtually all the publishers who tried it have given it up, and even the largest of the lot is laying emphasis upon books at the old prices, it seems apparent enough that the dream of being able to purchase all the new books fresh from the presses for a one-dollar bill is over; we have apparently awakened to certain fixed factors in the making and selling of books that not even mass production can dispose of. The reprint series are all doing well, and the outlook for their business is excellent; they offer fine values in books that have found public approval, and when people are pinched for money, there is every reason for the purchase of such volumes at $1 or less, in the place of experimenting with the new books at several times this low price. But it is also true that if the public gives up altogether buying the new books at higher prices, there will be nothing left to reprint. Then the reprint houses will be faced with the problem that keeps publishers' readers awake and turns their hair gray prematurely, namely, how to gauge the public taste in books in the first instance.

An Optimistic Forecast

The Landscaper is not looking for one tiny bit of silver lining in the enveloping blackness of the times when he says that on the whole the outlook for reader, publisher and bookseller is really full of encouragement; those who can weather the next six to twelve months and who are willing to remember the lessons learned during the hard times will be better off than they have been for a long time. A large part of the element of bunk that had crept into the business during the period of inflation is already gone, and the rest of it will have disappeared before we strike another rising market. So this prophet takes his place with the incurable optimists, and predicts that 1932 may easily be one of the best years in the history of the book business. Readers will probably find lists of a higher average quality, better produced and more thoroughly advertised.

Let none of the readers of this department take fright over the statement that spring lists are to be reduced. There will be many more books published than even the most assiduous reader can consume; indeed, the supply of fiction, reduced as it is, is already large enough to take most people into the summer, although the Landscaper is not ready to do any real hat-tossing over the stuff that has already appeared. By the time this number of the magazine is out, there will be some more interesting things available, such as, for example, Manuel Komroff's *Two*

Thieves (Coward-McCann, $2.50), a successor to Mr. Komroff's long historical novel of last year, *Coronet*. The new book tells the story of the lives of the two thieves who were crucified on Calvary; by implication the life of Jesus is also suggested. The literary device is original and admirably handled. Mr. Komroff's fine narrative gift is at its best in this work, which is the most finished thing he has done, a novel of much more integrity and evenness of quality than *Coronet*.

Those who are interested in romantic America will find excellent reading in four stories of *Old New Orleans* by Frances and Edward Larocque Tinker (Appleton, $5), tales which follow Edith Wharton's four novelettes of Old New York. The New Orleans volumes are unusually handsome in appearance, and contain frontispieces from the collection of Pennell etchings. Each covers a certain period in the early days of the city, and preserves its distinctive atmosphere admirably. Mr. Tinker is already well known for his definitive life of Lafcadio Hearn and his novel of New Orleans, *Toucoutou;* Mrs. Tinker, who grew up in New Orleans, makes her literary début with her contribution to the quartette of stories.

The Better Hergesheimer

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S *The Limestone Tree* (Knopf, $2.50) is easily one of the most important of the early novels of 1931. Mr. Hergesheimer writes here of Kentucky, telling the story of the family of one Gabriel Sash. The book is really a family chronicle, which moves against a background of a century of Kentucky history. It is authentic Hergesheimer and, to the Landscaper, the best novel he has done for a long time. There are few good novelists in this country whose work has swung through such wide circles as the work of Hergesheimer; he seems capable of some of the best fiction of our time, and some of the worst. The new book is good, belonging as it does to the tradition of *The Three Black Pennys*.

Some of the early importations of the season have their interest, although the Landscaper is free to confess that he would not classify any of the lot on hand as in any sense indispensable. Helen Ashton's *Doctor Serocold* attracted much attention to this competent young English novelist, whose new book is *Mackerel Sky* (Doubleday, Doran, $2). Those who recall Miss Ashton's first novel published in America, *Background for Caroline*, will find *Mackerel Sky* of the same order. It is a well-done, mildly interesting story, which one may take or leave without losing much time worrying over. Exactly the same thing may be said of Sylvia Thompson's *Portrait of Caroline* (Little, Brown, $2.50). There is not much to criticize about either book except a certain lack of distinction, that curious feeling that neither one matters very much and that both will slide out of one's mind at the slightest opportunity, never to return. The Landscaper respects the craftsmanship of the English authors who can turn out novels of this kind, but there isn't a kick in a carload.

Jacques Chardonne's *Eva* (Simon and Schuster, $1.50) is a French novel, written in the form of a diary, in which a novelist tells all about his wife. The book has a delicate charm, and is well translated, but it is over the edge for most Americans; the introspective analysis of a Frenchman in love is too alien to our temperaments to touch us very deeply. M. Chardonne is half-American, but his novel is wholly French. Norah James's *Shatter the Dream* (Morrow, $2), a story of every-day life in London centring around a love affair between a beautiful and unscrupulous married woman and an innocent youth, has a good deal more of the feel of life about it than some of the other novels mentioned in this paragraph. Miss James will be remembered as the author of the more or less sensational *Sleeveless Errand.* She is one of the best of the younger novelists writing in Great Britain at present.

The Domestic Product

AMONG the current domestic products will be found some rather odd specimens. Ben Hecht, after a respite from novel-writing lasting four years, has given us *A Jew in Love* (Covici-Friede, $2.50), a savage portrait of an Hebraic Don Juan, which, one fears, may be taken in certain quarters as a key-romance. Mr. Hecht has been at great pains to make his hero disgusting and, so far as this reader is concerned, has succeeded perfectly. There does not seem to be any special reason why one should wade through this account of the long and tiresome amours of this gentleman, even if one is able to put up with Mr. Hecht's style. It is difficult to determine just what he is writing, but certainly it bears very little resemblance to English prose.

George S. Schuyler's *Black No More* (Macaulay, $2) is a curious and amusing novel based upon the discovery of a serum that turns Negroes white instantaneously. Mr. Schuyler has hit upon an idea that gives him ample opportunity for the use of his satirical gifts; he knows his Harlem and is also familiar with the race question in this country. Without in the least laying claim to any literary importance, this book is entertaining and bright, and readers who have any interest at all in the relations between whites and blacks in this country will find it worth while. The novels of Mr. Hecht and Mr. Schuyler are both unusual; George Agnew Chamberlain's *River to the Sea* (Brewer and Warren, $2), a character study of a blossoming genius, against a background full of color, is much more conventional, but is well written and likely to please most readers of fiction who are looking for a good story that is not too full of "significance."

Plenty of Detective Yarns

IN SPITE of the reduction in price of detective novels published by the Crime Club to $1, other publishers continue to ask — and apparently to get — $2 for books of this variety, and the new year is not lacking in offerings. J. M. Walsh, who is one of the best-known of the steady producers of detective yarns in England — he can turn out one any time in six weeks — is represented on the current lists by *The Black Ghost* (Brewer and Warren, $2), the story of a criminal who baffled our old friends at Scotland Yard. R. A. J. Walling's *Stroke of One* (Morrow, $2) tells the tale of the murder of Sir Henry

Polsue, and is a good international yarn, with many exciting incidents, skilful character drawing, and a surprising conclusion. Ian Greig, author of *The Silver King Mystery*, has shifted his setting to China for *The Mystery of the Chinese Mine* (Holt, $2), which is one-half exciting adventure and the rest realistic Scotland Yard criminal chasing. Lovers of crime stories will find good reading in another of H. Ashton Wolfe's collections of real tales from his personal experiences and the records of Scotland Yard. The new book is called *The Thrill of Evil* (Houghton Mifflin, $3).

The biography shelf is unusually deserted at the moment, but the spring catalogues indicate plainly enough that there will be no lack of books of this kind by the time the season really gets under way. Just now there are only two life stories around, one Ralph Roeder's *Savonorola* (Brentano, $5), and the other, *Nelson*, by George Edinger and E. J. C. Neep (Cape and Smith, $3). There is perhaps little new in the Roeder life of the fiery preacher of Florence, but the story is always a good one, and should find readers in its present form. Messrs. Edinger and Neep have written their book to the theory that Nelson deliberately arranged his death in the hope of obtaining help for Lady Hamilton and their daughter, a sacrifice made altogether in vain, as those who recall the touching story of the death of Nelson's mistress will recognize. There is a fine irony in this neglect by the nation he had served so well of the woman he loved. . . . How much more it would have meant to him that Lady Hamilton and her child should have been cared for than that his country should elevate his effigy in Trafalgar Square! This is a simply and clearly told story of the life of a brave man, with considerable that is new and the eternal appeal of the more romantic aspects of its hero's career.

One of the Indispensables

ONE of the most important books of recent weeks is an autobiography, which comes very near to being an intimate history of the old régime in Russia as well, and which is filled with information, as well as the most appealing sort of human interest. This is *The Education of a Princess: A Memoir* by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia (Viking, $3.50). Marie is the granddaughter of the Tsar, Alexander II, and the cousin of Nicholas. Her book, with its half-ironic title, tells the story of Russia's stormiest years, and is a truthful record of how one born to the nobility found herself confronted with an entirely different set of circumstances than any she had ever thought she would be called upon to face.

The Grand Duchess, who is now in her thirties and who makes her home in New York, has actually lived from one age to another, and she has suffered from no lack of skill in making her story most moving. The book has been published in most of the countries of the world, and is not likely to be supplanted for a good many weeks upon the list of recent indispensables.

After the Landscaper's report from Europe last month that events were moving as rapidly as possible toward another war, it is only fair to mention a book on the subject which contains not only the prophecy that there may soon be trouble, but which also adds that another war might finish civilization, at least on one continent, and which then goes further and points out ways and means of averting this catastrophe. This is *That Next War?* by Major K. A. Bratt (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), with introductions by Nicholas Murray Butler and Wickham Steed. Major Bratt is a Swedish staff officer who saw a great deal of the last war, and who is also familiar with the progress that has been made since 1918 in the invention and perfection of machines designed to wipe out large sections of the human race. Major Bratt insists that moves for peace must become positive factors in world affairs if we are ever to get anywhere. His is an important book, and one wishes that it might be widely read, that even Mussolini might be persuaded to peruse the chapters that have to do with the possible effects of another general struggle. Readers who are interested in this subject will find two complementary publications of the Oxford University Press of interest. These are: *A Survey of International Affairs: 1929* with an introduction by Arnold J. Toynbee ($7), and *Documents on International Affairs; 1929*, edited by John Wheeler-Bennett and with an introduction by Sir George McDonogh ($5). Messrs. Toynbee and Wheeler-Bennett are both officers of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

Not To Be Overlooked

BEFORE passing on to the consideration of a miscellaneous group of recent books, the Landscaper would like to call attention again to two fairly recent volumes that ought not to be overlooked. One of these is Major Yeats-Brown's *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which has already been widely read, but which some who might appreciate it may have overlooked. It is a good enough book to buy; there is the quality of permanence about it. The Landscaper was re-reading it only a few evenings ago and found it even better upon a second perusal. The author's contacts with Yoga and his conversations with *gurus* are unusually interesting because he never surrendered his Western intelligence, however appreciative he seems of Eastern wisdom. The other book mentioned is Volume Three of Vernon Lee Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*, which is called *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America, 1860–1920*. Professor Parrington did not live to finish this splendid piece of work, but even in its uncompleted state, Volume Three is quite as interesting as its two predecessors, and the whole opus is without any question among the most important studies of American culture ever undertaken — as a matter of fact the Landscaper would be willing to go a step farther, and say the most important study. It would be a pity for any intelligent American to miss this contribution.

An unusual book that will make its appeal to persons interested in psychology who have kept their minds open is Alice A. Bailey's *The Soul and Its Mechanism* (Lucis Publishing Company, $2), with an introduction by H. A. Overstreet. Mrs. Bailey undertakes to work out a relationship between Oriental explorations into the mystery of man's being, and the laboratory experiments of modern physio-psychologists and glandular experts. Hers is a level-headed and intelligent effort to show that there is some kinship. In so many fields just now are we discovering that science has merely taken the long way around to truths which have been known and accepted for centuries that some of us will be willing to give serious consideration to Mrs. Bailey's work. Mr. Overstreet is of the opinion that Oriental knowledge of the soul can not be spurned by Occidental scientists, which seems a sound conclusion; certainly not even the wildest flights of Eastern mysticism have exceeded the vagaries of our own Watsons and their test tubes.

A Book About the War

THE first book relating to the World War that has come this way since 1931 started is *A Château at the Front, 1914–1918*, by the Marquise de Foucault (Houghton Mifflin, $4), an account of the happenings at the Château of Pronleroy in Picardy as the tides of war ebbed and flowed about it, written by its chatelaine. It is a thoroughly worth while first-hand account of all aspects of war, written by a charming woman. One wonders what will happen to this year's war books after the sudden and complete cessation of interest in the subject last year. Perhaps the new book by Remarque, which will be published shortly, will serve as a test, although from glancing over a few of the chapters in advance, the Landscaper would not say that there is anything like the intrinsic interest in this volume that was found in *All Quiet*. It might have been better if the author had contented himself with his one overwhelming success.

Our Own Problems

WRITTEN from the neo-humanistic point of view, Hoffman Nickerson's *The American Rich* (Doubleday, Doran) is a thoughtful consideration of many of the current problems in this democracy, ending with a call to arms on the part of the wealthy young men of the country — or in other words, an appeal to what should be the aristocratic element in the nation's population to take up its share of the burdens of government and of social reforms.

Other books of varying appeal that have appeared recently are a new edition of Coulton's fascinating *Life in the Middle Ages* in one fat volume (Macmillan, $5.50); *An Anthology of Modern Philosophy*, edited by Daniel Summer Robinson and covering the period between 1500 and 1900 (Crowell, $4.50); *Your Vision and How to Keep It*, by H. G. Merrill Oaks and L. W. Oaks, a perfectly excellent handbook on the care of the eyes (Putnam, $1.50); *The Selected Poems of Thomas Walsh* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.50); *The Negro Wage Earner*, by Lorenzo J. Greene and Carter G. Woodson (Association for the Study of Negro Life, $3), a competently handled sociological study, and useful for reference; and *Shakespeare's Problem Comedies*, by William Witherle Lawrence (Macmillan, $3), an examination of *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and parts of *A Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, with a view to explaining their origins and suggesting their contemporary significance.

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Comment

By M. R. Lawrence

As long ago as my high school days when I studied English Literature, I was told there were two magazines better than the others, magazines which demanded the best writers whose learning and opinion were authoritative. Those magazines are *The Atlantic Monthly* and The North American Review. As the teacher of literature said: "Both are good but I like The North American Review the better of the two. Depend upon these magazines for the best material printed outside of books. None but the most learned and the most capable men and women write for these monthlies. So avail yourselves of every opportunity to read all they contain. You will always find them in the Library." But the library was for the few whose lives were spent in leisure in America and Europe, so the teacher's advice was not helpful to all alike; and from that day, June, 1891, until this I have not had the privilege of reading The North American Review.

❧

Comparative Values

By Ralph W. Burton

It would be my thought that a gardener should know the difference between flowers and weeds. He should also be able to distinguish between plant food and plant toxin. He should be able to pick the true variety of his chosen flower, be it bulb root or seed, from among sports or hybrids. Real knowledge would reveal the truth at all times.

Your "Landscaper" is, I take it, a glorified gardener, knowing all that a gardener knows and much more. Where the lowly worker among soils and seeds may have a general knowledge of conditions, the landscaper may know derivations, botanical names, etc.

Your Landscaper, however, is remiss in his function of distinguishing the true from the false. Individual opinions are not always correct. This is the case in your December issue, relative to the books on the life of Mary Baker Eddy. The one he dislikes most is the one which is authorized by the Christian Science Publishing Society, a body of people who may be better informed on that particular subject than some others.

Anyone who has subscribed to the Christian Science faith, who may have seen dear ones restored to health from dread diseases, who may know of the moral and spiritual uplift resulting from studying Mrs. Eddy's works, who may have seen failure turned to success from following her teachings — such a one will know that Dr. Powell does not err in his biography.

❧

An Opinion

By George W. Dodd

I have long been an occasional reader of The North American Review and part of the time as a subscriber. Far from having no criticism to make of the magazine, I think it is one of the best in the country. Of course there are many articles in which I am not interested, but it has always contained some matter of appeal. One can not, of course, read all the good magazines, but for twenty years I have regarded this as one of the best publications in the country, both on account of the subject matter and the high quality of authorship. The mechanical make-up leaves nothing to be desired.

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Not long ago I had the pleasure of talking with the first woman reporter who went to Alaska during the Klondike gold rush of 'Ninety-seven. She was the last person in the world I should suspect of ever having been anywhere near Alaska in those wild days. Frail, dainty, feminine to her fingertips, it was impossible to associate her with that swearing, fighting, hard-fisted outfit of sourdoughs and grubstakers who set the world by its ears in their mad rush over Chilkoot Pass to fortune. Yet there she was, and the most thrilling experience of her career — and hers has been no mean one — still remains Alaska.

Alaska is just what many people who have become surfeited with the finicky things in our effete civilization need — a clear reach back to the simplicity and naturalness of things. Trains equipped with every luxury travelling across the continent start you on this road, then, if you will, you set sail for Alaska from Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria on one of the comfortable steamers that bring you to that charmed land where Robert W. R. Service tells us:

> There's a whisper in the nightwind,
> There's a star agleam to guide us.
> And the Wild is calling, calling —
> let us go.

Sailing Alaska's Inland Passage

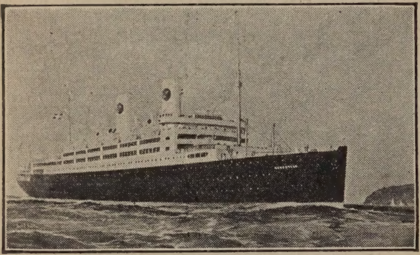
As your boat glides through the quiet reaches of the Inland Passage (given that name, you know, because it is protected from the open sea by some twenty thousand islands), a serenity you had perhaps forgotten in the whirl of city life takes possession of your days and your very life. You lift your eyes to the established beauty of the great wilderness about you, for it seems like wilderness until you begin to touch at the various ports nestling in protected spots along the fringed coast: Ketchikan, Alaska's largest city with all of six thousand people; Petersburg, proud of its growing fishing industry; Wrangell, its Totem poles as thick as trees, and its valuable Indian Museum; Juneau with its gold mine and Skagway, the "Ghost" city of the Yukon. These places give you just enough contact with human kind to help you keep your balance, otherwise the vastness and majesty and order of this land might seem well-nigh overwhelming.

Tenting in Mount McKinley National Park

To reach Southwestern Alaska your ship leaves the sheltered Inland Passage and lays its course across the Gulf of Alaska. You are quite in the open sea now, but you are not alone for you have the accompanying escort of a friendly frisky group of whales and porpoises frolicking to starboard in a glittering sea. Seward will probably claim your interest next, for you will want to go on up into the interior to Fairbanks and Mount McKinley Park on the Alaska Railroad, and the train starts from Seward, as do any number of pleasant adventures for us all. This railroad, owned and operated by the United States Government, runs from Seward on the Sound 470 miles north, almost to the Arctic Circle, and as the trains run in the daytime only, they give you an opportunity to see the bewildering beauty of the country through which you are passing. I don't know of another railroad in the world quite as accommodating, do you? Besides it takes you to Mount McKinley National Park. Many people have felt that it was worth travelling round the world just to see Mount McKinley, the greatest of all North American mountains (20,300 feet), and it may be seen on clear days from the train, but many who would gain most from their Alaskan adventures have found keen satisfaction in tenting with some of the old-timers in the Park itself. Fifty tent cottages with board floors, side walls and doors make up the base camp, with a large tent floored for dancing and another for dining. And dear me, how you do find yourself taking to "dining" in that appetite-giving atmosphere. You feel as though you had never tasted food before.

Trips may be made through the park in motors, by four-horse stage coach, saddle horse, or airplane. You will engage the latter at Fairbanks, however, and reservations may be made, if you so desire, by the Northern Pacific Railway, subject to weather conditions, for a flight over Mount McKinley and the Alaskan Range. When only the native Alaskan Indians knew the measureless slopes of Mount McKinley, they called the mountain "Denali — home of the Sun." I like to think of it that way. It seems to belong. Though it is the home, too, of a wondrous wild life — of mountain

Begin Your European Trip in
BEAUTIFUL SWEDEN
"The Land of Sunlit Nights"
GO VIA THE
SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE
New York Direct to Gothenburg
The Gateway to
SWEDEN - NORWAY - DENMARK
in the new de luxe Motorliners
"KUNGSHOLM" "GRIPSHOLM"



Scandinavia's Largest and Most Modern Transatlantic Passenger Liners, Only Ships Between America and Scandinavia Carrying Passengers in First Class
Also Cabin Liner "DROTTNINGHOLM"
For information and descriptive literature apply to nearest tourist agent, or
Swedish American Line, 21 State Street, N. Y.

NORWAY

MIDNIGHT SUN TRIPS
by PLEASURE CRUISER
"*Stella Polaris*"

Four North Cape cruises, sailing from Havre June 3rd, from Newcastle June 18th, July 2nd and July 16th, Spitsbergen cruise from Newcastle July 30th. Visiting Fjords, North Cape, Spitsbergen, etc. *For particulars, apply local steamship agent or write Dept. S.*

B & N LINE
280 Broadway New York

Sport in Historic Settings

MOTORING conditions in Sweden are excellent and foreign licenses are frequently seen on the main roads, perhaps because every foreigner intending to tour Sweden by motor may make arrangements for all necessary documents and information through the Royal Automobile Club in Stockholm. During the Annual Swedish Tennis Championship games, all roads lead to that most exclusive of Sweden's many seaside resorts, Bastad, for these matches are under the patronage of King Gustaf, himself a tennis enthusiast. Camping, cycling, canoeing, motor-boating and fishing, as well as golf, which is increasing in popularity with great strides, are other reasons that make Sweden a very attractive and entertaining place in which to spend your summers, for all possess the background of a country rich in historic interest and great natural beauty as well. And last, but far from least, you will enjoy Sweden summer or winter because you can telephone there just as you would at home, for they have exchanges in practically every locality. And what's more, you can get your number. This is a real bond between Sweden and ourselves.

Our Changing Museums

THERE are people who eschew museums on general principle — and those who do not. Those who never visit one now-a-days because once or twice in the long ago they dragged themselves through one, go about today a good deal like ostriches with their heads in the sand, for museums like everything else are not what they used to be. Instead of stodgy, static affairs filled with plaster casts and the dust of ages, they have suddenly come alive. Many of them have moved outdoors, and others change their aspects more often than chameleons. You can not discover a particularly entrancing spot beneath a certain lovely portrait and be sure that you can take more than one girl there to propose. The portrait and the bench may both be gone before you have found the next girl. Now you know things were not like that in the olden days. So do turn over a new leaf and try some of our up-to-date museums.

Munich's Museum of the Machine Age

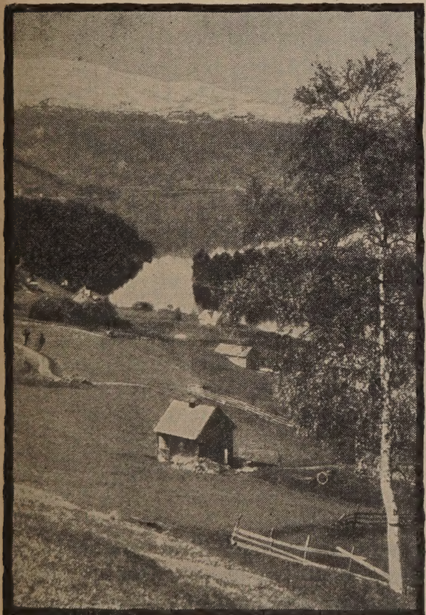
A GOOD place to begin to study the metamorphosis of museums if you want a real jolt is Munich. Go to the Deutsches Museum. It is the great museum of the machine age. The first thing that strikes you is that nothing is *verboten*. There is not a "hands off" sign in the whole place. On the contrary there are push buttons and levers everywhere which you are invited to push and pull to your heart's content to make the wheels go round. This museum aims to strip all mystery and a forbidding terminology from science, engineering, and industry, and there can be no doubt that it does. Fancy being able to look at a locomotive split down the middle so that you can see just what is going on in the monster's inside when before you have only been able to see it huff and puff without ever knowing why it was so "het" up. Or go down into the real coal mine that is, perhaps, the masterpiece of this museum that contains nine miles (and not weary miles either) of exhibits. A real coal mine in a museum is hard to believe — it must even have been for Ripley — but there it is with its walls made of coal right in the rock taken from a mine in the Ruhr district. Spend a few minutes in the tidy little shop of an old Swiss watchmaker and discover what makes the hands of your watch go round; peer into the laboratory of an ancient alchemist with dried toads and other wonder-working charms in his iron kettles; sit down for half an hour and watch the welkin manipulated so that you may see the sun and planets race across the sky, and gain a picture of how the heavens will appear 50,000 years hence. A museum, you query? Yes, but a real giant, a true expression of the broad vision of the extraordinary genius at its head.

Collections of the Nobility Now Accessible

WHILE you are in Germany experiencing new enthusiasms in the way of museums, it is interesting to find that the works of art belonging to the nobility, once available only to a select few, have lately become accessible to the public. One notable example of this is the collection which has since 1605 been in the possession of the Von Hochberg family, later Counts of Hochberg, and the Princess of Pless, in the magnificent old castle of Fürstenstein in Silesia. It contains a wealth of both German and Italian masters, and the castle itself as well as its gardens are an endless delight to connoisseurs.

Three New Museums in Berlin

LAST fall Berlin opened three new museums on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the Berlin State Museums, of which the nucleus was the "Old Museum" opened in 1830. Pergamon Museum, the central building of the group, in an imposing middle hall displays the famous Altar of Pergamon with its gigantic frieze made in 180 B.C. In another building we find the "Street of the Procession" with its mighty fortified gate, the "Ishtar Gate." This is the first time that ancient Oriental architecture has been shown on so large



Norway
THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Elsie McCormick, famous columnist, writes in the New York World: "There are few things more futile than attempts to describe the Norwegian scenery. It was so beautiful it actually reduced American tourists to silence. There ought to be special adjectives to be used only on the Norwegian fjords or on the automobile roads through what seems to be the white attic of the world. The leisurely trip from Bergen to Nidaros I rank highest from the scenic standpoint of all the vacations of my holiday-loving life."

Transportation in Norway is comfortable and fast, this applying even to the recently inaccessible wilds, and the hotels are renowned for their comfort, cleanliness and cuisine.

We supply authentic and complete information about Norway and Northern Europe. No obligation—we sell nothing.

Norwegian Government
Railways Travel Bureau
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N-Y-U-S-A

FABRE LINE
The popular Route to the Mediterranean

Regular and Frequent Sailings
To and From the
MEDITERRANEAN
SPECIAL CRUISES
EVERY WINTER
with Shore Excursions
at ports of
Call

Moderate Rates **Stop-Overs Granted**
THE AZORES
LISBON—MADEIRA
ALGIERS—PALERMO—NAPLES
MARSEILLES—ALEXANDRIA
JAFFA—BEIRUT—PIRAEUS
SALONICA—CONSTANZA
CONSTANTINOPLE
French Cuisine **Excellent Service**

Clean,
Comfortable
and Commodious
Vessels especially built
for the Mediterranean Trade

James W. Elwell & Co., Inc.
General Agents
17 STATE STREET NEW YORK

$250 EUROPE
Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E167"
THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

EUROPE 33 *days* $255
ALL EXPENSES
20,000 satisfied members. Small parties. First class hotels. More motor travel. 250 tours, 26 days $235 to 104 days $890. Seven-country tour $345. ***Send for booklet.***
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
FOREMOST STUDENT TOURS

a scale in a museum. The German Museum, occupying another wing, houses many of the treasures from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum which, with its five Rembrandts and many other notable pictures, had more than it could comfortably house.

One of the most curious of all the German museums, I believe, is that which will be opened this fall in the Central Hotel which joins the Berlin's Wintergarten — the world's first museum dedicated to variety artists (*Schirmer-Wintergarten, Museum der Artistik*). It owes its inception to Edwin Schirmer, an acrobat who has appeared in almost every part of the world, and will contain pictures of old variety artists, placards, newspaper articles, books, programmes of gala performances, and in fact everything that has to do with these entertainers who have done so much for us all in keeping the world cheerful.

A Taste of Lot's Wife

When I was a child one of my secret delights was to gather with several other children of my own imaginative age in our cellar just at dusk and by a series of artless questionings coax old black Sarah, our laundress, to tell us tales of her vivid past. Sarah loved an audience, even of children, and as she expertly guided her heavy flatiron over yards and yards of white ruffles and swung back and forth between the glowing stove and the ironing-board, we drank in with breathless eagerness her yarns of Civil War days when she was a slave. Old Sarah never began her day's work until the hot sun slipped well down behind the poplars, in hopes that a breeze would spring up from somewhere, but the hot summer evening and the hotter stove made no difference to us as long as our favorite tales were forthcoming. One of these dealt with her trip to the Holy Land. After the war her missus, whose husband became our everlasting hero by evading the Yankees so skillfully and often, went abroad and took old Sarah. That they travelled extensively for those days there can be no doubt, but the only thing that impressed Sarah was that in the Holy Land she had seen the pillar of salt that had once been Lot's wife, and she "knowed it was salt 'cause she done tasted it." We waited for this climax no matter how often she told the tale, and there can be little doubt that it seasoned our expectations for finding everything wholly authentic when we visited that country. Now that is one thing about the Holy Land, if you go there looking for landmarks you will come away satisfied that you have really seen them (even though you may not have tasted them). Undoubtedly many of them are authentic and though others may be sketchy yet the whole Eastern setting — the changeless customs and activities of the people with their herds of sheep and goats, their patient little donkeys, their doves and pigeons, temples and shrines, their ever colorful costumes — remains quite unchanged in spite of an occasional Ford and the oil cans which the natives now use for water jars.

Jaffa — Open Door to the Holy Land

Perhaps Jaffa will be your port of entry. You will find old Jaffa built on its hill, a solid mass of old buildings honeycombed with passages and narrow alleyways, and, if the day be fresh, perhaps you will climb up on the roof of the house, said to stand on the site where Simon the Tanner made his home and where Peter dozed off on one memorable occasion. But there is little here to see (though a plethora of good Eastern smells) and you will soon be off to Jerusalem.

Almost everyone who visits the Holy Land has something in mind that he particularly wants to see in Jerusalem. Many make straight for the Jew's Wailing Wall, where remain the huge blocks of stone supporting the area on which their temple once stood. Others seek a quiet walk on the Mount of Olives and visit the Chapel of the Lord's Prayer where the familiar words are written on the walls in thirty-seven languages, so that all who come to the chapel may read the prayer in their own tongue. From the Mount of Olives a glorious view of the Jordan and the Dead Sea stretches before you. You can see off over the Judean hills to the Mediterranean, in fact it is quite remarkable what a vista opens up from the spot where the Ascension took place. Sometimes it seems strange to think that a small city that you may walk round in an hour should exert such a powerful attraction for so many people as Jerusalem does. To Christian, Jew and Mohammedan it is equally sacred. The Mohammedan considers its sanctity second only to Mecca, as from the rock in their mosque on the Temple area Mohammed is said to have ascended to heaven. It is the centre of consolation for the Jews, and deeply revered as well by Christians. Here all three peoples keep their cherished ideals even though the Sabbath comes on Sunday for the Christian, Saturday for the Jew and Friday for the Moslems; and the days of the months are recorded in varying calendars — English, Coptic, Greek, Moslem and Jewish — each having a different date for the same day. All of which is a bit trying at first, but before long the easy ways of the East wipe out such stern reminders as dates and days of hurry, and the simple way of doing things prevails.

Jericho, Bethany, Nazareth, Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee — all these are well worth a visit, as is far-off Petra, the rock city; that is, if you have adopted the scheme of Eastern ways and time is always today.

Shoot With Your Camera

THIS is the season when nature lovers who have always had in their mind's eye a visit to the world's greatest game preserve, Kruger National Park in South Africa, should begin to lay their plans, for the South African winter, which lasts from May to September, coincides with our summer holiday time and is the most favorable period in which to study the vast animal life to be found

By Way of Introduction

JOSEPH STAGG LAWRENCE (*Scapegoats Old and New*), a graduate of Princeton, who has taught economics there.

H. M. K. SMITH (*Lilies of Jade*) has been identified with the moving picture industry, in an artistic capacity.

HENRY CARTER (*Democratic Possibilities for 1932*), long associated with the State Department, recently returned from diplomatic service in Liberia.

JACK KOFOED (*Stables*) is sports writer for *The New York Evening Post.*

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD (*The Rebel on the Bench*) is a lawyer now resident in Colorado Springs.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD (*What's Wrong with the Men?*) frequently contributes to the press reviews of current books.

MITCHELL BRONK (*Single Blessedness*) is a clergyman of Philadelphia who edits religious publications.

ALPHEUS MASON (*Labor Turns to the Injunction*) is on the faculty at Princeton University.

T. SWANN HARDING (*If Only Policemen Could Sing!*) writes from Maryland mainly along the lines of his recent book, *Fads, Frauds and Physicians.*

CARL F. WESTERBERG (*Revolt in the Tropics*), a graduate of Yale, who has worked in the jungle, considers that dictatorships are praiseworthy.

JAMES MONTAGNES (*How Canada Deals with Its Criminals*) is a Canadian newspaperman with offices in Toronto.

H. W. MOORHOUSE (*The Unemployment Challenge*) is the head of the Brookmire Economic Service, with headquarters in New York.

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND ("*Upon What Meat . . . ?*") is traveller, lecturer, novelist and short story writer.

IN THE CANADIAN MANNER

there is a warmth of welcome and generous hospitality at the Log Chateau, Lucerne-in-Quebec, where the winter carnival spirit is now high. Clear, bright days for the winter sports and warm, cheery evenings for relaxation are at their best in Lucerne-in-Quebec.

The Log Chateau is a club hotel maintained primarily for members of the Seigniory Club.

For reservations apply to the Manager, Log Chateau, Lucerne-in-Quebec, Canada.

LUCERNE *in* QUEBEC

A CLUB COMMUNITY

LQ41

SOUTH AFRICA

Sail away this Winter to a gorgeous Summer Land

WHETHER for a business trip or an ideal vacation—now is the time to visit this new land of wonder.

Glorious and dependable climate, magnificent scenery and excellent facilities for travel.

Calling at Madeira, the voyage is one of exceptional interest and pleasure—on luxurious "Castle" liners sailing weekly from Southampton.

Illustrated booklets on request

UNION-CASTLE LINE

Sanderson & Son, Inc., Agents
26 Broadway, New York
or local agents

there. You may arrange to go to Cape Town on a steamer sailing direct from New York if you wish, though others plan their journey to Africa from England where the services are frequent, or make the trip by rail, boat and motor from Cairo to the Cape. But however your itinerary runs, you will want to make sure that this rare game sanctuary, which is just eleven hours by rail from Johannesburg, is included. Nothing can quite take the place of meeting your old Noah's Ark acquaintances "in person" and seeing just how they live and enjoy life in their own homes. You must never confuse with an ordinary zoo this vast territory where the big game of Africa (and the game little fellows, too) find protection from the onward march of civilization. Here the animals never suspect that mere man has anything to do with their existence, but in some uncanny way they seem to realize that they are protected, for though the preserve is not fenced, very few of them are found outside the bounds.

Your motor driver, who acts as guide and friend, will tell you that the history of the Park goes back forty years to the time when it was discovered that the unique animal life was disappearing before the hunter's gun; and today there are over five million acres set aside where the native fauna of Africa can roam in freedom and safety from the depredations of the hunter.

The only shooting allowed is with a camera, and what a paradise this Park is for the photographer, what treasures he carries away to show his friends at home. He finds himself on quite neighborly terms with any of a quarter of a million animals ranging from his lordship the lion and the mighty elephant down to the lowly jack-rabbit. He learns the wily ways of zebra, wildebeeste, nyala, kudu, bushbuck and impala; he camps on the trails of elephant and rhinoceros, and almost comes to understand the frivolous chatter of the monkeys and baboons, those ancient jungle sleuths.

Modern Facilities

REST houses at various points of vantage enable visitors to spend what time they will in the park without the necessity of carrying camp equipment, though camping where you will and sleeping under the stars on the veldt is something you won't want to miss, either. Comfortable hotels are found outside the preserve where you will want to spend weeks at a time, just drinking in the marvel of nature in all her moods.

Excellent motor roads, which are always being improved and extended, facilitate travel in the Kruger National Park and allow you that opportunity to reach the innermost fastnesses of this jungle which you have always desired.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N. H.

Traveller's Guide

TRANS-ATLANTIC SAILINGS:
Gripsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Feb. 21
Letitia, Cunard, Glasgow, Feb. 21
Manuel Calvo, Spanish Mail, Barcelona, Feb. 21
Scythia, Cunard, Liverpool, Feb. 21
New Amsterdam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Feb. 24
George Washington, United States, Hamburg, Feb. 25
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Feb. 26, Mar. 14
Dresden, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Feb. 26
Ile de France, French Line, Havre, Feb. 27
St. Louis, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Feb. 27
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, Feb. 28, Mar. 20
Ascania, Cunard, London, Feb. 28
Baltic, White Star, Liverpool, Feb. 28
California, Cunard, Glasgow, Feb. 28
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Feb. 28
Minnetonka, Atlantic Transport, London, Feb. 28
United States, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Feb. 28
Pres. Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, Mar. 4
Deutschland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Mar. 5
Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Mar. 5
Patria, Fabre Line, Marseilles, Mar. 5
Westenland, Red Star, Antwerp, Mar. 6
Alaunia, Cunard, London, Mar. 7
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, Mar. 7
Caledonia, Cunard, Glasgow, Mar. 7
Hellig Olav, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Mar. 7
Lancastria, Cunard, Liverpool, Mar. 7
Minnekahda, Atlantic Transport, London, Mar. 7
Roma, N. G. I., Genoa, Mar. 7
Steuben, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Mar. 7
Leviathan, United States, Southampton, Mar. 11
Manuel Arnus, Spanish Mail Barcelona, Mar. 11
Rochambeau, French Line, Havre, Mar. 11
Vulcania, Cosulich, Trieste, Mar. 11
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Mar. 12
Stuttgart, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Mar. 12
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, Mar. 13
Paris, French Line, Havre, Mar. 13
Cameronia, Cunard, Glasgow, Mar. 14
Caronia, Cunard, Liverpool, Mar. 14
Cedric, White Star, Liverpool, Mar. 14
Conte Grande, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Mar. 14
Stavangerfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, Mar. 14
Duchess of Bedford, Canadian Pacific, Southampton, Mar. 14
Drottningholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Mar. 14
Oscar II, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Mar. 14
Volendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Mar. 14
America, United States, Hamburg, Mar. 18
Cristobal Colon, Spanish Mail, Bilbao, Mar. 18
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Mar. 19
Berlin, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Mar. 19
Milwaukee, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Mar. 20

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS:
From San Francisco —
Malolo, Matson, Honolulu, Feb. 21
Shinyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Feb. 21
Maui, Matson, Honolulu, Feb. 25
Sonoma, Matson, Sydney, Feb. 26
Pres. Jackson, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Feb. 27
Pres. Hayes, Dollar-American Mail, Singapore, Mar. 3
Manoa, Matson, Honolulu, Mar. 4
Asama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Mar. 5
Pres. Polk, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Mar. 6
Matsonia, Matson, Honolulu, Mar. 11
Pres. McKinley, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Mar. 13
Makura, Union Royal Mail, Sydney, Mar. 18
Wilhelmina, Matson, Honolulu, Mar. 18
Ventura, Matson, Sydney, Mar. 19
Pres. Adams, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Mar. 20
From Seattle —
Pres. Pierce, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Feb. 21
Shidzuoka Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Kobe, Mar. 4
Pres. Taft, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Mar. 7
Hikawa Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Mar. 18
From Vancouver —
Empress of Japan, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Feb. 28
Aorangi, Canadian Australasian, Sydney, Mar. 4
Empress of Asia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Mar. 21
From Los Angeles —
City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Feb. 28
Malolo, Matson, Honolulu, Mar. 7
Calawaii, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Mar. 14

Tours and Cruises

MEDITERRANEAN, FROM NEW YORK:
N. G. S. *Roma*, Mar. 7
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, Feb. 26
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, Mar. 7
French Line, *S.S. France*, Mar. 20
Frank C. Clark, *Laurentic*, July 4
ROUND THE WORLD, FROM NEW YORK:
North German Lloyd, *S.S. Columbus*, May 10, June 2
WEST INDIES, FROM NEW YORK:
Cunard Line, *Aurania*, Mar. 13, Apr. 1
Cunard Line, *Caledonia*, Apr. 16
North German Lloyd, *Steuben*, Mar. 7, Apr. 2
Red Star, *Britannic*, Mar. 14
WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA, FROM NEW YORK:
Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, Mar. 14
NORTH CAPE:
Frank C. Clark, *Calgaric*, June 29
North Cape — *Russia*
Raymond-Whitcomb, *Carinthia*, June 30

Alaska
NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Upon request,
this album free

Cruise to Alaska

Planned cruises, recommended by the Northern Pacific Railway, include:

Inside Passage	Gulf of Alaska	Mt. McKinley	Yukon River	7,000 Islands
$309.06	$382.26	$527.28	$625	$266.56

All expenses, round trip, from Chicago. Rates from other cities promptly given

To the Pacific Northwest
and Alaska, the
New North Coast Limited
Newest of
Transcontinental Trains

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

For Alaska Album and information about Alaskan cruises, address E. E. Nelson, 379 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

R oo

North American Review

April

MAR 23 1931
R. F. L.

Hoover — The New Phase . . . . John Spargo
Easy Meat *A Story* . . . . Frank Waters
A Cure for Speculation . . . . Herbert Claiborne Pell
The Boy Friend . . . . Virginia Thompson
Shall We Pan the Ladies? . . . . Wolcott Gibbs
Our Empire . . . . O. R. Strackbein
Shocking Difficulties . . . . Louise Maunsell Field
Treasure in the Depths . . . . Kingsley Moses
Baby Billionaires . . . . James N. Gifford
Why Potatoes? . . . . Hugh M. Foster
Lo, the Poor Farmer . . . . Haydn S. Pearson
Cleveland . . . . Frederick A. Van Fleet

Departments by W. A. D., Barbara E. Scott,
Alan H. Temple *and* Herschel Brickell

FORTY CENTS A COPY (*Founded in the year 1815*) FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

Early Spring Books

FICTION

YESTERDAY'S THRALL

By
Edith Austin Holton

Shall the generation of today be slave to the traditions and conventions of yesterday? This is the theme of a spirited story of protest — the background being a staid village of Cape Cod. *$2.00*

The MURDER By the ARCH

By
Harold W. Higginson

One of the cleverest of mystery tales. A woman's body is found in a locked room, with key on the inside, on Washington Square. How she came to her death is only a part of the ingenious plot.
$2.00

Send For Spring Book List.

OUR AMERICAN MUSIC

By John Tasker Howard

A new and distinctive contribution beginning with pioneer times, and extending to the present. The author has not rested content with existing sources, but has delved into private collections, and written hundreds of letters. While of prime interest to the musician, its easy, story-telling style will make it popular with the general reader.

750 pages. 86 illustrations. $6.00

An ANTHOLOGY of MODERN PHILOSOPHY

By Daniel S. Robinson
Indiana University

A companion work to the same author's "Recent Philosophy," which has been styled "the best introduction to contemporary philosophy." The new text includes selections from the world's greatest thinkers for the past four centuries, 1500–1900.

680 pages. $4.50

The CRAFT of the CRITIC

By S. Stephenson Smith
University of Oregon

A study of criticism as a fine art, and of its guiding principles. Part I deals with Book Reviewing, with special emphasis on the novel. Part II considers plays, including comic operas, vaudeville, revues, etc., in addition to drama proper. A stimulating book for both reader and student. *$3.00*

PARTIES and PICNICS

By Edna Sibley Tipton

A charming book both in outer format and text. It tells mothers and youngsters how to plan and carry out parties, with a multitude of suggestions as to costumes, favors, and "stunts." Will be equally appealing to children and their elders. *$2.00*

from CROWELL'S

393 Fourth Avenue THOS. Y. CROWELL CO. New York

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Marks of Good Management

The most essential characteristic of management is organization. If management is right its organization is right. No need to go further in an organization to find the qualities that make for success.

Personality shows on the surface. Spirit and morale can not be hidden. Every detail of business transactions expresses their presence, or their absence; and registers favorably or unfavorably.

No greater tragedy in business life than the failure of able, honest and potentially successful men. Modern Accountancy sees these failures often and emphasizes them as quite unnecessary. Success is not due to the presence of supermen alone. Most often it comes from a right concept of organization and the application of a well-ordered plan. Every day, normal business intelligence is discovering and understanding better these truths; and so is achieving more fully the results which mark good management.

ERNST & ERNST

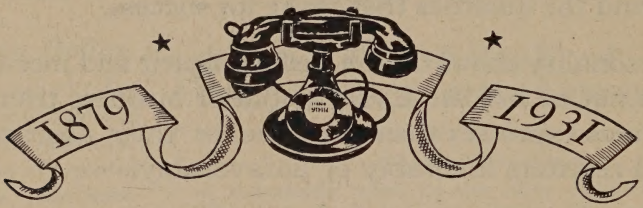
ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS

SYSTEM SERVICE

AKRON
ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BIRMINGHAM
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CANTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
DALLAS
DAVENPORT
DAYTON
DENVER
DETROIT
ERIE
FORT WAYNE
FORT WORTH
GRAND RAPIDS
HARTFORD
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSON, MISS.
KALAMAZOO
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PROVIDENCE
READING
RICHMOND
ROCHESTER
ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL
SAN ANTONIO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
TAMPA
TOLEDO
TULSA
WACO
WASHINGTON
WHEELING
WILMINGTON, DEL.
WINSTON-SALEM
YOUNGSTOWN

LOCAL TELEPHONE SERVICE ONCE COST

$240 A YEAR



In 1879, the New York telephone directory was a card listing 252 names. There were no telephone numbers, nor any need for them. When you telephoned, you gave the operator the name of the person you wanted. Service was slow, inadequate and limited principally to people of wealth. The cost of a single telephone was as high as $240 a year.

Today, you can talk to any one of hundreds of thousands of telephone users for a fraction of what it then cost for connection with less than three hundred. Every new installation increases the scope and value of the telephones in your home or office.

Twenty-four hours of every day, the telephone stands ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies. In the dead of night, it will summon a physician to the bedside of a sick child. Men transact a great part of their business over it. Women use it constantly to save steps and time in social and household duties. In an increasing number of ways, it helps to make this a united, more active, more efficient nation.

Simply by lifting the receiver you become part of a nation-wide communication system that uses 80,000,000 miles of wire, and represents an investment of more than $4,000,000,000. Yet the cost of local service is only a few cents a day.

Subscribers who look back over the month and consider what the telephone has meant to them in convenience, security and achievement are quick to appreciate its indispensable value and reasonable price.

Frequently you hear it said—"The telephone gives you a lot for your money."

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

BELL SYSTEM

Walter Butler Mahony
Editor

John Pell
Managing Editor

Willis Fletcher Johnson — **B. S. Stanoyevich** — **William Alton DeWitt**
Associate Editors

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

Volume 231 *April 1931* Number 4

Apéritif	*W. A. D.*	289
Hoover — The New Phase	*John Spargo*	293
Sonnet (Poem)	*Mariquita Villard*	299
Easy Meat (Story)	*Frank Waters*	300
A Cure for Speculation	*The Hon. Herbert C. Pell*	310
The Boy Friend	*Virginia Thompson*	316
One of the Twelve (Poem)	*Catherine Parmenter*	321
Shall We Pan the Ladies?	*Wolcott Gibbs*	322
Our Empire	*O. R. Strackbein*	327
Shocking Difficulties	*Louise M. Field*	335
Treasure in the Depths	*Kingsley Moses*	341
Cathedral Organ (Poem)	*Margaret Tod Ritter*	347
Baby Billionaires	*James N. Gifford*	348
Why Potatoes?	*Hugh M. Foster*	356
Lo, the Poor Farmer	*Haydn S. Pearson*	362
Cleveland	*Frederick A. Van Fleet*	366
The Literary Landscape	*Herschel Brickell*	375

Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow
Walter Butler Mahony, *President;* Charles Bates Dana, *Secretary*
Ernest Fisher, *Business Manager*
I. Davis, *Assistant Treasurer*

The price of The North American Review, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, fifty cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. The North American Review is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

Title registered U. S. Patent Office. The contents of The North American Review are copyrighted. Republication is permissible only upon special request in each instance.

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

If there is anything in the tradition that the course of stock prices is a barometer of business trends there seemed every reason to believe, as winter drew to a close, that the worst of the 1929–30 depression had probably been left behind. The rally in the stock market during January and February was so convincing in its vigor and extent that it revived hope and confidence everywhere, and such intangible gains are equal in importance to the more concrete evidences of recovery. At the same time the downward curve of business, almost uninterrupted in nearly a year, showed a tendency to flatten out, supporting the belief that a level had been reached from which replacement needs would prevent further serious decline.

It is nevertheless a fact that of the recognized indices of business which are adjusted to eliminate seasonal fluctuations, all but one was lower for January than for December. Despite the rally in stocks, the business decline was continuing. If these indices measure the position correctly, the stock market has run ahead of industry and trade again as it did in the early part of 1930, and if industry and trade do not catch up it will have to come back to them. Therefore trade reports must be scanned carefully, and more critically and realistically than they were during the first quarter of last year. The final stamp of endorsement can not be put upon stock prices until it is seen whether the automobile makers will be able to sell their cars this spring, whether commodity prices will turn upward and stimulate forward buying again, whether the bank failure epidemic is behind us, and in general whether sound industrial recovery can be maintained. Of course it is not to be expected that the stock market will wait to see that everything is in order again, and until all these questions are duly answered, before it begins to advance; and a growing body of opinion is evident in the more eminent forecasting circles that the December lows will not be reached again, regardless of the fate of the January-February upturn.

A Professor Speaks

"In case after case," said Professor Lewis H. Haney, director of the Bureau of Business Research of New York University, in a recent speech, "I find evidence that we have definitely entered the late stages of a cyclical business recession, that declines have gone so far that either the first rebounds have occurred or signs of growing resistance to further declines."

In January the average daily output of iron and steel increased more than seasonally. During the latter part of January and most of February sales of cotton goods were extremely heavy, mill operations expanded gradually and the accumulated backlog of orders made it virtually certain that they would continue to gain; the upward trend in this industry, at least, had definitely set in. Tire production has been on the upgrade since the first of January. So has automobile output, though the gains here have been barely seasonal in extent, since the manufacturers "stole" from their 1931 total by expanding their production in the late months of 1930. These are among the instances of slight improvement, and it must be admitted that they tell nearly the whole story so far as the major industries are concerned. But there is enough evidence all along the line that bottom is being reached, that production has been subnormal long enough to correct oversupply, to permit real encouragement. Professor Haney has described what may happen during the March–April period picturesquely:

"The hitting bottom process will be centered over a period of two or three months. Some prices and indices of industrial activity will hit bottom, bounce, and fall back again. Some will penetrate the average bottom and decline a little further with diminished momentum. Others will fall flat and stay there. It is as if one were observing the fall of a number of different projectiles striking a wooden platform; some are rubber balls, some are sharp steel, others are more like custard pie. But the average result is that the downfall is being checked. We are probably seeing the beginning of the end. . . . Under the circumstances it does not seem possible to advance along the whole front, but to carry out this metaphor it may be said that the over-extended positions in our business battle line have been mostly withdrawn to a tenable position, that the rear guard is holding, and that the main body is rapidly reorganizing; so that we are not likely to lose more territory of importance, and that by next fall the signal to advance all along the line may be expected unless premature inflation should now develop and bring an ill-prepared advance too soon."

Commodity Prices

It is not cheering to report that the decline in commodity prices continued during February; cotton was the only important exception to the trend. But for some time past, distribution of goods has been exceeding their production, and actual consumption has doubtless exceeded production for many months. Prices of raw materials have declined considerably more than prices of semi-finished and finished goods, which is a characteristic of all depressions; it is equally a characteristic of recoveries that raw material prices advance while finished goods little more than hold their own. Considering price levels both absolutely and relatively, it is a fair statement that liquidation in most of the basic commodities is nearly at an end. By the time it is generally realized that a commodity price decline has been checked, stocks in dealers' and consumers' hands usually have become abnormally low, offsetting the large visible stocks. Therefore the latter do not prevent a price recovery, as the experience of the past has amply proved.

Money Market Parallels

The same method of examination may be applied to the money markets. Money rates are about as low as they ever get, and

Come! claim these books . . .

They're dedicated to you . . .
They are yours for the asking. .
Simply fill out coupon below for

CALIFORNIA . .
GRAND CANYON
COLORADO . . .
DUDE RANCHES
INDIAN-DETOURS

« »

Out of these books comes a story of the far Southwest that is compelling in its lure.

Here are maps that intrigue you; pictures that entrance you; description that lifts you into that fragrant empire of the Southwest.

Here are pages packed with Drama, Romance, Glamour and Mystery.

Here are chapters on dream cities; on ancient pueblos; on Dude Ranches; on Indian ceremonials; on the Titan of Chasms; on California seashore and mountains—on the Colorado Rockies.

Here is explicit summary of fares and routes, also what you'll see on the way.

Come! Claim these books and journey through their pages. They will prepare you for the day you decide to see the Far West.

mail this coupon

Santa Fe

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe Sys. Lines
964 Railway Exchange Chicago, Ill.

Check those wanted:

☐ California Picture Book
☐ The Indian-detours
☐ Grand Canyon Outings
☐ Dude Ranches
☐ Colorado Summer
☐ All-expense Tours

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

they have been on bottom for many months. Speculative funds are cheaper than commercial funds, an invariable accompaniment of the bottom of depressions. Bond yields are the highest of all interest rates, and money is gradually flowing into bonds in increasing measure. Despite the very serious disturbance to the bond market, and to confidence, that followed the agitation for loans against the Veterans' bonus certificates, investment grade bonds in general continued their advance during February. After the first severe break buyers of Government bonds decided that the bonus situation was not as bad as they had feared, and returned to the market. Convertible and second-grade bonds were helped by the advance in stocks, and European bonds held firm. Actual and threatened defaults of interest by two South American countries caused irregularity in that group.

Nothing has happened, not even the passage of the bonus loan bill over the President's veto, to make it necessary to change the prophecy that 1931 will be a good year for bonds, and that the price trend is likely to be gradually upward, probably to the very end of the year. Apprehension over the effects of Treasury financing, both the carrying out of the extensive refunding operations and any additional offerings compelled by the bonus legislation, was at one time greatly overdone, principally because Secretary Mellon himself painted the picture in the blackest possible colors. His tactics were effective in obtaining a modification of the proposal, so that, as eventually passed, the law provided only for loans of half the value of the certificates, to those who applied, instead of full cash payment to all (which Congress never really intended anyway, according to most close observers). The law passed imposes no strain upon the Treasury severe enough to counteract for long the influence of the abundance of cheap credit, and it may be doubted that stock market and commercial demands will become sufficiently insistent for some time to inhibit the flow of this credit into bonds. As these articles have before pointed out, during the recovery phase of the business cycle the advance in bonds, leading the upward trend, usually continues until trade and industry become more than normally active again. New issues of bonds this year, despite a temporary jump during February, have been small, and the market is clear for increased offerings after the Treasury financing is out of the way. The outlook unquestionably is favorable, once the semi-paralysis induced by the bonus agitation is thrown off.

Stocks

THE stock market in the long run should follow bonds, but with a decided lag, except in the case of preferred stocks whose rating is practically as high as bonds. Generally speaking it is a favorable time for including stocks with bonds in the investment programme, but it is just as necessary to use caution in selecting shares that are reasonably priced in relation to their current earnings in times like these as it is when booms are at their wildest. It is extraordinary but true that even after the lessons of 1929 and 1930 many persons still seem willing to buy stocks that are selling at from twenty to forty times their current earnings. I do not refer, of course, to instances where a corporation with large properties is earning virtually nothing, for in such cases the asset value of the stock rather than its earnings temporarily sets its price; but to a number of conspicuous instances where shares are selling at a high valuation compared with either 1929, 1930, or prospective 1931 earnings. In some of these cases 1931 earnings will be the smallest of the three years.

This state of affairs can only indicate that New Era theories of the worth of common stocks as investments are still believed in. Buying in accordance with these theories is checking (or has thus far checked) the decline at levels well above those to which the best stocks have sunk in previous depressions. Without prejudice to their investment merits, the truth of this statement can be shown by comparing the records of American Telephone and Telegraph and United States Steel common stocks at their low in this depression and in 1921. At its recent low "Tel and Tel" returned less than 5 per cent in dividends, while at the low in 1921 it paid nearly 9 per cent. Steel yielded nearly 8 at the bottom in 1921, compared with a little over 5 at the low last December. At this writing both have recovered substantially, so that their yield is even smaller than the figures mentioned.

Certainly I should not wish anything written here to deter people from selecting these excellent stocks. But other stocks of far less seasoned investment merit are selling upon a still lower yield basis because they have retained the fashionable standing they enjoyed during the boom, unworthy of it as they proved. Purchase of such shares is not to be recommended simply because it seems probable that the market as a whole is about at the bottom. The best procedure for investors in the present situation is to select carefully, with proper advice and investigation, a group of stocks any of which are suitable for the needs of the individual; to determine for each a reasonable maximum price, which may be estimated generously since the buying is for the long pull — say at twelve times the average of 1930 actual and 1931 prospective earnings; and to buy within the group as the stocks can be purchased at that price or lower until the available funds are employed. The error of "reaching" for stocks, and the fallacy of buying simply in the hope that the stock will go up, which is a holdover from 1928–29, are thus avoided.

Warnings

Before leaving the subject of stocks it is worth while to report that the long decline in the market has brought about a change in the methods of unprincipled security dealers against which readers should be warned. During the boom these gentry developed the "tipster sheet" and the purported "financial advisory service" to a high estate; about two years ago the National Better Business Bureau made a survey which listed no less than 150 tipster sheets. The number now in existence is negligible. But since the market began to raise its head again these hangers-on are reappearing, and this time they are emulating the methods of reputable financial houses by sending out market letters instead of "services." Thus their operations are more difficult to detect. As before, however, the real indication of an unprincipled dealer is that he is not a member of any reputable exchange, and that his recommendations always include at least one

(*Continued on page XIV*)

By Way of Introduction

John Spargo (*Hoover — the New Phase*) is so well known for his desertion of Socialism that he needs no introduction.

Frank Waters (*Easy Meat*) is a young engineer who has been active in New Mexico and Southern California, where he has laid the plots of his novels.

Herbert Claiborne Pell (*A Cure for Speculation*) was a member of the Sixty-Sixth Congress, and keeps in active touch with public matters.

Virginia Thompson (*The Boy Friend*), convent bred, was schooled in France, and graduated into active journalistic work in Philadelphia.

Wolcott Gibbs (*Shall We Pan the Ladies?*), after being successively an architectural draughtsman, "an incredibly minor" railway official, and a newspaper reporter, went to *The New Yorker*, where he spends his life speculating about the nature of humor.

O. R. Strackbein (*Our Empire*), a man of thirty, has served as assistant trade commissioner of the Department of Commerce in Havana and Caracas, and is now located in Washington.

Haydn Sanborn Pearson (*Lo, the Poor Farmer!*), a minister's son, worked his way through college with poultry, and today, although he teaches history for a living, as an avocation writes for the leading poultry magazines.

Frederick A. Van Fleet (*Cleveland*) went through the mill in the editorial end of newspaper work, and settled down in Cleveland because it, like his family, dated back to New England beginnings.

Hugh M. Foster (*Why Potatoes?*) has been interested in food since infancy; has told about it from the lecture platform and from his position as editor of the food department of *The Journal of Commerce.*

TAKE YOUR VACATION IN EUROPE . . . IT NEED COST NO MORE!

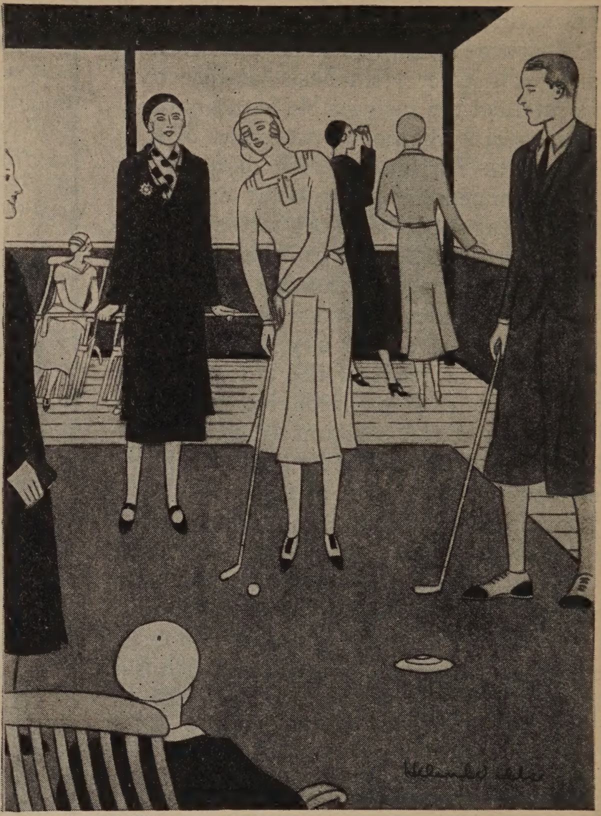
Pictorial impressions by Helen Wills

Helen Wills, a passenger on the White Star liner Majestic *last summer, illustrated the incidents which impressed her. This is one of a series.*

• • •

Her comment:
"The young lady is playing a favorite game on shipboard—deck golf. At the same time she is enjoying the sunshine and fresh sea air."

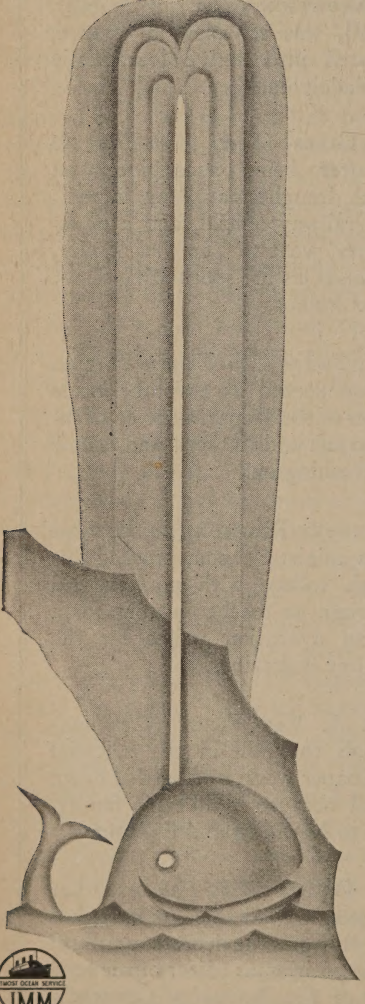
Helen Wills



Copyright, I. M. M. Co., 1931

SAILING WITH THE SMART WORLD . . .

Strolling along the Bois de Bologne . . . riding in Hyde Park . . . sunning on the beach of Antibes . . . everywhere the smart world tarries there will be seen the travelers who voyage via *White Star, Red Star* or *Atlantic Transport* ships. For the hasty crossing or when voyaging de luxe to England and the Continent there are the *Majestic*, world's largest ship, *Olympic, Homeric* and *Belgenland*. When an ocean trip of a week can be enjoyed favor goes to the *Minnetonka* or *Minnewaska*. And when economy rules the travel budget the *Britannic*, world's largest cabin liner, *Adriatic, Baltic, Cedric* and *Lapland*. Also Tourist third cabin rates as low as $105—and only $120 (up) on the *Pennland* and *Westernland*, whose entire former cabin accommodations are devoted to "Tourist".



30 Principal Offices in the U. S. and Canada. Main Office,
No. 1 Broadway, New York. Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR LINE • RED STAR LINE • ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 231 APRIL, 1931 NUMBER 4

Apéritif

Or How Should We Know?

OUR whale Emma cleared her throat and remarked in a pleased tone: "Have you heard about Sir Rabindranath Tagore?"

"No!" we responded curtly, and turned our backs. It was no time for idle tale-telling; there was work to be done.

She went on:

"He was reading his poems to a rapt crowd of Seekers at one of the big Eastern universities. Robed, swarthy and venerably bearded, he was seated on a dais between burnoosed attendants, incense whirling about his head, the wisdom of the East falling from his lips. It was a grand show." She sighed. "A grand show."

"Yes, it was a grand show — but in the middle of it there was an interruption — the sound of heavy feet clump-clumping overhead. Politely, at first, his hearers ignored it, but the hubbub grew louder, and mystically inclined ladies, snatched rudely out of Nirvana, began looking Western-wise at one another. Serious young men began to frown.

"Finally, one young man, unable to bear the outrage longer, rose, slipped from the lecture hall and climbed up the stairs to find the barbarian and deal with him. Well, you can imagine his feelings when he opened a door on the august head of his university's own Department of English — a patriarch famous not only for knowledge of the dark ways of Shakespeare's beginnings, but also for a virulent hatred of the intellectually exotic.

"This patriarch paid no attention when the young man entered, just went on stomping, gnarled hands clenched behind his back, hoary old head sunk deep in his wing collar. Clump, clump, he went, up and down the room; and as he paced, began to mutter — loud enough to be heard in the room below: 'Who is this Tadgory? Who is this Tadgory?'"

To Be . . .

ONE of the strange things about New York that seems to escape most people's observation is the widespread habit of soliloquizing. You think of hermits and other isolated men and women as talking

Copyright, 1931, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

to themselves on occasion, because no one else is handy; but it is difficult to find a reason for anyone's doing it with seven million neighbors pushing elbows in his ribs. Yet there are any number of people who do.

Most of the time they carry on a simple monologue about their business or private affairs — nothing startling or hard to understand. But the other day there was a woman marching down Fifth Avenue, declaiming in a loud, firm voice: "*Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc!*" What would you make of that?

* * *

THE idea that home life in America has experienced a terrific upheaval in the last few years and seen a reversal of authority in which parents no longer have the upper hand, never struck us quite so forcibly as the other day when we read this among the personals in a newspaper:

"Mother: Please come back. All is forgiven. John and Josephine."

* * *

Infinitesimal Exam

ALONG with the so many other people who have lately been putting together lists of questions with which to stupefy their friends, we too have made one. Up to this time we have avoided trying it on the professors of Columbia University or any college students, satisfying ourselves with little Cousin Bobbie for a dog, who, we grieve to admit, made a clear grade of one hundred per cent correct. Here is the list:

1. How would *you* prove by algebra that Hamlet was Shakespeare's grandfather?
2. Who among the following writers first advanced this strange idea: Bruce Barton, Edgar Guest, Emily Post, Calvin Coolidge?
3. What is a silique?
4. Who was called Virginianissimus?
5. Who, on the other hand, was called John Smith?
6. Who said: "It was now time for me, therefore, to go and hold a little talk with the conservatives, the writers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, . . . and all those respectable blockheads who still . . . kept a death-grip on one or two ideas which had not come into vogue since yesterday morning?"
7. Give your maternal grandmother's maiden name.
8. Finish the poem beginning, "*Arma virumque cano . . .*," translate it in rhymed couplets, then go lie down.

This, as you will see, is easy. No prize is offered. It is no test of intelligence — except as to whether you had the sense to stop before reading it through. In fact, we wonder now why we did it at all.

* * *

Note

MR. JOHN SPARGO has an article in this issue, somewhere following these remarks, in which he comments on President Hoover's attitude toward the drought relief measure as an indication of his emergence as a true leader of the people, of his high idealism, of his adherence to the excellent and traditionally American principle of individualism. Then goes on to say: "Mutual self-help is as much a part of the individualism of Herbert Hoover as individual opportunity is."

And this sentence so piqued our sense of the ironical that we herein depart from our custom to remark on it: to look back with one eye closed and tongue boring into cheek at that outstanding example of mutual self-help, the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill.

* * *

If Charlie Chaplin gets the English knighthood proposed for him by a Member of Parliament, there will be many American politicians discriminated against. On the other hand, if not only Mr. Chaplin, but all these comedians, are so treated, our heart strings are going to be torn at the thought of Mayor Thompson's position. The hand he has been biting so long might suddenly hold food, and then what would he do?

* * *

Grieving for You

For the past few months there has been growing in us a mellow sympathy for Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and since nothing comparable ever before affected us, we have been hard put to it finding an explanation. However, as a result of careful introspection, we finally discover that the cause was nothing more nor less than a book we read once. A book of Sigmund Freud's.

In this Dr. Freud states that people who surrender unconditionally to all the whims of their conscience — that is, very good people — are made to suffer from it as miserably as the blackest of sinners — perhaps more miserably. He says that their weakly submitting makes conscience a tyrant which goes to ever greater lengths devising hard tasks for them, and which prods them ever more painfully for their petty, sometimes imaginary transgressions.

This is why we feel so sorry for Bishop Cannon.

* * *

We notice a new trend in advertising which has our hearty approval. It is in the direction of increased respect for culture, and is shown most distinctly by a toothpaste manufacturer who has his product indorsed, not by a mere garden variety of doctor, but by a real Ph.D. Our own teeth, stodgy old conservatives, still want their dentist.

* * *

Milestone in Science

There are two little nerves lying along the spines of human beings which are going to make a great many people happy sometime. Dr. L. G. Rowntree of Rochester, Minn., has discovered that by cutting these nerves he can increase circulation in the limbs of patients and benefit those afflicted with arthritis and bone fever. But more than that, much more than that, he can make cold hands and feet warm by the same process.

Consider what this means. Think of the poor souls who have gone around all their lives with weak circulation, having to meet people and shake hands when they knew their own were cold and clammy. Having to watch a squeamish expression come over people's faces when they did so, to endure their voiceless exhortation: "Aw, go put it in a fishbowl!" What could they do? If anyone actually said it out loud they could get back at him by the happy expedient of thrusting the clammy member down his neck — but so few people were ever rude enough to say it out loud. Most of the time the poor souls had to bite their teeth and be polite, in spite of everything.

This repression naturally brought on terrible neuroses, sometimes insanity. At great expense railroad companies had to set guards along their tracks because these people, crazed by too much of it and muttering under their breath: "Fish, fish, fish," would try to cut off their poor cold hands under the train wheels. Some wore thick fur gloves summer and winter. Some carried electric heating machines. Others when presented to strangers would raise their arms straight into the air, clasping hands like prize fighters, and make a low, eerie noise, to their minds, piscatorial.

But all this, happily, will soon be over. People who would have had these troubles will be salesmen or politicians — or better still, will shake hands so warmly that salesmen and politicians, weary and discouraged, will go away somewhere and never, perhaps, come back.

* * *

EMMA has a story about Senator Borah of Idaho, who, it may be recalled, has opposed quite a number of bills and movements in the Senate — so many, in fact, that his friends have dubbed him "the great obstructionist." It seems that he was riding in Rock Creek Park one day, as is his wont, when it occurred to him that the horse and he were going in the same direction. This made him so angry that he refused the animal its usual lump of sugar.

W. A. D.

Hoover—The New Phase

By John Spargo

In which he appears as an exponent of individualism who may lead, not only in his own party, but the entire nation

At the end of the first half of his four-year term, President Hoover has surprised both his admirers and his critics by a radical change in the method and manner of his leadership. So significant and important is this change that it can not be regarded otherwise than as a political fact of the first magnitude. For those of us who believe that the ideals and institutions of American civilization are challenged and menaced and must be competently and courageously defended if their overthrow is to be prevented, the new phase of the President's leadership is inspiring. Cautiousness suggestive of timidity, or of a desire to evade conflict, has given place to boldness, a readiness to meet attack and to give blow for blow. What some of us had come to fear might be a fatal and ineradicable habit of seeking peace by dodging and by weak compromises designed to postpone inevitable conflicts, has given place to calm and resolute strength, proudly conscious that peace has to be won as the reward of victory, eager to meet the issue and ready to defend its own by attacking the enemy. That is the quality which makes leaders inspiring and heartens their followers with a sense of invincible power.

There never was any question of Mr. Hoover's intellectual soundness. No living man has perceived more clearly or understood more profoundly the culture of this nation and people, the secret of their progress and their power. He is bone of America's bone, flesh of its flesh, blood of its blood. He is ideally typical. The little book that he wrote in 1923, *American Individualism*, has never been excelled as a statement of the faith and impulse of American life. In many respects it is the noblest and best presentation yet made of the aspiration and ideals which inspire our proudest and most exalted use of the word "American." In very admirable language, simple and without affectation, the American ideal is presented as a synthesis of the best elements of those concepts of life which approach it from the opposite starting points of individual liberty and collective well-being. American individualism knows nothing of *laissez faire;* it has nothing in common with the brutal philosophy of "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," which is what individualism is often understood to mean. It accepts as equally valid the view that the greatest happiness and well-being of the individual results from the greatest happiness and well-being of all, and the view that the greatest collective happiness and good results from the sum of individual happiness and well-being. The individualism of Herbert Hoover is no thing born of ugly and brutal chance, but the flowering of individual achievement in the soil of communism of opportunity. Spiritually, Herbert Hoover is kindred spirit to Walt Whitman, his detractors in certain coteries of petty intellectuals to the contrary notwithstanding.

All this discerning observers have known for a long time. But seership and leadership are not the same thing. They do not always go together. Superior perception and insight do not of themselves insure successful leadership. Mr. Hoover's intimate knowledge and profound understanding of the inner forces of American life are freely admitted by all whose judgment merits attention; his competence to lead and direct the movement for the defense and preservation of that life has not been so apparent and has been doubted by many, including more than a few of his admirers and well-wishers. He has impressed the mind of the nation by his intellectual and moral soundness, but he has inspired no such general belief in his capacity for the militant leadership essential in a time of crisis. In such a time inferior intellectual and moral equipment united to superior qualifications for successful leadership are better than superlative intellectual and moral equipment united to inferior qualifications for successful leadership.

It has been the misfortune of Mr. Hoover to have been surrounded by adulation ever since he entered official life. He came to the presidency as a result of a part he played in the great world tragedy, in which he personified all the genius for compassion and charity of the most compassionate and generous people of history, a people whose sensitive comprehension of human misery and lavish response to the cries surging through many lands were in large part due to the amazing diversity of its own racial and national origins. With superb organizing genius he moved among stricken peoples, always with healing in his touch. He was the representative of the nation in its exaltation and ecstasy. It was natural, perhaps inevitable, that there should gather around him, both then and later, worshippers rather than friends; that amiable and well-meant flattery should be poured upon him in a continuous anointing. His yea has been answered by yea and his nay by nay. To a much greater extent than has yet been realized he has lacked that friendly counsel which is most helpful when it challenges with candor and criticizes with understanding and without obstruction. It is unlikely, therefore, that he has known to what serious extent he has failed hitherto to satisfy the passionate yearning for a vigorous leadership in defense of the principles he has himself expounded with fine lucidity and equally fine fervor.

Whether shocked by some vigorous hand from outside the circle of worshippers, or stirred by some instinct of his own, Mr. Hoover has thrown off certain restraints, or inhibitions, and shown that he can fight like a good Quaker. One is inclined to say that beneath the mantle of the peaceful prophet the nation has glimpsed the mailed armor of the warrior. His clashes with the Senate obstructionists have revealed a new man, a man capable of militant leadership. If the White House is open to the pulsing currents of public opinion, the President must be aware that he has grown in the esteem and admiration of his countrymen with every manifestation of his power and will to defend that individualism which he has expounded so well, and which is forever being assailed by foes of infinite variety alike of aim and motivation.

Rarely in the nation's history, and never within the memory of Mr. Hoover's generation, has any president made such an uncompromising stand in defense of basic and time-proven American ideals as Mr. Hoover made in his stand against the dangerous effort to have appropriations from the public treasury take the place of individual responsibility and spontaneous generosity in the relief of the victims of a tragic combination of elemental natural calamity and economic ignorance and mismanagement.

No spectacle which could be invented by human imagination could better present the conflict between the American ideal and that by which it is challenged in myriad forms, ranging from Moscow's brutal red madness to the pinkest and prettiest dilettantism, than was staged in our national capital. A Senator of the United States, oblivious to personal obligation, resting his plea upon a conception of government and its relation to individuals which finds its most logical expression in the labor camps of Soviet Russia, pleads the hunger of his own blood-brother and his brother's children as a claim to relief from the public treasury at the expense of the taxpayers of the nation. Never in the history of the nation was there such an exhibition of self-abasement, lack of self-respect, complete absence of every quality by which our race achieved independence and self-government and attained honored place among the builders of civilization.

Against that abject spectacle, which no American will ever remember with any other feeling than scorn, Mr. Hoover stood affirming that the American people would care for every need, and find proud satisfaction in the necessary sacrifice. A Senator wedded to the un-American conception of paternalism might stand to see his own brother in need and wait for Government bounty, but the American true to the ideals which made the nation and gave it its splendor would prefer to share his bread with a starving stranger. Mutual self-help is as much a part of the individualism of Herbert Hoover as individual opportunity is. There can be no question of selfish indifference to the unfortunate, no proud gloating of triumphant success over beaten failure, but the certainty that individual initiative and enterprise arising out of a diffusion of opportunity ever progressing toward equality will find voluntary agencies for effecting, through mutual self-help, more efficient relief of the unfortunate and the needy than any governmental schemes.

THE opposing conceptions represented by the Communist-minded Senator shamelessly shifting his individual obligation to the Government, indifferent to the fact that such surrenders of individual responsibility inevitably involve surrender of individual freedom, and the President with his socialized and humanized individualism, epitomize a conflict that is bound to dominate our national politics in the near future and is likely to be the dominant issue in the presidential campaign of 1932. Unless the revolt against Prohibition assumes such proportions as to make that the issue of the campaign of 1932, the campaign will probably be fought upon the issue of individualism *versus* collectivism. Therein lies the significance of the aggressive attitude of the President. He not only believes in individualism, but he has shown himself to be willing and able to fight in its defense. If this attitude is maintained, and is not merely the expression of a transient mood, Mr. Hoover's leadership will be acknowledged and followed by millions of his fellow citizens who believe that every advance of the Government into the industrial life of the nation, to take the place of private enterprise, is a peril to American prosperity and progress and to individual freedom and happiness.

There is abundant evidence of the existence of a well-organized and wide-spread movement which has for its purpose the commitment of the United States to the policy of the progressive substitution of Government ownership and operation of industry for the present system, which is based upon private enterprise subject to public control. That movement has influential representation and leadership in the Senate of the United States. Its ramifications pervade almost every important phase of the nation's life. Its propaganda is unceasing. It is poured forth in college classrooms and high schools under the guise of social science, and from hundreds of pulpits under the guise of religion and ethics. It has made great inroads into the press of the land. Incredible as it may seem, it is easier to find a hearing in the newspapers and magazines of this country for public ownership of our basic industries than for defense of the existing system. By a systematic campaign of abuse directed against them by agencies of the public ownership propaganda, which are continually charging the defenders of private ownership with improper motives, as "hirelings" of the great corporations, the defenders have been cowed into silence more than is generally understood.

MR. HOOVER himself has been denounced as "a tool of the Power Trust." Many a fluent American writer who has written against public ownership has had his contributions returned to him with highly commendatory editorial letters explaining that, while in full agreement with the views expressed, it was not the "policy" of their publications to publish such articles. The reason for that attitude, in many instances, though not acknowledged or confessed, has been well enough understood by the writers: the abuse of inquisitorial power by the Senate, the ease with which individuals or corporations can be compelled to submit to expensive and harassing "investigation," act as an effective gag in too many instances.

In the main, thus far, the attack has been directed against the vast electric and hydro-electric power industry. The movement for Government ownership of inter-State power and lighting plants is only the thin edge of the wedge. The selection of this particular industry for attack is not hard to understand. In the first place, many millions of our people are direct consumers. It matters not that electric service is demonstrably the cheapest thing they can buy, nor that, in striking contrast to practically every other item of expenditure in their budgets, vastly improved quality of service has gone hand in hand with lowered cost, even while the cost of every other commodity and service was mounting upward; despite these facts, it is relatively easy to make many consumers believe that public ownership would make the cost of this vital service still lower. It is easy to present the vast sum of the aggregate profits of the industry as tribute wrung from the poor consumer, tribute which could be avoided if only public ownership were substituted for private ownership.

It is easy to present figures showing that some municipal service charges a lower rate than the utility corporation in a town of similar size. There are enough such illustrations to be impressive to the average citizen who is ill-equipped for extensive statistical comparisons. Mr. Average Citizen does not, as a rule, and unaided, see that the utility corporation pays a big tax to the municipality, and perhaps to the State, whereas the municipal plant does not, and that the consumer in the latter case must, as taxpayer, contribute to supplying the amount which otherwise would have been paid by a light and power company. Nor does he see that other important costs which should be charged to the service, and are so charged in the case of the utility corporation, are merged in the general municipal accounts in the case of the publicly owned and operated plant, and are not discoverable by the average citizen or only as the result of difficult and highly technical research. Because of these things, the dispute is interminable.

Of course, there is no technical or other difficulty which makes it impossible for a municipal department to operate an electric light and power system efficiently and to give good service. Some of them do. On the other hand, there is probably not a single instance on record out of all the cities and towns which have made the experiment in this country where public ownership has succeeded in really lowering the cost of electric light and power to the consumer, all the factors of indirect and submerged costs being accounted for. Even were it otherwise, however, and it could be shown that public ownership did actually result, normally, in a net reduction of cost to the consumer, the case for private ownership would not be materially weakened. Due weight would still have to be given to the tremendous and far-reaching importance of the redistribution throughout the whole economic system of the vast aggregate of profits which go to investors in the shape of dividends on stocks and interest on bonds and are turned into every channel of expenditure comprehended in the system. Nor is that all. In addition to the actual expenditure of this widely distributed fund, its diffusion throughout the whole fabric of our economic life, there is the vital but imponderable and incalculable factor of psychological result. Not even for an assured and definite monetary gain should we be willing to lessen that reservoir of incentive, enterprise and inventiveness which is maintained by private property and its social corollaries.

The battle against Government ownership and operation in the electric light and power industry can not be regarded as a task falling upon the utility corporations directly affected. It is equally the task of every citizen who believes that Government ownership and operation of any industry is a menace to American institutions and ideals. The manufacturer of shoes, or hats, for example, who favors public ownership of the light and power industry because he hopes thereby to get cheaper service, is foolishly playing with fire. Even if through public ownership he could get cheaper light and power — cheaper, that is, in the absolute sense, with all indirect and submerged charges known and adjusted — he would still be the victim of his own folly. His folly would lie in the fact that he had contributed to the restriction of the circle of his own economic opportunity, since every increase in Government enterprise in industry, whether the governmental unit be large or small, narrows the opportunity for individual initiative and enterprise. Moreover, the establishment of Government ownership in this industry will not end the assault upon private ownership and private enterprise. The goal is the elimination of private enterprise in industry after industry until there is no longer any private industrial enterprise, and the whole of the economic life of the nation is brought under the direct control and authority of the Government. That can not be achieved without placing the whole life of every individual citizen under the oppressive rule of a crushing bureaucracy. Every extension of Government ownership lessens the freedom of the individual.

In its ultimate significance, therefore, the conflict that is developing in our nation, and that is quite likely to dominate the next presidential campaign, is a struggle between two opposing and irreconcilable ideals, conceptions of civilization as opposite as darkness and light. The historical and traditional American view holds that the citizen is master and the government an instrument to his purpose; that government exists for the citizen and not the citizen for the government. That is the view which Mr. Hoover has always maintained. Against it is the view that the citizen exists for the government, that the government is master and the citizen its subject and slave. Can there be any doubt of the outcome if the issue is squarely and bravely drawn?

It is among the possibilities that the conflict between these two philosophies of life and their respective entailing consequences may be pushed aside by the exigencies of a struggle over the Prohibition issue. In that event, Mr. Hoover may give place to some other leader of sterner convictions upon the subject, but whoever leads it, the Republican party is unlikely to survive as a major political party. The perception of that fact will perhaps be a powerful force pushing the other issue to the front. In that case Mr. Hoover will have the opportunity of leading not a party merely, but a nation determined to preserve its ideals and institutions and to keep open for coming generations the great avenues of individual incentive and enterprise.

Sonnet

By Mariquita Villard

The savage trusts the idol which he carves;
The nun, her life locked up, folds passive hands;
While for Husayn blood spurts in Moslem lands,
Ghandi's recruit is happy when he starves,
Or falls to rest before his enemy.
The godless ill-advisedly blasphemes.
The scientist, proud of his world, redeems
Our vision, and perhaps unknowingly
Mourning the illusion of divinity,
Evolves the image of a reasoned plan,
Respecting the amœba as the man.
But you and I need simply watch the sea,
Breathe pulsing winds, or climb a grassy hill,
And, with eyes open, let our minds be still.

Easy Meat

By Frank Waters

A Story

From the instant the Bolo Boy espied his opponent in the opposite corner, from that first minute in the ring even before their gloves were laced, he knew he would take the measure of his man.

In the manner of most fighters the Bolo Boy hardly ever took notice of his adversary until the sounding of the bell. Tonight it was different. All week the Border bars and cantinas had been buzzing about this Gringo Tendler; him and his sporty crowd with their rooms and two baths a day and clean white shirts at supper every night in the swell hotel across the Line; them — a real manager, trainer, seconds, and backers — and their big talk. Still more of it he had heard tonight at the bar as he passed through the Nuevo Mundo Cantina on his way to the Arena. Taking on the Mexican Border just to give their boy the experience of some tough ones that he needed to develop his skill and speed.

Across the ring Tendler stood up for his seconds to remove his robe. The Bolo Boy with casual glances between his own seconds bending over his taped hands watched him to a neutral corner. Carelessly observant, his eyes climbed from the quick-moving feet, crunching rosin into the canvas, to a full and adequate neck, that inescapable index to a man's strength. Tendler was well built in the orthodox gymnasium manner. Tight sinewy knees that well hinged the knotted calves and long muscled thighs. A trim waist with the sharp line of buttocks visible under the white silk trunks held by a narrow band of green. Arms outstretched to the ropes, his shoulders wrinkled and flattened as by a mass of serpents under silk.

Sitting on his stool the Bolo Boy picked at the waist of his own dun canvas trunks, a shade darker than himself.

"All right for you, eh?" Young Fuera, one of his seconds asked.

The Bolo Boy nodded. It was sight of that strand of green through the white silk trunks that made him feel he was going to take Tendler; and the satiny whiteness of that back which made the feeling a certainty. With the instinctive feeling of his peon race for a living field in their parched hills, the royal Aztec green was the Bolo Boy's secret color. All day under the blinding desert sun he worked in the fields.

And his toil went to the Gringos to enjoy in the cool fruit of casaba, honey-dew, and cantaloupe. For that matter, till noon that very day he had worked that Tendler might have his melon to eat from a solid silver spoon in his swell hotel. His own supper was what and where it was every other night — beans and beer and pork in the *Lonchería* across the street. And tonight for the first time in all the years he seemed to feel that the fight was something more. As if all those Gringos were washing down across the Line in a big white wave with Tendler on the crest. Well, he knew he was going to take Tendler.

"Watch this baby, Boy. They say he's fast. No playin' now and when yeh hit, soak 'im!" Bud Cross patted his back and handed a bucket down from the ring.

At the referee's beck the Bolo Boy rose and walked to the centre of the ring. He still held a torn sweater over his shoulders and stood listening to the referee's instructions without looking up. One quick glance had shown him Tendler's face under his curly brown hair, unmarked save for a thickened nose and heavy upper lip. Now, with an apparent contemptuous disregard of Tendler, he knew, ring-wise, that the younger fighter was studying him minutely, slightly nettled at the failure to catch his eye. He threw out his hands in a negligent motion, turned cat-like, and slipped back to his corner.

A pleasing deadly calm settled heavily upon the Arena. Everywhere small yellow lights were snapping out until there remained only the white cone overhead and a light at the back door of the bar out in front. The Arena was stuffy, sweaty, still as the bar inside. The fetid hush stilled the Bolo Boy's mind as he lounged with easy grace on his stool. He moved one of his hands resting on his leg. The glove came away slightly damp. He was glad the night was hot, glad that not the slightest breeze was up, and hoped the air would be hot and dry enough to burn your throat before the bout was over. He was used to a night like this — another thing in his favor, and . . .

The bell; and his stool being jerked from under him.

As Tendler left his corner the Bolo Boy saw a faint nervous smile on his youthful face. Instantly it was replaced with narrowed, watchful eyes, lips firmly closed but not forced; the look of a man intent and engrossed upon his craft. Smoothly the Mexican slipped in. Hands high, he feinted, covered, and shot a straight left to the face. Even as he felt it land — too high — he could feel Tendler's counter and the repeated tap upon his ribs. Tendler had beaten him to the punch. The Gringo was really fast. With the awakening bellow of the crowd in his ears he side-stepped and landed across to the neck. The referee behind him, he brought up his right with a backhand slap at the jaw he had missed. Before he could set himself a short body blow put him on his heels. Immediately Tendler was close against him, forearms locking his elbows, a light, even breath on his shoulder.

The house was noisily pleased. The Bolo Boy knew the applause was all his, but was not fooled. Worrying his arms about to give the impression he was still being held, the Bolo Boy admitted to himself that Tendler was better than he had guessed. The lightning lift of that jaw for his own cross was in the order of something he had seldom met. The tough babies of the Border — as he himself was called — stood up and socked until they were dropped, without time for the little things, the subtle little things that go to point a bout. He felt the beginning of a cautious respect for the man against him. As though torn apart from Tendler by the referee, the Bolo Boy sprang back and slipped round lithe and smooth yellow under the brilliant glare.

In the centre of the ring they sparred briefly, each feeling out the other with an exhibition of swift cleverness that deceived all but themselves. As the gong ended the round Tendler threw him a smile of sporting approbation before turning to his corner. A smile that expressed perfectly the self-sufficient attitude of all the Americanos who drifted into the Casinos to win or lose at écarté with the same cheerful insouciance. So the Bolo Boy was all right, eh? Again he knew with that cold mathematical desire that he'd get Tendler.

"You fight thees guy; don' box!" admonished young Fuera, expanding the Bolo Boy's trunks at the waist.

"Yeh. Don't try to box this baby. You just get into him and then Wham! — Savvy?" repeated Bud Cross in his ear.

The Bolo Boy lay back easily in his corner with his slow sleepy eyes staring fixedly across the Arena. The place was packed. All his fellow-workers from the fields; old señoras plentiful on the benches; the Chinos imperturbably cracking watermelon seeds between their stained teeth; and here and there a sprinkling of Hindus under their dirty turbans. Heads and humped shoulders stood out even upon the sky at the top sides of the walls. All there to see how he was going to take the fast Gringo. They were unusually quiet, for that gathering, as though telepathetically sensing they were going to see a match. The soldiers at the door and the rurales wouldn't have any trouble with bottle throwing tonight.

The sound of the gong ripped through the heavy air for the second round. And at the signal the Bolo Boy left his stool with an incredibly swift glide that carried his brown crouching body more than halfway across the ring. He was in and out again with a left to the ribs and a right to the eyes before Tendler could open with his lead. Again he bored in. A rapid exchange of blows. A stinging sensation on the cheek that snapped his head and gaze toward the dark. He stepped back a foot. Pivoted. Surprised Tendler in his rush with an uppercut to the ribs, solid. Solid. Something caught him in the middle and sent the wind whistling through his lips. Then he was away, graceful, light-footed, smooth as a ripple.

"Thass-a boy, Mex!"

"Go get 'im, Whitey!"

A deep, thunderous applause swept through the crowd. Somewhere the crash of a beer bottle. The Whitey, Tendler, was as fast as they said, but when the Mexican moved it was as though they were watching the unconscious but perfect coördination of an animal's muscles. There they were in the centre of the ring again. A flurry of gloves, and the noisy slap, slap, slap, of ineffectual blows. Clinch. The Bolo Boy breaking away and coming in again with the same snap, snap. The round was all his, but the Bolo Boy knew it for a fizzle. Tendler's white girlish skin at the end of the round was spotted with a red that would not have shown on his own swarthy sides, yet the Boy knew that that one body hook would hurt him later in the bout.

He turned his head to spit water and lay back to breathe deeply. Too fast. He'd have to hit, hit hard, damn hard. Hit to drive his man across the Line and back into the Estados Unidos where they all belonged.

SPEEDY and sporty — that was these Americanos for you. About them nothing slow and sure and inevitable like those of his own race. They did everything as if they were playing at a game. As though they sported in their work. Little did they know of the immense pride of the peon to whom a jest is an insult, an earnestness imbedded upon a greater humility. Or the hate that can be treasured and fondled and hidden — as so it had been for four hundred years — behind inscrutable eyes, too flinty for time to wear.

The Bolo Boy's shapeless lips drew back as he sucked air. Should not get mad in the ring. He wasn't. He just felt a warm surging through his outstretched arms to tear into ribbons the rippling white silk of the torso before him.

The round began slowly with the Bolo Boy trying to manœuvre Tendler against the ropes. Doggedly he followed his man across the ring and back. The Boy's ugly brown face was set under his black tousled hair. His obsidian eyes, hard as glazed glass, had the same open fixed stare; never a blink at Tendler's hands flashing in and in again. How fast the Gringo moved. Menacingly fast; around and in and flashing out with an economy of movement that kept him covered tight as a drum. At each flash the Bolo Boy ducked his unwavering eyes behind his raised left and took the blows on his head. Tendler hadn't learned to protect his hands. Well, after tonight he'd have learned you couldn't hit, hit, hit with broken knuckles, strained sinews, and bruises that one by one inexorably shortened the precious life of a fighter's hands. Down here Tendler was finding what fighting meant — the terrific crashing, the steady pound, pound, pound of shifting weight and bone against flesh and nerves.

THE Bolo Boy kept boring in, taut and set in the beautiful crouch made familiar by him along six hundred miles of Border: his weight evenly balanced on wide spread legs; left wrist covering jaw and throat; shoulders hunched, right hand down and twitching like a snake's head above its coils. And ever Tendler revolved about him raining blows on head, arms, and shoulders, a veritable whirlwind of shimmering white.

Hopelessly outclassed, the Bolo Boy gave ground in two strides backward. Tendler pressed his advantage. His eyes telegraphed the blow and the Bolo Boy saw it coming. A straight left from the shoulder. The Bolo Boy did not wince. But a shaving of a second before it caught him between the eyes, his own short right got home to the belt. He could feel his glove sink deep. Then suddenly the brilliant glare of the light above seemed turned into his eyes so that he could not see. The cords of his neck were violently wrenched. Instinctively he bent and covered.

He felt a bare hand pushing backward against his shoulder. All of a sudden his two senses of sound and sight returned. An immense outpouring of noise burst in upon his ears, and somewhere close he heard a voice: "Two — three"! Tendler was down on his knees, his two arms convulsively wrapped round his sides. His agonized face searched the black open sky for breath.

The Bolo Boy sprang forward and was hurled back by the referee's arm. Like a dog on leash he slunk forth and back before the kneeling Whitey. At five Tendler was on one knee. At six he started to rise, restrained only by the voices from his corner. At eight he was up and the Bolo Boy was on him forgetful of everything but an insane, frantic desire to get at his man before Tendler regained his breath. But Tendler could not be touched. His footwork was almost perfect, weaving him in and out of danger faster than the Bolo Boy could direct his blows which fell harmlessly on arms and shoulders. Then, faster than them both, the bell. *Carape!* The damned bell. The Bolo Boy threw a snarl over his shoulder as he strode in to his corner.

If he could have had a half-minute more! Just another opening to get in before this minute of reviving rest. The applause continued, but above its dying roar the Boy heard the aggravating snap of towels driving air into Tendler's lungs. He inclined his own body eagerly forward to catch the air driven toward him from the towels of his own seconds. Sweat dripped upon his knees. His arms were wet as though they had been immersed in thin oil. Hot? Maria! Yet even as he raised his open mouth for the sponge again, he wished for a thicker, more fuzzy night. So hot it'd stick in Tendler's throat. Anything to stop him just for an instant.

"Keep after him, Boy. And when yeh get him uncovered, sock him."

Tendler gave him half a smile as he came out of his corner, but for two rounds the Bolo Boy could not touch him. The grin burned into him as he followed Tendler around the ring. Why didn't he stand up and slug like all the others? Outpointing him at long range and then gliding away. In-fighting with irritating tricks he did not know. Manœuvring out of distance to make him always the aggressor; inveigling him into a rush and then side-stepping with a parting hook. At the end of each round the Bolo Boy knew that Tendler was the best man he had ever met. A supple white figure untouchable at will as a ghost. And more than at the beginning of the fight, more than ever before, more than anything else, he wanted to take the Gringo — knew that he was going to whip Tendler. In swift phantasmagoria, swift, luminous, pale as a horde of other ghosts, there flashed before him memories of other men whom he had fought and beaten. And none of them, not all of their strength and skill combined would have equalled the Gringo across the ring with the strip of green round his waist. Yet he was going to take Tendler. He knew it. The thought stuck like a pincer in his mind.

THEN slowly there seemed revealed to him the reason for Tendler's — for all Gringos' — apparent superiority. Fighting was Tendler's game. It was his business; he had no other. And the Americanos' business was their life. They laughed and joked and talked, talked much and loud. All business. Summer, winter; wind and sun; night and day. Just business. They didn't live life. They lived business, a routine that sucked in joy and sorrow, the sunshine and rain of men's souls and tears, all hate and hope, and bundled it together like cotton at so much the bale. That was the difference between them and his own people with their slow days in the sun, Saints' Days, innumerable fiesta days, and the days of "*Pues;* but Señor, to work on such a day" . . . when there was a peso in the pocket and friends in every cantina. The difference between Tendler and himself. And as he thought, in those swift empty seconds in the ring and the minutes between rounds, the Bolo Boy saw himself at a shadowy crossing in his life. Unlike the Gringos, his life had been purposeless, uneventful, without goal. Yet each repeated day had brought him closer to a change. For somehow even he would have to change. Tonight he must cross a line, a line of fate, shadowy and indistinct, looming before him to be crossed. Next week Tendler would be gone and he would be left to hear the talking in the bars. But he'd have to slow up. His lungs, his sides, were bursting with the pace. And that body blow was beginning to take effect, exerting the slightest pull to his every blow.

With a half-minute to go in the sixth round, Tendler suddenly opened up. It was as though he had suddenly stopped short and thrust out a rigid arm. The Bolo Boy was surprised off guard. The left caught him on the side of the jaw and felled him like a log in a neutral corner. Shaken but unhurt, he would have risen but that Young Fuera in his corner caught his eye.

HE WAITED on one knee, both gloves on the canvas, like a starting runner. Wily wisdom came to him while he waited. He ground his gloves into the specks of sand and rosin under him. At the count of nine he was up. He saw that Tendler knew he was rushing for the safety of a clinch. Tendler swung high. Grimly smiling to himself, the Bolo Boy took them on his head and stopped. Purposely he swung short to the body and felt his glove brush across Tendler's ribs. Again before the bell, he pointed a clumsy weak blow to the face and twisted his glove as it landed. Backing across the ring at the bell he saw the angry red rash growing into the white skin before him, two splotches not harmful but irritating and as such to be remembered.

Again, when the round opened, Tendler came at him with a jump. It was as though the Bolo Boy was meeting a different man. Tendler no longer weaved in and out, the swift defensive fighter. Shoulders humped, his mouth a rigid line, he met the Bolo Boy's rushes with counter and straight jabs on toes that never backed an inch. And the Bolo Boy settled down to what he knew were to be the most gruelling rounds he had ever faced. Smack. Smack. Shuffle of feet and the squeak of dried out boards. A continuous multitudinous roar in his ears, for this kind of fighting was what the Border money had been paid to see. A quick telepathy told the Bolo Boy the crowd was beginning to change. The knock-down in the last round had done that. By it only, Tendler had won his way into their respect from a mere Gringo outsider to an equally good man in the ring. And that punch meant Tendler was as good as he was fast.

The Bolo Boy was fighting. From bell to bell there was no rest. He was hardly conscious of the scant minutes when he lay on his stool, eyes to the gritty stars, at the base of his brain a wet sponge. He hit Tendler with everything he had. And with despairing surprise he saw Tendler still on his feet after each furious exchange. Again, with a cold dread forming a clot on the certainty of his licking the Gringo, he went in after Tendler.

Then once more, from the same straight left that had caught him earlier in the bout, he seemed to fall head-long into thick darkness. An unconsciousness that passed like a swift-moving curtain before his eyes, but that could not have lasted a full second. Young Fuera saw his knees buckle as he fell into a clinch, and the Bolo Boy could feel the referee and Tendler furiously fighting to free the Gringo from his weight. The next second the black curtain passed and the Bolo Boy was gazing down at an old Señora on the floor outside the ring. Stolid, unmoved of face as brown wood, she sat with open breast nursing a child and watching him back. The blow cleared the Bolo Boy's mind. For the first time in his life he felt like a beaten man. If only the old woman, his own crowd, weren't so . . . But that was their way. Like him, they knew what the Gringos were doing. Yet they sat just waiting and watching and taking it on the chin.

The round over, he knew that he had shot his best. The night, the thick black night that had sunk of its own torpid weight down upon the low floor of the ring, the blur of massed faces, the water that was hardly wet, oppressed him with an unconscious futility. He felt old; so shaken that he wondered why his loose body did not fall apart whenever Tendler got home to his middle. Yet it was impossible to think of losing to the Gringo. They'd swarm over him like white ants. He'd have to give Tendler the works.

The works. The sly, dirty tricks banned to the ring, not so dirty or underhanded to the Bolo Boy because he was accustomed to using them and protecting himself against them. A tacit agreement always springing between him and his opponent to use every one whenever the referee could not see. Against Tendler he used every one. Each time he went into a clinch he went in low with a heave of his shoulder against

Tendler's ribs. He pushed and tried the rabbit punch. He remembered to grit his gloves stealthily on the canvas between rounds. And he made them all count.

Already Tendler was marked from eye to belt. He came out of every round with great red splotches that stuck to his white body like painted pinks. One cheek bore red scratches suspiciously like the marks of a cat's claws. Still the Bolo Boy kept playing for the ear, knowing that Tendler would remember him even as he remembered his own disfigured ear. Time and time again his hands crashed home to Tendler's head. And each time he could have winced, feeling his knuckles give, also knowing that it would be a week before he could use his hands in the fields. Yet, for all the cauliflower ear, he felt that Tendler bore him no ill-will. At the end of a round when they both fought on, the bell unheard, Tendler extended both his hands in apology when parted by the referee. He was only fighting his Gringo way and the Bolo Boy his.

THE Bolo Boy became aware that the fastening of one glove was loose. In the second clinch he was successful. With the cord between his wrist and Tendler's temple he managed to cut Tendler's face as he pushed himself out. Seconds later he opened the cut over Tendler's eye. The sight of blood filled his veins, his mind, his hopes with the illusion of winning. With terrific expenditure of his waning strength he got Tendler against the ropes. But for every blow he took three. Blood spattered his forearms, his own breast, the canvas. The crowd was on its feet. This was what they knew and wanted. The soldiers in the aisles quieted before the sound.

The Bolo Boy forgot caution. Two smashing rights to the sweaty pink body. To draw down that protecting left he took a hard right over the heart and then another. Anything to get his chance. He got it. Blinded in one eye, Tendler misjudged and lurched forward as his left went past the Boy's head. The Bolo Boy hooked with his right for the unprotected jaw. Even as he struck he knew he had suffered defeat. A minute cramping pain from those repeated body blows took the accurately timed snap from his blow. If he'd just got this chance two rounds ago! Yet those at ringside saw his glove flash home (to them) squarely on the point of the jaw.

TENDLER dropped as though the floor had given way under him. He bent to rise and then straightened on the floor. Three! Four! He regained one knee and the look from his one visible eye went blankly past the Bolo Boy. Six! Would his legs have strength? What was the matter with the referee's arm that it moved so slowly! Only eight and the Gringo's rigid legs were waiting for nine. Would his own knees hold out, he wondered. Nine, and his chance, his last and only chance was gone. With all his strength the Bolo Boy beat at the limp body that clung to his shoulders and tried to drag him to the floor. He cursed the referee who himself could not tear Tendler away. As the seconds passed the Bolo Boy seemed to feel the strength flowing from his own weakening arms into the Gringo. That was just like the Gringos, sucking strength from defeat, never knowing when they were down, making everyone else pay for their mistakes. With every moment Tendler grew lighter on his feet. He became animated with lazy life. Left arm crossed over jaw and dripping eye, right arm covering heart and solar plexus, he played for time until the saving bell, retreating to his corner. And at its sound he sat down on the stool that had been waiting outside the ropes to receive him. The Bolo Boy slouched back to his corner.

"Three more for you, Boy. You get him sure, now."

THE Bolo Boy did not even shake his head. His body wouldn't obey. For twenty-seven minutes he had bent it to his will. Now he couldn't drive it. His heart seemed ready to burst his breast. Ammonia and smelling salts no longer cleared his mind. His knees trembled. It took the ropes to hold his heavy outstretched arms. If only a breeze would come up! The damn night was too heavy and black to breathe. The heat burnt his throat raw as though he sucked in fire at every breath. If his body had only done what he had willed. In like a flash to the jaw, a half inch over, with a quick snap, the weight of his shoulder behind it. But all it did was push, push Tendler over. And now over there his seconds were putting life back into him. More driving, smashing life that every Gringo miraculously seemed to have; more power; more snap with every punch.

They were in the ring again. Washed clean, his cut well closed, revived by the minute's rest, Tendler looked fresh as ever. And at every counter the Bolo Boy felt the Gringo's strength coming back again into him. He just couldn't be stopped. His body smarting pink, his eye torn, ear puffed, his lips swelling, the Gringo was good as a new man. He had taken all that the Bolo Boy had and was willing to take more. But the Boy knew he had no more in him to give. He had reached the turning of his luck. Like crossing a summit to go downhill. Tendler was going on; the Gringo had passed him a round ago, whether by chance he won or lost the bout. A great lassitude swept over the Bolo Boy. The melancholy futility of his race ate into his thoughts. He saw himself going out of the ring like others he had watched before. Stopping at the bar behind a row of backs, for him faces only in the mirror. The shaking of hands, back-slapping the Gringos for their free drinks, even his own workers joining in. Not one of the girls to shout at him "Beeg Boy!" who had shouted so many times before. Out the cantina as he had never gone before; a last look behind. Was that he, the Bolo Boy, alone, going down the dirty darkened street into the arroyo? . . . A flash of green. All because of the Gringo. The thud, thud, thud, of gloves. Would the round never end?

TENDLER fought warily. He dared not take a single chance or the Bolo Boy was on him like that! The Mexican was a revelation at every round, swift as a cat, a natural fighter, with a whip in every punch. If he'd only had the science, the coaching, what a champion he might have been! Fighting to the last step.

Yet at every step the Bolo Boy could feel himself slowing up. He could feel it in his legs, the first to give way. The dreary lassitude thickened about him, a smother of light and heat. Then that flash of white and he would be mixing it with savage fury. Just like horses before a sunstroke in the summer fields. Plodding, sleepy-like, then snap! heads up, hard on the traces for a dozen steps before they fell over dead. He oughtn't to have worked that morning, wouldn't have if he'd only known the Gringo was like this. The Gringos. Nothing ever seemed to stop them. The flash of green again and a slap on the face he could hardly feel but which turned him on his heels. Green . . . miles of blinding desert brown, the hazy, far smoke-blue hills against the sky, and against them his own bit of secret green. A peasant, peon passion for his land. He took a hard right to the middle and doubled up in an arrested crouch. They didn't give draws in the Arena, but for the bout he didn't care. Yet he didn't know how he was going to take Tendler. Only two more rounds and he didn't, he did not know. . . .

As he straightened, another straight left caught him in the ribs. A right cross to the side of the head spun him half around.

Against the background of dark and yellow faces he remembered the Señora on the bench. Nursing, unmoved of face, whether he or the Gringo won. Before the faces had stopped sliding in a mass something hit him on the jaw and darkness rushed in upon his sight.

He could not see. There was nothing before him but a scanty sprinkle of lights that seemed like stars. In his ears a yelling that beat like the roar of surf down where the fishing boats come in.

"Four! — Five!" Mother of God! He was on the floor.

He crawled to his knees. Got to his feet. And still he could not see clearly in the light that dazzled so. He was only sure of the Gringo poised before him as on a crest of a moving wave.

And as he willed, tried to raise his arms, something struck him between the eyes, and in a whir of rushing blackness he dropped heavily to the floor.

* * *

A Cure for Speculation

By the Hon. Herbert Claiborne Pell

Who Advocates a One Per Cent Tax on the Sale of Securities

The present depression was disclosed by the panic on the New York Stock Exchange. Its intensity has been increased and twice brought to a crisis by the sudden collapse of stock prices. Banks throughout the country have suffered or failed; insurance companies and investors have seen the price of their property fall to an extent that puts a great many in serious danger and accomplishes the ruin of several. Of course, it is absurd to attribute the bad economic conditions to the malice of Wall Street leaders or even to their ineptitude, but it is certain that the breakdown of the machinery which they operated has made the suffering far more acute than it need otherwise have been.

For several years, an increasing proportion of the available capital of the country was withdrawn from actual useful employment and allowed to reap a sterile profit as brokers' loans. Practically every bank in the country kept an exaggerated balance in the nearest city blessed with an exchange. This money was made inapplicable to the needs of the local communities on which alone can be based a stable national prosperity. A man who wished to build a house or to develop a community and so, incidentally, to add to the profits of the great electric and steel manufacturing companies, found himself unable to borrow money except at an extortionate rate because of the competition of speculators in the stock of the very companies which his activities would have benefited. The country was expanding and developing; roads were being built; houses were being erected; businesses were being started; inventions were being made but eventually legitimate business could not keep up with the progressively increasing speed of speculation.

Except for the most cynical or the most reckless, leaders of business began to appreciate that they were riding on an avalanche, but the conservative and careful had lost their influence. Any person who suggested that a stock which had gone from fifty to a hundred in one year would not go to five hundred or a thousand the next, was called a crêpe hanger or a calamity howler and treated as if he were an enemy to society. The leaders in control of our most important industries became drunk on paper profits; companies were snatched from conservative managers, considerate of the long run, by speculators anxious only for immediate profits. Their principle was to grab while the grabbing was good and then to scuttle the ship which they abandoned.

A LITTLE over a year ago I attended a stockholders' meeting, although as a rule a simple stockholder is as rare at such conferences as would be a steer at a butcher's council. It was a meeting of one of the largest companies in the United States, practically in control of one of our great industries. I stood up and voiced my humble protest against the policy of the company, on the ground that I represented the owners of stock who had bought their shares with the idea of receiving a fairly regular income and were desirous of dividends rather than melons. In other words, I was an investor instead of a speculator. Naturally, my protest passed unheeded as it was perfectly apparent that not one person in the room, from the president and his "yes-men" down to the boy who distributed pencils, had the slightest interest in the company other than in the price of its securities; all were partners in an effort to boom its price on the market, and apparently totally careless of the value of the company itself.

Even the more respectably managed companies were carried away. The people at large seemed convinced that a new order had been created. Gambling in one form or another provided enormous amounts of spending money for the United States and, as far as I can see, most of this money was spent on the principle of "easy come, easy go." Then came the ineluctable crash.

If this crisis had been simply the transference of money from silly gamblers to clever ones or even to scoundrels, it would have made no difference to the country at large. Small gamblers who expect to beat experienced and astute crooks are proverbially soon parted from their money and deserve very little sympathy. As a rule, they get even less punishment than they deserve. A man who has acquired twenty thousand dollars a year for six years by gambling operations and without doing a stroke of work, has no real cause for complaint when he discovers that the game has been called off at the end of this period. The fact is that as a rule such a man is usually foolish enough to treat his gambling profits as if they were coupons from Liberty Bonds and to live on the twenty thousand dollars of speculative gain as if he were possessed of half a million dollars worth of Government four per cents.

I SEE no reason why we should waste much thought on an effort to save gamblers or croupiers but I do see every reason in the world why we should not again permit gamblers and croupiers to take control of the commercial structure of our country. There is not a savings bank nor an insurance company in the United States which has not suffered a very serious loss, although its directors may have made every effort to place its money in the most conservative way possible. The value of the property of private citizens has been extraordinarily altered by forces beyond their control and beyond their foresight.

We are dealing with the effort of a very small minority of the stockholders. The proportion which gambling transactions bear to legitimate dealings can not be exactly established but we can reach a pretty fair approximation.

In order to get some ideas of the actual changes of ownership in securities, I inquired from the New York Central Railroad, from The United States Steel Corporation and from The General Electric Company, which I considered examples of reputably managed corporations. From the New York Central Lines I received the following note:

> Using the first three hundred (300) names in the list of stockholders for the dividend November 1, 1930, as a basis of study, it is found that:
>
> 236 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1928 — almost 80 per cent.
>
> 107 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1924 — or 33⅓ per cent.
>
> 60 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1920 — or 20 per cent.
>
> 41 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1916 — about 15 per cent.

The United States Steel Corporation wrote:

> I am willing to say that we believe from forty to forty-five per cent of the stockholders have held their stock since 1920; that fifty per cent held it since 1926 and probably seventy-five per cent from last year.

The General Electric Company wrote:

> Of the 87,800 common stockholders which we had at a recent date in 1930, 27,200 of them held common stock in 1928; 13,500 also held it in 1924; 8,700 of these also held common stock in 1920 and 4,500 of them were stockholders in 1916.

W. E. Burnet and Company sent me the following figures:

Total Sales	*1928*	*1929*	*1930*
U. S. Steel Corp. (Common)	19,947,000	19,202,000	19,806,019
U. S. Steel Corp. (Pref.)	194,400	261,100	197,500
G. E. Company	6,489,200	7,108,065	21,661,130
G. E. Company	25,956,800*	30,171,960*	
N. Y. Cen. Railroad	3,637,000	4,395,650	1,613,551
Total Sales of All Stocks on All Exchanges	1,306,200,799	1,784,680,315	1,081,068,177

* Adjusted to care for 4 for 1 split in 1929.

We can safely say that at least three-quarters of the stock in these companies is held by investors who have in good faith put their money into concerns in which they have fundamental confidence. It is quite true that such investors hope for a rise in the value of their capital, but their first concern is the security of their investment. In most cases they are not good accountants and they are certainly inexperienced and inaccurate judges of market conditions. This class is the economic backbone of the country and our material advance can not continue except by the utilization of its economies. A careful and considerate investor will not, of course, put his entire capital into common stocks but he certainly is justified in seasoning his fortune with them and, while ready to face a legitimate loss, he is entitled to protection from chicanery. Even a gambler has a right to a straight game. A man who bets on a horse race recognizes that he may lose but would very probably object if casual citizens were to sit on the fence and lasso the horses as their interests might dictate. He is entitled to a fair run for his money.

It is obviously neither fair nor wise that a small group which never, at any time, owns a quarter of the stock of these great companies, should run the price up and down to the inconvenience and insecurity of their betters and occasionally to their own detriment. I have often spoken to stock brokers in New York and never found one who was willing to guess that legitimate purchases made more than a quarter of the Stock Exchange business and most of them place it at less than ten per cent. It is obvious that the ordinary purchaser of stock would be more than pleased to feel that the price which he was paying was the result of legitimate demand and supply; that no thimble-rigging, shaking out, wash sales, or other technical processes had entered into the question, either to depress or to elevate.

A STOCK exchange is an obvious necessity. There must be a place in which securities are bought and sold and the bigger such places are and the fewer, the better it will be for the country. The product is easily transportable and the more shares of any security that are sold, the more likely will be the establishment of a fair market both for buyers and sellers. But there is no reason in the world why a very large part of the gambling element should not be done away with.

The simplest method which will achieve this result without in any way interfering with legitimate purchase and sale, would be to levy a Federal transfer tax of at least one per cent on all sales of securities. Such a tax would practically do away with all "in and out" speculation as it would be too big a percentage for the gambler to face.

A man buying stock on a margin today finds the interest on the money he borrows and the commission to his stockbroker acting as a handicap on the free play of his judgment; if, in addition, he found that he had to pay a heavy tax on every transaction, his hope of profit would be wiped out. Ordinarily these enterprises are of short duration, made in the hope of a quick turn. On a gain of five points his profit, which today is about four and a half, would be but three and a half; and on a loss of five points instead of paying five and a half, he would have to pay six and a half. The difference between gross and net would be too much. The overhead would be too heavy.

That some gambling would go on is obvious but on the whole we can safely say that the prices of stock would more nearly approximate their value; they would vary much more slowly than they do. These prices would be made by the dealings of real buyers and real sellers acting in good faith. The intolerable nuisance of stock gambling would have its back broken and we would do away with that element of speculators which always hampers and distorts legitimate business.

IT MAY be objected to my plan that the speculators provide a ready market for stocks which would not exist if they were not on the job; that their foresight and ability to look with the keen and cold eye, proverbial in gamblers, on the economic conditions of the country, unaffected by localism or idle gossip or sentiment will tend to lessen the force of economic shocks.

The simplest observation of actual conditions will show that this is not true. Speculation is most rife in the great companies and it is the great companies that will always find a market for their securities. There has been almost no real speculation in bonds and yet the bond market is always open; bonds of the great industrial and railroad companies can always find a ready sale on the market and are therefore always acceptable securities for loans. The stock of the smaller companies is rarely the subject of widespread speculation and when it is, it is even more rarely a good thing for the corporations involved.

A person anxious to place his money in securities which will always find a ready market could easily place his accumulation in the stock of large, long established and reputable companies. Even though ninety per cent of the speculative buyers and sellers were out of the market, he would still be able to find almost two million transactions a year, which seems ample to provide a steady market.

IN THE stock of smaller companies where the market actually is more restrained, speculation is more likely to take the form of market rigging and therefore to be an active danger to the investment of the legitimate stockholders.

If stocks were bought and sold for money, there would be much more free capital available in the banks for the finance of real enterprises that would benefit the country — which is better than keeping it frozen in Wall Street. The economical citizen, bringing his savings to the market, would be quite ready to pay a one per cent tax for the assurance that the price he was paying for his security had been fairly made and the guaranty that it would not be thimble-rigged in the future.

WE HAVE seen the business organization of the United States collapse and bring down with it the economic structure of the world. This crash has brought our country within an ace of bankruptcy and the world at large to the verge of ruin. We were not able to manage the devil we had raised. We were not able to force the genii back into the pot. When the machine is once more under control, we should profit by our experience and not return to the wild courses of the last few years. I am convinced that the only effective way to curb gambling is to take the profit out of it, and the only way to do this is to break it with taxes.

A person gambling on the colors at Monte Carlo finds himself betting that the ivory ball will fall into either a red or a black hole, of which there are eighteen each. There is also a green hole marked zero. If the ball should fall into a hole of the color selected by him, he wins even money. If it should fall into one of the other color or into the single green hole, he loses. People continue to gamble there with seventeen chances against them and only sixteen in their favor because large numbers of self-confident punters believe that divine favor will overcome such odds, which in the long run it rarely does. If, however, instead of one zero there were eighteen, making the chances thirty-six against and eighteen for, the most confident believer in a special providence would not care to risk a bet. My proposed tax would act as an additional zero in a gambling house; it would so increase the odds against the punter that he would no longer have much hope and it would moreover have the enormous advantage of taking from such gambling as would occur a considerable share of its profits for the public use.

There were sold in the United States in the last three years 4,171,949,291 shares of stock, worth, let us say, a hundred dollars apiece. Assuming that the tax which I propose would cut off ninety per cent of this business, the remaining ten per cent would bring into the Treasury of the Federal Government over four hundred millions. This would be enough to provide a model farm run by the Department of Agriculture in every county in the United States for the instruction of the farmers and to assist in the development of great terminal harbors, markets and highways.

Are the hundreds of thousands of people who today own stock in the United States going to continue to permit a very small number of speculators to use their property as counters in their game or will they demand proper protection? Will the business men of the community continue to suffer from the activities of gambling maniacs or will they accept relief from their own taxes and the return of the attention of American bankers from the stock gamblers to the development of the country? Will our business devote its attention to turning the wheels of industry or the wheels of fortune? Both can not continue to revolve.

The road through life in this world is bound to be rough and all we can hope of any suggested remedy is that it will absorb the shocks and smooth some of the inequalities which otherwise might shatter the machinery of civilization which is daily becoming more complex and interdependent and therefore, as we are too prone to forget, more vulnerable.

* * *

The Boy Friend

By Virginia Thompson

A Modern Young Woman's Opinion of the Modern Young Man

If you are a man, have you ever wondered what the suave young person who smokes your paper package cigarettes and drinks your health in quarts of gin really thinks of you?

If you are a girl, have you never experienced the feeling that this so-called modern young man sitting next to you, whose eyes melt with significance at your slightest encouragement and whose love speeches have the added attraction of venerable age, should be smacked and put to bed? Have you never stifled the thought that he is too young to be bothered with another instant, that he hasn't progressed even far enough to do an unconventional thing deliberately but must get himself squiffed before he has the courage of his convictions? Have you never felt a little sorry for him because he doesn't seem to have begun the aging yet fascinating process of growing up?

In grandfather's day, even in father's day, men were forced by circumstances and a younger, less mechanized and convenient world into girding up their loins and becoming heads of families much sooner than they are today. The Twentieth Century coddles its young men, encouraging them in solemn tones to "take fast hold of learning for she is thy life," and meanwhile life passes by on the other side of the lane. Nowadays our young men are rocked in the cradle of the university until almost all their natural initiative, courage and curiosity about living become useless vestigial remains. They spend as many years as their forefathers spent months in learning their professions and in this age of specialization they have no other choice. Each young man must put on an act of his own and put it on superlatively well to achieve even a modest success.

This system of keeping men of twenty-one or anywhere over in college, still "schoolboys," benumbs if it does not atrophy their sense of responsibility to their contemporary woman. Reluctantly or not, they are forced to defer shouldering the burden of matrimony because they are financially unable and mentally too immature to take on the duty and heartbreak and joy that being a husband and father entails. The young man of twenty-one or so, having finished four years of college work, is just buckling on his armor for four to six more years of "going to school" to learn this, that or the other thing. The young woman of twenty-one, diploma in hand, is ready and casting about for any place to dig herself in and make herself necessary, be it office or kitchen. It may be that she, too, goes on to law or medicine, but the woman doctor or lawyer is still far in the minority.

ALMOST any man approaching his forties will tell you that when he was his son's age — from sixteen up — he was working on the farm from five in the morning until seven at night, or in an office all day and studying at night, or helping his father run the factory, and had been doing this for some time. In those days education was available for only a few. At eighteen almost all the men of yesterday were doing men's work. They were men, fit, enthusiastic and big enough for the hard job of being men. Why, then, have they encouraged their sons to become playboys, schoolboys, having "one last fling, O Lord," before doing what's called equivocally "settle down"? They meant well in wishing to spare their sons the hardships they had to endure. Unfortunately, in denying this generation those rebuffs which "turn earth's smoothness rough," they also took from it the bittersweet fruits of such training, the rigorous schooling that made the older men into the splendid persons they have become.

No matter how intricate the stuff the young man is studying, he is still essentially a schoolboy. With some exceptions he is also a parasite, living on his father's generous wish to give his boy what was impossible for himself. Things are handed to this student; his clothes, his food, his room, even the allowance which he strains and stretches to cover his theatre and supper parties with his charming companion, the now working girl. Why shouldn't they be, he argues, since he is preparing earnestly for his life work? Meanwhile, he may as well have a good time, and in pursuit of this will-o'-the wisp, he burns gallons of gasoline and gin, chasing 'cross country through speakeasies and night clubs.

IN THE meantime the girl has discovered that when she passed through the gates of her college she said good-bye to childhood. She finds that whoever said the college was a training ground for life was presuming, and that there is no better way to gain a speaking acquaintance with experience than by living with her. To her kind of undergraduate, life at college was a gay young thing, rye-soaked and party-mad, knowing it all. The dust on the young woman's wings gets smudged and sometimes rubbed off entirely. She has quite a lot to unlearn. Peeling illusions can be very painful, and her gaiety and all-inclusive knowledge change from a wild scarlet smear to a calm gray blend. It is still a marvellous world, fast-moving, subtle, but a world where the sombre tone, "survival of the fittest," provides a tragic backdrop. Having to hold on by her toes to a job that a dozen others just as capable are trying to snatch from her, the young woman has no choice but to grow up. Through hard work and a pay envelope she is beginning to realize that somehow or other life is real and life is earnest. She is maturing very rapidly and she wants more from this mortal coil than smoking endless cigarettes.

So, some five or six years later, when the man finally emerges from his musty tomes of *Gray's Anatomy* or legal strategy, the young woman has already been graduated and received her doctor's degree from the University of Hard Knocks. Secretly she indicts the boy as fatuous, lacking, inadequate to the fundamental need of this serious person she has become, the eternal need for a mental, physical and spiritual mate.

In his heart the man suspects that behind her veil of *camaraderie* the girl is measuring him and for some reason known only to an ironical deity and herself is laughing at him. His gestures give him away. He must prove to the world, himself and her that he is not an inconsequential ass. His conversation consists mostly of platitudes all decked out in evening duds that still do not sparkle like epigrams. If he is facetious, he is heavily so, and if the girl's dress is ripped in the process, he is heavily sorry.

SHE allows him to do all the talking, which feeds his ego and makes him sorry for her that she has so little to contribute to the conversation. She is silent because he could not understand her thoughts, anyway. His remarks when not platitudinous are would-be smart. He gets his opinions ready-made from the papers, and mostly from the sport pages. He is the little mouthpiece of the public press and the current smart magazine. The girl "yesses" him just as one does a child who is lovable and dear to one but just a tiny bit thick, and sometimes the odor of bologna is so dense she wonders that he does not rise up and call her bungler. That girl is rash who dares to pick a flaw with what he is saying, or let the least glimmering of what she has in the way of intelligence, beyond that necessary for saying appropriate nothings at the Stokowski concerts, slip through the cordon of "playing up" to a man. With little or no hesitation he stops 'phoning, cancels his order with the florist and scratches her name off his list. Questioned by warm friends, his answer is evasive, polite, signifying nothing. She committed the hideous crime of making him feel inferior.

HE IS generous, even lavish with advice about everything in the world. If the girl is unwise enough to let herself in for a session of this advice and then disregard his astute conclusions, he is vexed. He takes it out on everyone around him. On the way home from the party, he skins the corners, drives at a deadly speed along wet intersected streets when even collision with a baby coach would be fatal, bids the girl goodnight haughtily, and puts her nicely in her place. She can't help being fond of him, wanting to rumple his hair or tumble his whiskers as you would a silly puppy's. He is so like a puppy — gangling, overgrown, forever running away from things and bumping himself against other things. There are so many painful facts he has to learn. The girl would like awfully to tell him about them;

that "a red hot poker usually burns if you hold it too long; if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife it usually bleeds; and if you drink much from a bottle marked poison it is most certain to disagree with you sooner or later."

He doesn't satisfy. Under the layers of relativity and contract bridge a woman's mind has the dank odor of the cave. Unhappily for her, her primitive soul can not be halted in its ascent to maturity to wait for man while he is in this stage of suspended animation. At twenty, even earlier, while the schoolboy-man is still playing, woman is ready to work at this serious business called life. She compares the actuality with her splendid ideal and, looking up to whatever deity there is, wonders if it was for this she was born; if this wistful yearning for a man to honor, to revere, to love is doomed to make her spend her days a-dream, her nights awake all the years of her life.

JUST imagine that she decides to marry the brute and take the consequences. She gives her sympathetic affection and her loyalty to the Peter Pan whose ring she wears; but she can not tear from her heart the long, horrid ache that is her mature love, her ripe understanding and her fierce wish for an equal, a mate to whom she can take anything that troubles her, or thrills her, and find him ever responsive, a strong anchor to windward. Through her days from altar to grave she wears her forgotten wishes in her heart like a slow consuming fire. When he loses a collar button and fumes and fusses until she drops the toast and finds the pesky thing, this fire glows. He bids an original two no trump at contract. Having three aces, she raises him to three no trump. He goes down a thousand doubled and vulnerable and looks at her reproachfully, accusingly. Then the fire flames madly and over her face comes what Barrie calls "the twelve pound look."

SUPPOSE, being a brave soul, she elects to wait for the perfect mate. Her teens dash by in hopeless amazement that men can be so childish. For some ungodly reason they seem to glory in the drippy sentimentality handed down from time immemorial that "underneath it all" men are still little boys. These deliberate Peter Pans drive her mad. Where, she flings at them, is the wonder in being a little boy? Most women have only a lively contempt for that member of their sex who talks baby talk, does kittenish things, and tries hard to be coy. Why do men preen themselves on being puerile and asinine and whisper proudly that "it is the boy in them" coming out? She wonders why they do not drown this boy who makes them look funny too often to be funny. Passing into her early twenties she finds the twenty-one, two, three and so on counterparts of her Harold Teen boy friends even giddier, sillier, but wiser, with a rather dreadful wisdom. In accents sombre and freighted with significance they assure her that they know women. How many of them tell her fondly that she is just a transparent little girl, a foolish little girl, but a dear little girl! She may grit her teeth, and wrinkle her brows in a vain rage at their stupidity. Still they smile and indulge the "funny little kitten." Is it a case of the kettle smudging the pot? Are the men silly because girls "play up" to them or would they be silly anyhow?

There is the amusing type of college hard drinker, the boy who fancies himself what used to be called in the penny-awfuls a lady-killer. You can almost hear the swish of the Rudolph Rassendyl whiskers. He struts a roué's manners and clothes and talks through the side of his mouth like a very rake, but neither manners nor feathers will fit. Back of the mask he is the little boy who must be in for an eight-ten class next morning or take his final cut and risk a summons from the dean.

Perhaps it is no accident that woman is the most chameleon-like of God's creatures. She takes her cue from her surroundings, her clothes and her man, and the greatest of these is her man. There are unsounded depths to her that can be called into being only by one "Open, Sesame!" — the voice of the right man. In this day and age the old fallacy that for every woman there is but one right man is as outmoded as the horse-car. There are at least a hundred more or less right men, but luckily or not most women meet only one of these, if any.

FAILING in her search for a man of her age as ready for the kaleidoscopic circus as she is, woman has three courses open to her. She can wait for the boy to grow up, as no doubt sometime he will, marry a man older than herself, or take the amorphous clay which is at hand and build around it a perfectly satisfactory edifice with her ideals. If the latter, she must fool her manageable mind into believing that he is what she wants him to be, even when he flagrantly goes contrary to the idea she has of him. Whenever you see a girl behaving like an idiot, not exactly spouting baby talk but looking as if she'd like to, taking her whiskey straight and plentifully, look for the man. She is making a desperate effort to ignore her idol's feet of clay and live down to him. If he hasn't the mental ability to climb to her level, she will do a little tap-dance down to his, and if she makes the path a little pleasanter by waxing it with alcohol, why not?

THE first course is harder. Waiting for someone to grow up to you is distressing when you're young, vital and full of unfulfilled hopes and dreams of life. Samson, given Time and a few insidious examples, eventually may cut his curly locks to please his dear foolish Delilah, but the Delilahs of today, like their ancient sister, have no patience. They dislike marking time. The generation which is ahead of theirs, midway between the generation which had no education to speak of and the generation which has too much, appears to be the answer to the problem. She finds these older men sympathetic when the younger man would stare and poke fun; she finds herself able to make her most secret hopes and sometimes illogical plans real and interesting without fear of ridicule or disparagement. The younger man sneers when she talks seriously, so she takes her somewhat bruised brain children to a gentler, more appreciative audience. More and more the girl of today finds herself forced to turn to older men for congenial companionship, a common mental outlook and — since propinquity has lost none of its old effectiveness — for husbands.

Since the old biological law has not been repealed, young women still marry young men. Sometimes it is by a species of accident, more often because social pressure still compels young people into matrimony with each other. One is expected to marry some one or other. But this does not change the unhappiness of the grown-up young woman in the presence of many half-grown young men. Those beflowered church and caterer affairs where mother cries happily at the wedding may have been made in heaven, but they are likely to go to hell.

What the young woman of today wants is not the new freedom in a 1931 version. Most women deep in their hearts care nothing for such freedom and many of them look regretfully on the old days when a woman was just a woman and not breadwinner, bread maker and housekeeper combined. She needs what women have needed since the dawn of time — she needs a man. Under the present habits of society and the so-called higher civilization it is a demonstrable fact that she has difficulty in finding one among the trousered bipeds of her acquaintance. She may find the makings of a man, but she may not care to assume so much responsibility. Most of all she needs to be delivered from her "boy friends," God bless 'em. They may aim to please, but they fail to satisfy.

One of the Twelve

By Catherine Parmenter

From deeper depths his soul might shrink, and yet
What hell could be more terrible than this?
Thirty dull coins . . . the memory of a kiss . . .
The cross-crowned height . . . oh, to forget — forget!
Slowly the tortured hours pressed on. And dark
And bitter were the sorrowings of earth.
But out of agony there leaped new birth —
And out of fire the penitential spark!
So, at the last, even he discerned the Way . . .
"Friend . . ." and that low, belovéd Voice was heard
Once more — and once again that simple word
Breathed the old joy of those first days which they
Had shared. . . . The unforgivable forgiven:
Judas Iscariot entered into heaven.

Shall We Pan the Ladies?

By Wolcott Gibbs

From Man to Man

Since I was sixteen I have been bored to insanity with articles about the Modern Young Woman, who, it develops, is an enigma, a clear-eyed rebel against something or other, an alcoholic with no morals worth mentioning, a girl very like my grandmother, only brighter, and a lot of other things I am far too tired to remember. I have attributed most of this appalling nonsense to the fact that authors have to write to eat, and that it is a lot easier to write about young women than, say, centrifugal pumps which after all really do require a vague, rudimentary culture.

Beyond my perplexity about what keeps their evening dresses up without shoulder straps, young women are about as enigmatic to me as the writings of Mr. Coolidge and very nearly as dull; and I have never seen them in clear-eyed rebellion against anything, except possibly on those occasions when I have suggested taking them to a place rather less gaudy than the one they had in mind. Nor do I know much about their attitude toward alcohol beyond the fact that they seem to prefer highly-colored, sticky things, the simple sight of which brings me a faint persistent nausea. I know nothing at all about their morals in contradistinction to those of any other period, except that they seem to talk about them more, and I detect no resemblance whatever to my grandmother, a simple, industrious woman with a passion for canaries. Altogether it seems to me that it is impossible to generalize about the Modern Girl, particularly for a man of my somewhat cloistered temper. Now I'll go ahead.

Of course the outstanding, the characteristic thing about young women these days is that they are completely ruthless. In a phrase which is having its vogue in taxi-driving circles, they would bite off your ear as soon as look at you. More and more often does a young man find himself waiting at the church, in the lobby of the Ritz-Carlton, or on windy and inglorious street corners, because a lady has received a subsequent and more promising invitation and hasn't bothered to tell him about it. Gentlemen in offices are involved in a perpetual guerilla warfare with cold-eyed damsels who would like to appropriate their jobs and will stop at nothing short of putting arsenic in the water-cooler to get them. In fact it is providential if they stop at that since their regard for the law, a man-made instrument, is compounded equally of contempt and hilarity. Always, of course, there is the young woman gambler who is ready, no, avid, to collect her winnings, but exhibits only a hurt surprise if any mention is made of her losses. As a totally ineligible bachelor with nothing whatever to lose, I find this both charming and amusing. I have only respectful admiration for the completely and successfully unscrupulous.

GENERALLY, I suppose, the span of my life parallels the period during which women have become an economic factor, or menace. As a child I recall vaguely that certain women of acceptable social status opened and operated little shops in which they sold such things as hats for rather too much money. It seems to me that this was generally regarded as pleasantly eccentric on their part, but certainly it was never thought of as having any particular financial significance, never definitely as a trend. At first the ladies quietly lost a little money, and then went back home where they belonged. Gradually, however, the thing grew. Two or three unpleasant creatures were actually known to be successful and their example drew others, more executive than charming, into the field. Here and there ladies, tremblingly aware of what went on in offices after business hours, apprenticed themselves to only slightly less alarmed merchants who for social reasons couldn't refuse to take them. Curiously enough, it turned out that they were only a little more incompetent than the males and considerably cheaper, and the practice spread. All this time, of course, there was no feeling that women could ever supersede men in executive capacities. There was something about the female mind which made her incapable of any except the most rudimentary decisions, while obviously it was unthinkable that she should supervise the efforts of others, of men especially.

THEN, suddenly, a new generation appeared. It seemed that these children had been to college where they had absorbed a great deal of dubious information about sex equality — fundamentally women were as brave, as bright, as strong as men, and they meant to do something about it. Amid a vast amount of applause, ill-will and general confusion, these infants charged down upon the city, both socially and professionally. They had, of course, an instant advantage, because men in their security had adjusted their businesses to a gentle, almost continental rhythm. You worked no harder than you had to to get your job done, and there was no especial premium on the mere appearance of efficiency. A man who knew his job could keep his papers in a birdcage and go home at noon if he wanted to, and nobody cared. Then the infants, with a feline pounce, appeared and the men were caught napping. Before they knew what had happened they were involved in a deluge of new and insanely complicated "business systems" which made it totally impossible to keep track of anything for more than ten minutes. Since the ladies were the only people who understood these stupefying contraptions, they soon became indispensable, and in many cases actually succeeded in usurping important positions. Woman had triumphed.

All this, of course, was very admirable and entertaining. The only drawback was the attitude they instantly developed toward their victims and indeed toward life in general. It is a historical fact that only the established conqueror is capable of mercy or even repose; your new dictator is harsh, arrogant and a little uneasy under his laurels. The ladies, God knows, had learned efficiency, but they hadn't quite overcome the old feeling of inferiority, of economic insecurity. Business was still a battle to the death, with nothing barred, and every office became an armed camp. Leisure and tolerance gave way to a feverish and bogus activity. Even when a man had nothing to do it was vital that he sit at his desk writing dummy letters to imaginary clients or else adding up long columns of entirely meaningless figures. If he didn't, it would suddenly be discovered that his job was not essential and it would be combined with two or three others of the same description and given to a young lady who would think nothing of working twenty hours a day to get it done. Actually this wasn't so bad — although curiously enough it had no especial effect on American business — the real trouble lay in the effect business had on the ladies themselves. Men, of course, had been working for years, and were able in a sense to take things in their stride. That is, the average executive was not particularly impressed by his ability to dictate an intelligible letter about a shipment of nails. He could even forget about it after office hours. Ladies, however, who were doing these things for the first time, were overcome with a warm, pleased, and always voluble surprise at their own cleverness, and talked about it endlessly, both in and out of the office. Polite conversation was substantially ruined by young women who wished to tell you precisely what they'd said to the man who tried to sell them a carload of broken eggs. For a time it even seemed as if love-making would have to be abandoned, what with all the talk about invoices and bills of lading. This fortunately didn't come about, but it is lamentably true that in almost any professional gathering, the men are infinitely more entertaining than the women, solely because they are without their driving competitive instinct and occasionally find time to read something not directly connected with their work.

Another disastrous manifestation is also traceable to woman's persistent anxiety about her professional success. First-rate women have suddenly begun to marry altogether second-rate men, partly because it is imperative that they have some release from the incessant competition of the office, but mostly because the habit of dominance, like all other habits, isn't static, and extends inevitably from the professional to the social and domestic. Contrary to what Miss Thompson has said in an article somewhere adjoining this one, the ladies had no desire for someone to lean on. What they actually wanted was someone to step on, an unquestioned supremacy at home as well as in the office. They are, I am pleased to report, getting it.

THIS brings me somewhat deviously to the effect of emancipation on that steadily dwindling group of ladies who don't work at all. Here naturally the change was more gradual, but no less cataclysmic. These maidens were exempted from the sense of having to be continually on the offensive which comes with office work, but they had been to college and they knew that they were in every way as free and competent as men. They also knew that it was necessary to assert this freedom, this competence, and they did.

First of all there was the new physical equality, and a great many young ladies took to athletics, developing their biceps almost as fast as they decreased their charm, winning golf games as rapidly as they lost suitors. I am aware that there is a Victorian, almost an Old World touch about this paragraph, and that ladies who swim in next to nothing are said to be better off inside than those who waltzed in corsets. In my Victorian way, I can only say that I am not amused by women who could easily snap off one of my wrists if the idea got into their heads, and I might add that this delicate monograph quite properly is not concerned with the interior workings of its subjects. I know, however, that I do not approve of brown and lumpy young women, and furthermore I don't believe anybody else does.

The new sexual freedom is perhaps the most painful subject I shall have to discuss; not, Heaven knows, because I believe there has been any change in the actual habits of the young since the Ptolemies — sex itself, of course, is a constant — but because of the unutterable boredom I have endured through the new freedom of speech. If it fascinates the modern girl to know that she can write a comprehensible letter, she is completely enraptured to hear herself discoursing publicly on topics hitherto monopolized by males. Purely because she is saying them for the first time in mixed company, the most trivial physiological details take on an almost unbearable glamour, and they permanently exclude every other idea in the world from her consideration. As a friend of mine observed the other day, one really gets the idea that the preposterous infants invented sex. As a matter of fact, in my occasional tête-à-têtes with young women in the last few years I have heard little else discussed, until at the moment nothing bores me quite so much as a detailed description of an accouchement by the protagonist. They are all very much the same, and to me at least appear to lack that quality of suspense without which any extended narrative grows wearing.

THIS obsession also extends to their reading which, from the literary discussions I hear, seems to be entirely limited to erotica. To such an extent, indeed, that I wonder how publishers are able to dispose of books on any other subject.

Writing on so technical a subject as this new girl's appearance, I am likely to be accused of flippancy, but it seems to me that here a deliberate effort is being made to subjugate the male, to put him in his place, by frightening him to death. Hats in this unfortunate year sit far back on their wearers' heads, disclosing foreheads curiously like white and bulbous tombstones. Scarlet lips and great fringed eyes stare out of faces as pallid as plumbing fixtures. Long red fingernails seem to threaten the startled young man's throat as they reach across the table for another of his cigarettes. Altogether the effect is unpleasantly mortuary and, hard as it is to believe, probably intentionally so.

In this stratum the young woman's attitude toward men is almost precisely what it is among the office-workers. There is, of course, no compulsion to outstrip him in business, and her physical limitations, temporarily at least, make it impossible for her to excel him in sports, but there is the same overpowering necessity to make him conscious of her equality. Since, as I have said, there is no direct basis of comparison, she can only achieve her own glorification by humiliating him. Sometimes this manifests itself in what has come to be known as gold-digging; she persuades him to spend more than he can afford, thus making him apprehensive and, by extension, inferior. (She never, of course, pays for anything herself, and develops an instant and permanent amnesia the moment she borrows from him.) Usually, however, she adopts more direct means — she breaks engagements, purposely involves him in embarrassing situations, belittles his accomplishments and appearance publicly, and generally does everything she can to make his life insupportable.

Finally she still insists on the privileges and courtesies which were once a tribute to her innocence, her beauty, her frailty, although it is apparently her passionate aim to escape being charged with any of these qualities. This last manifestation of the new spirit has puzzled me from time to time, and I can only conclude that it is for the purpose of confusing her victim — softening him, so to speak, for further punishment.

There is, as far as I know, no remedy for this situation. None, that is, except time. Chivalry is one of the sturdiest, most deep-rooted of our instincts, but in a couple of hundred years it is possible that we may have eliminated it and can again enter the battle on something like even terms. Even instincts can be eradicated. Women, God knows, have managed to get over being feminine.

Our Empire

By O. R. Strackbein

The Haphazard Nature of Our Insular Government

It has been written that a recent President of the United States was surprised one day on being informed that a vacancy existed in the Governorship of Samoa. He was told that it was one of his numerous functions to appoint a head of the far-away island. His surprise confessed itself unabashedly. He did not know that Samoa was governed by an American appointee; but in due time the island was provided with a new executive.

This incident was no exaggerated exception proving the rule of conscientious colonial administration by the United States. Rather, it reflected the haphazard nature of our insular governance; and the frank confession of ignorance was but a counterpart of our national apathy toward the territories and peoples which form our "empire." How many good Americans know that we own Navassa, or where it is? And what of Little Corn, Quita Sueño and Swan Island? On the other hand, not a few are those who believe that Cuba belongs to us! To ask ninety-nine per cent of our people what is the population of our possessions, would swiftly relegate one to a class of merely academic geographers.

The fact is that we are not interested in our insular possessions. We all have heard of the question of Philippine independence, but what are the Philippines? We are amazed to learn that they consist of more than six thousand islands with a population of approximately 12,000,000 people, and that their annual import and export trade reaches nearly $300,000,000. And many of us think that Manila is in the West Indies! How many know that Porto Rico, with an area of only 3,435 square miles, has a population of approximately 1,300,000 people? That Hawaii with 6,449 square miles has 330,000 inhabitants, while Alaska with 590,000 square miles has only 55,000 people?

The haphazard character of our colonial or insular administration should therefore be a matter of no surprise. We have no centralized administrative office governing our possessions. The War Department through its Bureau of Insular Affairs governs Porto Rico and the Philippines; the Navy Department governs American Samoa and Guam, and until recently governed the Virgin Islands; while the Interior Department has a hand in the government of Hawaii and Alaska, and lately replaced the Navy in the Virgin Island group by Presidential order. The President in conjunction with the Senate, on the other hand, appoints the Governors. Perhaps too many cooks do not always spoil the broth; but our usual managerial efficiency must be richly versatile indeed, if it can survive such division of responsibility and want of coordination.

ADDED to our indifference and want of coördination — to make doubly sure that our colonial administration should be disjointed and loose — we have seldom taken into consideration fitness for office, experience in insular affairs, adaptability of temperament, knowledge of native languages, etc., in our gubernatorial appointments. We have been inclined to make of our island holdings retreats or reservations for "lame ducks." Only recently an appointment to the Philippine Vice-Governorship was withdrawn because of a storm of protests from the Islands against the man who had been named. The ability of the appointee was not questioned; but it was known that he had certain crystalized ideas about the status of the Islands which would have rendered his presence a source of inevitable friction. In his place Mr. Hoover appointed a man who differs from most of his forerunners and colleagues by virtue of his experience, former residence and training. He served as Attorney-General of Porto Rico for a period of three years, speaks a fluent Spanish, and by remote chance studied colonial administration years ago in Heidelberg. Whether his appointment was an accident or is indicative of growing thoughtfulness, perhaps only Mr. Hoover could answer.

A further source of weakness of our present system of insular administration lies in the lack of a career service. If an appointee is a successful insular executive and willing to devote his life or a number of years to the work, his outlook is most discouraging. The field offers no security, no certain reward and, because of division of responsibility among three departments, little possibility of being advanced, say, from Samoa to Porto Rico and from Porto Rico to the Philippines. Furthermore, an appointee serving as Vice-Governor ever so efficiently can seldom feel that he will be rewarded with the Governorship. This follows from the political nature of the appointments.

THE loss in efficiency from this lack of continuity is too obvious to require explanation. While our insular possessions are limited in number, and while the number of posts which can be filled is small, the field is nevertheless broad enough, and the consideration of sufficient weight, to justify the establishment of a career service similar to that of our diplomatic and consular services. Furthermore, while the qualifications required for the diplomatic service differ in many respects from those needed for executive insular posts, there is enough common ground to suggest a combination and interchangeability between the two. In this day of specialization the United States might gain much and lose little by introducing greater possibility of specialization into our insular administration. Diplomatic experience in Latin America, for example, could be intelligently utilized in the administration of our possessions which use Spanish as a native language; and executive experience in our possessions would be of value in our diplomatic service. Why a Governor of Hawaii, for example, or of the Philippines, should be a man who has not devoted one day to foreign service, when we have available a number of men with years of foreign experience who are otherwise as well qualified as the rank outsiders, is a question that has not been properly answered.

THAT the weaknesses of our present system have not escaped the attention of our public officials is reflected by the introduction of a Joint Resolution into the Senate in December, 1927, by Senator Hiram Bingham, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs, to establish a joint Congressional Commission for the study of our insular administration. It was to determine (1) the advisability of placing all insular administration, supervision and direction under one bureau or department of the Government; (2) the necessary and advisable transfers of executive functions to such bureau or department; and (3) a plan of organization for such bureau or department.

This resolution was passed and a joint commission was appointed. On January 15, 1930, it duly recommended legislation which would delegate to the President full authority to effect coördination of activities and agencies having charge of affairs in our insular possessions. To carry out this recommendation another resolution was submitted. At the present time the latter is at rest in that state of coma referred to as "pigeon-holed." Resolutions and bills, like men, often succumb to coma. In legislative procedure, however, the quiescent state often indicates simply that powerful opposition has been encountered *en route*. In this instance the opposition was largely departmental or bureaucratic.

The Senatorial Commission requested information and recommendations from both the Department of War and the Navy Department. The War Department replied by means of a well-prepared and studied argument. Because of its exhaustive treatment of the subject we shall give its reply our first attention. It reviewed the record of insular administration established by itself since its advent into the field after 1898; and answered the three usual proposals which have been advanced from time to time to bring about a more "logical" and efficient administration:

FIRST, that the civil affairs of all the non-contiguous territories of the United States should be placed under the supervision of a single departmental bureau; second, that this bureau should pertain to one of the civil executive departments instead of a military one; third, that the supervision should be assigned to an independent bureau reporting directly to the President.

The first proposal the reply admits to be "logical" — "at first glance." It would reduce the number of agencies at present involved; would conserve experience, and provide one "easily identified office" responsible for our insular administration. President Roosevelt is even quoted as having recommended the gathering under one head of our insular administration, preferably the Department of State or the War Department. "It is a mistake," he is quoted further as saying after visiting Porto Rico in 1906, "not so to arrange our handling of these islands at Washington as to be able to take advantage of the experience gained in one when dealing with the problems that from time to time arise in another."

After further review, the War Department concludes that the "underlying principle upon which proposition (1) is based" is administratively sound; but it "fails to take into due account both the fact that economy and convenience of administration are subject to certain necessary limitations incident to the even more vital considerations affecting national defense." It is next concluded that transfer of supervision from the War Department to a civil executive department, as proposal number two suggests, would introduce an inevitable delay in action in the event of "an emergency resulting from either external or internal menace." While this is said with reference to the Philippines, the consideration would be applicable to other possessions. The implication is that by being at the helm at all times, the War Department could act swiftly and decisively in an emergency, while if a civil department were in control, action would be delayed. It is further contended that the record made by the Department in Porto Rico and the Philippines entitles it to continued exercise of its administrative function. Supervision over our possessions by the Department of State has not been advocated by any Secretary of State, "in so far as known," the reply states, and it adds that this silence may well be explained by due consideration by the Secretaries of State of the purpose of the State Department, the training of its personnel, and its lack of certain facilities possessed by the War Department for the efficient supervision it has given.

Proposal number three which would provide an independent bureau reporting directly to the President, is held to be "inherently unsound." The bureau head would have to be given the rank of a Cabinet officer in order to report properly to the President and Congress; and such rank the War Department does not believe justified.

After thus disposing of the various proposals, the opinion is given that the War Department is "best adapted, in general, for the exercise over our insular possessions, of the type of supervision needed by them," and that the most suitable bureau for this work is the Bureau of Insular Affairs. Among the reasons advanced for this conclusion are the existence of an experienced personnel in the War Department, considerations of national defense, previous transfer of Porto Rico to civil supervision and its restoration to the War Department, no resulting economy through transfer, and legal review of insular legislation and its possible modification in consequence of a change in supervision.

Before inquiring into the merits of this reply of the War Department to Senator Bingham, a brief review of the Navy Department's reply will further emphasize the difficulty of dislodging Governmental agencies from their entrenchments. President Hoover in an early message to Congress expressed himself as follows on the subject of departmental reorganization: "This subject has been under consideration for over twenty years. . . . It has been repeatedly examined by committees and commissions — Congressional, Executive, and voluntary. The conclusions . . . have been unanimous that reorganization is a necessity of sound administration; of economy; of more effective governmental policies. . . . It seems to me that the essential principles of reorganization are two in number. First, all administrative activities of the same major purpose should be placed in groups under single-headed responsibility; second, all executive and administrative functions should be placed under individual responsibility. . . .

". . . . I can see no hope for a sound reorganization of the Government unless Congress be willing to delegate its authority over the problem to the Executive. . . ."

IN SEEKING to follow this recommendation, the Joint Commission on Insular Reorganization is purposing to grant to the Executive full authority, thus removing all doubt of his full executive prerogative. The War Department's reply we have already reviewed. The Navy Department said very briefly that it had "no recommendation to make as to the best way to effect a consolidation of activities having to do with supervision and direction of matters pertaining to our insular possessions." It did, however, express opposition to the proposed change by saying that "because of the peculiar situation of the islands being chiefly of use to the United States as naval bases (Samoa, Guam and the Virgin Islands), there has been no demand or any reason for consolidating them under any other bureau. They are operated economically in their present form of administration. It is believed that neither the government of the islands nor economy would be improved by transfer of the islands from the Navy Department, the office of administration now designated by the President."

NOW, the question, of course, is not whether the Navy Department has performed its mission efficiently; nor does the fact of the President's designation of that department for government of the islands answer the Senate's query. The question is broader than that. The Secretary of the Navy in making his reply was thinking from within the present system instead of appraising the system itself. In doing so he reacted after the manner of a true bureaucrat who sees his dominions menaced and, in loyalty to the men under him, rises to their defense. That is why departmental reorganization, however desirable, is so difficult a task. Public officials too easily fall prey to the fallacy that they own the offices which they administer.

The reply of the War Department is not open to the same attack but is nevertheless vulnerable in other respects. It places first and foremost the consideration of national defense. This need not offer a surprise, for it is the business of the War Department to see all questions through the eyes of military need. What the paper failed to show was how and wherein military operations would be crippled by a civil administration of our possessions. Certainly, the men who are at present engaged in the administrative work, simply because of their military status, would not be converted into fighters in the event of an emergency. The Army does not operate in that manner. It has its fighting and non-combatant departments. The machinery which is in use for civil administration of the islands, is not fighting machinery. And just as certainly, the presence of purely civil administrators and employees would not obstruct the United States in an emergency. The War Department does not have to govern the Philippines in order to act without delay when it is properly and legally called on to do so.

When the War Department finds that the Bureau of Insular Affairs should be the single agency for insular administration which is being sought, it points to its record in Porto Rico and the Philippines, and sees no reason for a change since no one else has done better than that Bureau. Obviously, this point is not acceptable in support of continuation, since in the Philippines we have had no other agency, and therefore no other record for comparison. While in the case of Porto Rico a civil department was relieved of its function after several years of administration and the reins replaced in the hands of the War Department, that fact does not prove that a properly organized civil bureau would result in administrative failure. The previous transfer of supervision from the War Department was effected without making proper provision for civil administration.

But the consideration which the War Department overlooks entirely and which is one which goes to the very root of colonial administration, is that of colonial feeling. It is the whole question of popular opposition to military government. While the War Department could hardly be looked to for preference of civil over military government, such preference does exist wherever one people is governed by another. We live at the present time in a condition of enlightened civilization under which it might be expected that, contrary to England's policy in the Eighteenth Century, we take into consideration the sentiment of our "colonies" in determining the class of our rule over them. The utter absence of such an inclination in the replies from both the War and Navy Departments lends color to the suspicion that the character of our military administration in Porto Rico and the Philippines justifies the independence sentiment found there. Military and naval governments have never been noted for their adaptability to liberal policy; and it is not, indeed, in their nature to consider sentiment. Orders are made to be carried out, and government based on such a principle can be neither flexible nor liberal.

What our colonial administration lacks and what it needs is not military direction and military inflexibility, but men who are equipped to give liberal and wise guidance in self-government. This requires that the administrators be men of wide experience and liberal education, intimately acquainted with the customs and aspirations of those whom they are sent to govern. It means that they must be directed from within the United States by men of similar attainments and not by those who through training and consequent outlook are out of sympathy with the objectives mentioned. Whether we shall retain our possessions or release them to autonomy or freedom makes no difference to their claim to intelligent and decent treatment from us.

The considerations which lead the War Department to oppose transfer of supervision to a civil executive bureau are therefore not interpretable as sound or substantial obstacles. The question which remains is consequently the practical one of actual transfer to a civil bureau; and this should present no great problem to men who have had experience in organizing not only bureaus but whole departments. The American mind is not so deficient in organizing ability that it can not readily effect a transfer of bureaucratic responsibility without loss of efficiency. The present Chief Executive has exceptional capacity in that direction; and we have the Bureau of Efficiency which is especially charged with the function of organizing governmental offices and agencies.

The general functions of the Bureau of Insular Affairs are described by the War Department, as follows: ". . . all matters pertaining to civil government in . . . the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. The Bureau is also the repository of the civil records of the government of occupation of Cuba (January 1, 1899 to May, 1904) and has assigned to it matters pertaining to the provisional government of Cuba (September 29, 1906, to January 28, 1909). It is charged with the purchase and shipment of supplies for the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico; makes appointments of persons in the United States to the civil service of (those islands). It gathers statistics of insular imports and exports, shipping and immigration. . . . Briefly, the Bureau looks after the interests of the (islands) in the United States and is their representative before the executive departments and the public here. It makes studies of questions relating to financial matters, tariffs, navigation, land laws, etc.; also of commercial and industrial possibilities, as applied to those islands, and makes such recommendations as may be necessary."

Such functions would not ordinarily be thought of as military in character.

"The Bureau has participated in the preparation of all important acts affecting the insular governments. Many of the acts have been drawn in the Bureau," the Chief of the Bureau reported in 1926.

The Bureau's personnel consists of three army officers, the chief being of the rank of Brigadier-General; and forty-three civilians. No great inconvenience should be involved in transferring such an organization to a civil department. Yet the difference in the nature of supervision which would result might be decisive, embodying, as it would, the difference between civilian and military minds, civilian and military policy. Under the one bureau the administrative supervision of all our possessions might be concentrated, making possible a career service, the utilization of experience as Roosevelt suggested, proper reward of efficient Governors and assistants, and elimination of the present loose and disjointed characteristics of our administration. Automatically such reorganization and the greater consequent attention given to gubernatorial appointments, would be reflected in an administration more uniformly acceptable and palatable to the possessions, and more conducive to their progress and welfare than our present system.

President Hoover's view of the question was partially revealed when he recently announced the transfer of the Virgin Islands from the supervision of the Navy Department to the Department of Interior. This step, if considered in relation to the Executive Orders of May 11, 1907, and May 25, 1909, by which Porto Rico was transferred and retransferred by Presidential fiat from one Department to another, supports the opinion that the Executive requires no further delegation of authority from Congress to reorganize our insular administration.

Perhaps it is the initial step of ultimate consolidation of total insular administration; on the other hand, the transfer may have been made without reference to future action. Of these possibilities the first is more consonant with apparent Executive policy, but does not bespeak a comprehensive study of the programme of reorganization as a whole. It gives evidence, rather, of a timid experiment which may well lead to failure of the whole proposal of unified administration. A half-hearted and partial programme will but repeat the unsavory experience of the transfer of Porto Rico to civil administration and later restoration to the War Department; and lead, in consequence, to further disadvantageous comparison of civil with military and naval administration.

Only if the transfer may be regarded as the first of a series of transfers following comprehensive plans already laid, is it in harmony with the common desideratum. It would mean a civil administration under the Interior Department built around the existing nucleus of its supervision over Hawaii and certain phases of Alaskan government. It would not, however, guarantee the creation of a "career service," nor of itself remove the bane of political appointments to gubernatorial chairs. It would also leave untapped the foreign experience on hand in the State Department, except by possible special arrangement. To correct these deficiencies a number of specific adaptions would be required, some of which would apparently not lie within the compass of additional Executive orders.

Shocking Difficulties

By Louise Maunsell Field

Thrills In The Discard

It is entirely probable that few of the vast army of present-day publicity promoters have ever so much as heard of their Eighteenth Century brother, Mr. Puff. Yet it was that most amusing of all the many amusing characters in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's brilliant play, *The Critic*, who declared that the two strongest inducements that could possibly be offered to tempt the public to buy a book were, first, that everyone was reading it, and second, that it was so shocking no one ought to read it. To the still extant influence of the first inducement, the Literary Guild, the Book-of-the-Month Club and all the rest bear sufficiently convincing testimony; on the drawing power of the second, publishers and theatrical managers, preachers and press agents, publicity seekers of all kinds and every imaginable description, have long been accustomed to depend. And the great, the stupendous disaster which has befallen all these is that the once reliable magnet is today little better than a lump of putty. Shocking the public was once an easy and an almost certain source of revenue. Few have the power to be really witty, eloquent, original or forceful; but there was a time when almost anyone who tried hard enough and really gave his whole mind to it could succeed in being improper, and therefore shocking; today, what was once facile has become a feat so difficult as to demand positive genius.

Consider, if you will, how very little trouble it was to produce a sensation fifty years or so ago! How comparatively simple to stir up a whole lot of excitement, ten years ago, or even less! Our grandfathers and grandmothers, even our fathers and mothers, lived lives that were just one thrill after another, packed with the excitement which we hunt persistently, and usually fail to find. It was once possible for *The Terrible Siren*, Victoria Woodhull, to produce a near riot by denouncing marriage, and declaring that love without matrimony was preferable to matrimony with or without love. George Bernard Shaw could cause chills of delicious horror to run up and down the spines of those "advanced" enough to read his plays, by asserting that family affection was all bunk and family hatred a very present fact, while the famous "shawl speech" of *Candida* was mentioned with bated breath. How exciting they must have been, those dear old days when thin ice was everywhere, when any ambitious clergyman could attain the front page of Monday morning's newspaper by a few well-chosen remarks concerning Jonah and the whale, when men lined up beside the Flatiron Building on breezy days to look at the ankles revealed by wind-tossed skirts, and so-called problem plays like *Iris*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and *The Gay Lord Quex* were denounced by press and pulpit as destructive of morals and hideous proofs of the deplorable corruption of the age! When *Jude the Obscure* was nicknamed *Jude the Obscene*, and *Three Weeks* regarded as the very last word in daring!

But it isn't necessary to go back as far as even the most recent of these for a time when any novelist or preacher, playwright or producer, who earnestly and fervently applied himself to the endeavor, could be reasonably sure of shocking his audience. Only a decade ago the way was still open, and comparatively obvious. Prohibition had just aroused a new, more ardent interest in drinking, and F. Scott Fitzgerald's tales of bibulous parties whence guests retired to be sick in the bathroom were accounted quite startling; today, the recounting of such incidents is expected, and produces only weariness. The nymphomaniac heroine of *The Green Hat* was another much imitated source of excitement for a while, arousing a curiosity that brought popularity to a rather dull and tawdry novel. *Rain*, interesting, well-acted, intelligent play though it was, owed at least half its success to the fact that the fall of the inordinately pious missionary profoundly horrified many estimable people. These truly virtuous souls immediately told all their dear and no less virtuous friends how perfectly terrible a play *Rain* was, whereupon those dear friends hastened to buy tickets, that they might judge its immorality for themselves, and tell everyone they met how deplorably wicked and completely corrupt the stage had become. A little later, the petting parties of the much discussed younger generation proved a perfect godsend to the would-be shock producers, especially to those whose chosen rôle it was to edify the spotless by describing the ways of the dissolute in the minutest possible detail, while shortly afterwards war books of a "now-it-can-be-told" variety other than that implied by Sir Philip Gibbs fairly luxuriated in long and frequent accounts of certain physical functions, literally quite naked and unashamed.

Sex of course has always been the shocking standby. At one time, the syllable itself was enough to produce a sensation. Then, as people grew used to the sound of the formerly alarming word, it became necessary to go further; and further; and further still. The development from the very mild situation for whose introduction Thackeray once thought it necessary to apologize to the much vaunted frankness of today, can be easily traced. But presently the end was reached. Impossible to go further, since there was nowhere further to go. Everything sayable had been said, not once but many times; everything describable described. Normal sex relations having thus been exploited to the very limit, abnormal ones were the next resort. *The Well of Loneliness* and *Dusty Answer* proved profitably horrifying, whereupon authors who had apparently but just discovered that such unfortunate beings as homosexuals existed, dragged them into their books, imagining, no doubt, that they were thereby demonstrating their own complete sophistication, and administering the largest possible amount of shock to their readers.

All this in the past, distant and not-so-distant. But today, what are the poor, hard working, conscientious immoralists to do? Such places as Dayton, Tenn., may perhaps still be horrified with ease, but their playgoing, book-buying public can not honestly be called extensive. In Boston, the Watch and Ward Society still struggles gamely to maintain a state of shockability, actually banning books it deems improper. Lists of these banned books are occasionally issued, to the immense satisfaction of their authors and publishers. Only a year or two ago, a very clever young novelist complained bitterly to me about one of these lists, not because his new book was on it, but because it wasn't, and he regarded the omission as obviously unfair. Nor is it long since Boston barred *Strange Interlude*, with excellent results — from the box-office standpoint. But though here in New York itself there actually exist not only individuals but groups of individuals who occasionally avow themselves shocked by some play or novel, the general public pays small attention to them. Even the intervention of the police can no longer save a dull play or a stupid book for more than a very little while.

The plight of those who have to depend for their success upon arousing public interest has thus become truly pitiable. A preacher, unless he is already a person of some considerable importance, can not hope to achieve the front page by denying God and immortality, much less Jonah and the whale. A lecturer may find marriage all to the bad without startling his audience one little bit. Indissoluble marriage, companionate marriage (and think what a stir the suggestion of that made, only a very few years ago!), no marriage at all; again, who is uninstructed enough to become really excited over the advocacy of any one of them? We've heard the arguments and attacks much too often. Sensationalism can no longer insure success, because nothing is really sensational any more.

The predicament of the producers is particularly grave. For a while, some of these were cheered by the brilliant innovation of separating stockings and the chorus; rarely indeed do economy and publicity go thus sweetly hand in hand. Today, the revues have to meet more than the competition of the bathing beaches. At a certain very quiet little country place, this past summer, the younger set put on an amateur show. Girls from the cottage colony danced on an improvised stage in swimming suits of the scantiest possible description, and then proceeded to perform other evolutions in costumes which would once have been deemed fit only for burlesque. As one middle-aged gentleman remarked, a few years ago such a show would unquestionably have been raided by the police. But he said it quite calmly. He wasn't at all horrified; he was merely making mild comment, as an interested spectator of changing manners and customs. The fathers and mothers, the sisters and brothers and cousins and aunts of the performers, middle-class people of the ultra-respectable sort, every one of them, beamed and applauded, as placid and as undisturbed as if they had been so many members of the intelligentsia, or the smart set. What would once have provided discussion, denunciation, chills and thrills for the remainder of the season, was rather less exciting than an old-fashioned tableau of the Lily Maid of Astolat.

MODERN life affords few spectacles more pathetic than the way those inveterate conservatives and optimists, the publishers and theatrical producers, cling to the formulæ which once spelled success. Books are still being advertised as "frank," "daring," and "sensational." Last season, play after play was produced for no other apparent reason than a vain hope that its coarseness and vulgarity might prove extreme enough to shock the audience. Instead, the audience yawned wearily, its only sensation one of profound indignation at being thus bored. Why, its members asked, should anyone expect them to be entertained by that old stuff? And they forthwith stayed away in droves. Where a single "Damn!" was once delightfully piquant, a whole flood of profanity failed to excite a ripple of interest; bedroom scenes suggested only fatigue, and adultery, on the stage at least, seemed stupidly conventional, a mere matter of course. Sex punch, in fact, proved quite unable to produce a knockout, until some of the learned turned back a couple of thousand years or more, and in *Lysistrata* found the shocking reward that had seemed almost unattainable, even with the help of the police. And at that it may be remembered that Aristophanes has for some time been reputed a dramatist whose lewdness is not his sole and solitary claim to attention.

AS FOR the novelists, their plight is if anything more pathetic, more desperate than that of the dramatists, since they must perforce depend on descriptions alone, where the dramatist may have illustrations with, so to speak, living models. Once upon a time, successful novel after successful novel turned upon the useful triangle; now Paris, Reno and Mexico have made triangle situations seem rather ridiculous. Another favorite theme was that euphuistically called "the wages of sin." When the heroine lost her virtue she shed tears by the quart and took to suicide, or at least to her bed; the resultant excitement was enormous. The modern heroine, on the contrary, seems to worry a good deal more over the loss of her cigarette case than she does over that of her virtue, and not infrequently appears to regard chastity as something not quite compatible with decency. The really kind-hearted author is often considerate enough to divest his leading lady of such *impedimenta* before she enters upon the scene at all.

Then, too, there was a time when mother, any mother, became sacrosanct through the mere physical fact of maternity. To attack the divine righteousness of all mothers was to profane the very holy of holies; it simply wasn't done. Suddenly came a period when mother, from being a creature who could do no wrong, turned into one who could do no right, becoming an object not for worship but for brickbats, denounced as greedy, possessive, shamelessly and completely selfish.

The reliable Freud was called into court, and the Œdipus complex proclaimed with cheers. Father incidentally came in for a whack or two, but since he was quite often a business man and had in consequence long been regarded as an altogether inferior being, he was let off, by comparison, very lightly. At first, some were shocked, some delighted and some excited by the iconoclastic onslaught, which was waged with a fervor truly religious; but now it must be sadly admitted that the debasing and exalting of mother are about equally familiar, and unexciting. As for the hero and heroine who rebelled against the conventions, he and she have made the fortunes of literally thousands of novels. Nowadays we know all their tricks and manners, and rather wonder what they find worth making such a fuss about, since there is no longer anything quite as drearily conventional as unconventionality, and rebels are about the only people against whom it is possible to rebel.

The worst of it all is that we have here one of those exceptionally poor rules which do not work both ways. If it were possible to alarm the public of today by writing about the sanctity of marriage, filial duty, the saintliness of mothers, and the close knit bonds of family affection, there would be no dilemma at all. If the virgin heroine were as productive of opprobrium as the prostitute heroine, as Susan Lennox, for example, used to be; if marital fidelity were as heart-rending a spectacle as marital infidelity once was, and individuals with normal sex instincts as hair raising as the abnormalities were in the days of Oscar Wilde, all that would be needed in order to produce the desired sensation would be to reverse the old formulæ and go ahead. When everyone expected a hero or heroine to be a model of virtue, there was some point, some piquancy, in portraying one or both as thoroughly iniquitous; if everyone expected them to be bad, there might be something interesting in presenting them as completely noble; but when they are merely required to be human beings, what is a poor author to do? Shocking is unquestionably profitable, no matter how it is done. But where are you, I'd like to know, when it can't be done at all?

Some observers have seen hope for future shocking possibilities in the return of the long-skirted evening gown, and its accompanying femininity. In fact, this very return has given every such hope a final blow. When long skirts were universally worn, short ones were exciting; and *vice versa*. But when each is donned alternately by the self-same individual, where, oh where, is any thrill to be obtained? The situation is tragic, and practically universal.

Music and painting are faced with well-nigh the same dilemma as fiction and the drama. How many people today would have their moral sensibilities outraged by a *September Morn*, or their æsthetic ones by a *Nude Descending the Stair?* As for music, discords may clash, shriek or squeal as they will, without arousing any really fervent protest from anybody. It is simply heart breaking to think of all the fun and excitement our forbears had, being horrified by all sorts of things that don't affect us one little bit. No wonder suicide and insanity are on the increase, now that so much of the joy and satisfaction have gone out of life! For in the good old days you could have it either way. For instance, if you were a woman, you could smoke cigarettes in public and revel in the resultant excitement, or you could be a non-smoker and have a perfectly wonderful time proclaiming your horror at all outrageous, cigarette-smoking hussies. In that happy time, the possibilities of shocking or being shocked were simply endless; today, they are just about ended. Accustomedness is the complete shock-absorber.

A FEW there are who look back at various historical periods, and, remembering that the license of the Eighteenth Century was followed by the prudishness of the Nineteenth, find cheer in the analogy. Why shouldn't old-fashioned sensibility return, and bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person once more prove feasible? But there is a difficulty; the great difficulty that what was once conscious defiance has become a matter of course, that people don't care either way. Public opinion, once easily roused against an offender, just doesn't bother any more. It is merely indifferent, and rather proud of its indifference, which it miscalls tolerance. From a shocking point of view, there is nothing so discouraging. One can be immoral dramatically only in a morally self-satisfied era, virtuous dramatically only when there is really strong objection to the unco' guid.

THE twilight of the sensationalists has come. The gods they challenged are either moribund, totally defunct, or so changed as to be unrecognizable. Respectability has become a joke; right and wrong, inextricably mingled. We are all so used to having "the facts of life" paraded before us in their ugliest possible aspect that we no longer become excited or indignant. We can no longer be shocked at anything, because we have become used to everything. Familiarity breeds indifference at least as often as it does contempt.

We can still, some of us, be repelled by vulgarity and bad taste; and we can most of us be bored. We were profoundly bored last season by many plays that struggled to be daring, and succeeded only in being dull. As for psychopathic studies produced under the guise of fiction, they may be well done and consequently interesting, or they may be merely tedious; but they can't rely on "frankness" and "daring" any longer. Mr. Puff's successors must, after all, revise his formula.

Treasure in the Depths

By Kingsley Moses

This spring a new attempt will be made to salvage the treasure which went to the bottom in S.S. "Egypt"

Hidden treasure has always an extraordinary allure for human beings. Men waste their lives in its search; suffer incredible hardships; starve and freeze to death miserably; yet would not think of turning to any other pursuit.

This for the treasure which is hid in the earth.

For the fortunes sunk in the sea quite another sort of effort is necessary; though it is an effort which requires fully as much courage and even greater hardihood. The diver who penetrates the depths of the sea to salvage precious cargoes from the ocean's ooze and slime has to be an athlete in the most perfect physical shape as well as a man of indomitable courage.

Until last year it was generally agreed that the extreme depth to which a deep-sea diver could descend was about fifty fathoms — three hundred feet. That record had only once been passed — the attempt of the U. S. Navy divers to examine the wrecked submarine in the harbor of Honolulu. And even these men had gone but three hundred and six feet down.

Last autumn, however, an experiment was begun which may change the whole future of deep-sea salvage. In 1922 the liner *Egypt* went to the bottom off the southwesternmost point of France with a cargo of five tons of gold bullion and forty-five tons of silver. The hulk of the *Egypt* lay four hundred feet down. It was generally considered to be beyond human reach.

But in September, 1930, two Italian salvage vessels, the *Artiglio* and the *Rostro*, owned by a Genoese firm, the Societa Anonima Ricuperi Marittimi, set to work on the wreck with a type of diving gear never before practically employed. Men were let down to the wreck in solid steel cells, fitted with windows through which the divers could observe, and with telephone lines by which they might direct the operations of their associates on the salvage vessels above them.

With submarine charges of explosives the salvors had been able pretty well to shatter the hulk; and by carefully manipulated grapnels they had managed to get at the safe in the purser's office and recover a few valuable papers and some diplomatic mail. To penetrate the strong room and retrieve the enormously valuable silver and gold then appeared to be only a matter of time and patience.

But the wreck of the *Egypt* lay in the stormy waters of one of the stormiest of Atlantic seas, off Cape Finisterre. During the tempests of the winter months it would have been impossible for the workmen in the boats on the surface to manipulate grapnels and lower explosive charges with the precise delicacy required. The *Artiglio* and *Rostro* therefore deferred the work on the *Egypt's* cargo until calm weather should arrive with the spring.

Meantime, in order not to lie idle, the two small vessels undertook for the French government to clear some wrecks which menaced navigation for French coastwise traffic.

On December 7, 1930, the Italian wreckers were working on the hulk of the *Florence*, a munitions ship sunk in wartime. A soft and easy job — so considered; for the *Florence* lay in less than fifteen fathoms between the tiny islands of Houat and Hoedic, just inside Belle Isle, not far from the estuary of the River Loire.

Then, either there occurred one of those accidents which never can be anticipated in the handling of high explosives; or someone on the *Artiglio* grossly blundered. At any rate eye-witnesses of the catastrophe agree that the salvage ship was no more than three hundred yards from the wreck it purposed to dismember by dynamite. There came an appalling eruption of water; the salvage vessel was shattered and sunk; and the two divers who had been below at the time and ten of the crew topside were killed instantly. Only seven of the *Artiglio's* crew survived.

With characteristic courage, nevertheless, it was determined that the surviving sister ship, the *Rostro*, should carry on the work on the *Egypt* as soon as the weather will permit. The disaster to the *Artiglio* was just one more of those fearful risks which the diver must always be prepared to face. The question of the comparative value of the rigid steel diving cell as contrasted to the inflated rubber-fabric diving suit was not involved.

As everyone acquainted with diving operations knows, the limited depth at which the present type of diving dress may be employed is due to the fact that compressed air must be used to inflate the suit inside in order to withstand the enormous pressure of the water from without. The water pressure on the human body increases about half a ton for every foot of descent. Commander Ellsberg's men working on the lost submarine *S-51*, had to withstand a pressure of sixty tons at a depth of even twenty fathoms — eight of the original twelve expert divers on that job were eventually incapacitated.

So, foot by foot, as the diver goes down, his physical stamina is brutally tested; he breathes painfully in an unnatural atmosphere; he has to contend with the ever-increasing dark, the steady cold of the lower levels of the deep. Yet, withal, his danger is in coming up, not in going down; for unless he is raised to the surface with the greatest deliberation and care he is liable to fall victim to the fearsome "bends," a seizure which may leave him a cripple for life if actually it does not kill outright. Recently, however, a certain synthetic air has been said to have been produced by Professor J. W. Hershey of McPherson College, Kansas, which overcomes the difficulty of the "bends."

On the other hand, the diver arrayed in the conventional type of dress has pretty considerable freedom of action. He may walk along the bottom of the sea, or climb about the hulks of sunken ships with a freedom approximating ordinary motion in his natural human element. His bare hands are free to use tools; feel objects which in dark or silty waters he may not be able to see; adjust hooks, lines, explosive charges; even employ a searchlight and an acetylene torch.

Yet below thirty fathoms, it is generally agreed, he is pretty helpless; and at fifty fathoms it is still a question whether or no he will live.

The precise type of suit used by the men of the *Artiglio* and *Rostro* has not been disclosed. Nor is this precious information likely to become public property until the successful conclusion, at least, of the current operations on the wreck of the *Egypt*.

CONSTANTLY inventors have been trying to devise some form of suit for submarine work which will permit them to recover even a moiety of the vast wealth which is strewn along the bed of the ocean.

William Beebe and his associate Otis Barton have, for instance, actually been lowered in a steel sphere with a quartz window to a depth of 1,426 feet in the translucent, semi-tropic waters off the Bermudas. That stands as a world's record at the moment, although the sphere's occupants — or inmates — were helpless to do more than peer at whatever specimens of marine life might stray within their scope of vision.

DR. HANS HARTMAN has invented a steel cylinder with which he hopes to explore the depths of the Mediterranean to a depth of four or five thousand feet. A German, Rudolf Englemann of Berlin, has a contrivance which is, in effect, a deep-sea cruising submarine designed for exploration at a thousand fathoms. Sir Hubert Wilkins has already chartered from the U. S. Navy a submarine which he will use like a sled with runners on top instead of below to slide along the under surface of the ice pack of the Arctic Ocean. Continually new inventions are being announced, though it would seem that a great many of the widely advertised contrivances are so grotesquely complicated that the diver's whole attention must be concentrated upon the workings of the machine in which he is encased, leaving him little time for the job of salvage for which the machine is supposed to be primarily designed.

True, there is one apparently practicable suit, approximating the cells used by the Italians of the *Artiglio* and *Rostro*: the device of Neufeldt and Khunke of Berlin. In this suit, or cell, the diver carries his own air supply composed of chemical cartridges and compressed oxygen. He has windows through which he may see all about him, and, of course, telephonic connection with the surface. In clear and open water such an armored diver has little to fear.

But the difference between observing in open waters, as Beebe and the Neufeldt and Khunke divers have done, and of working about a sunken and shattered ship menaced by a veritable *cheval de frise* of jagged spars and strakes and sinuously drifting tackle of every description, is something to give pause even to the most venturesome soul.

The undersea worker in the regular diving suit may be frequently fouled: caught inside a cabin by a swinging door; trapped by a cave-in of sand behind him as he tunnels under some obstruction of wreckage; almost suffocated as his air line is choked by a tangle of tide-swept cordage; but he has always the use of his deft hands and fingers to free himself. Tom Eadie, the great diver who won the Congressional Medal for his work on the *S-51*, for example, saved himself from rocketing to the surface in what would have been a fatally swift ascent, by hooking his toes into a submerged staging.

But should the armored diver once get caught down in the dark below there can be no rescue if he be at a depth beyond the help — literally — of human hands. It is not a pleasant death to contemplate.

No one has ever dared even to attempt to estimate the value of the gold and silver which lies silted down at the bottom of the ocean. Ever since man has employed gold as a basis of currency commerce has demanded its shipment hither and yon across the seas. In the course of the centuries myriad tons of the precious metal must have been lost: yet it is all as legal tender today as when St. Paul was shipwrecked upon the Island of Malta. He who finds it owns it — with certain complicated and not always well-defined limitations. So no wonder the search is pressed; often with success.

The vast wealth of the Spanish Armada has not rotted and washed away like the planking and ribs of the galleons which freighted it. Somewhere in the stony, icy depths off the Scottish Island of Mull its gold coins and ingots are strewn about. At any time that trove may be discovered and retrieved; just as in our own Narragansett Bay an apprentice diver from Newport recently stubbed his toe against what was left of a Spanish vessel. This particular discovery netted no more than six bronze cannon, some pikeheads and a half-dozen bottles of wine stamped with a seal of 1640 — and unhappily no longer potable.

A little over two hundred years ago another fleet of His Catholic Majesty put out from Porto Bello and Vera Cruz to convey the tidy fortune of a hundred millions in gold bullion across the Atlantic. They navigated the ocean safely enough only to run afoul of British and Dutch foes when they had actually made the landfall of their home haven. Right at the mouth of Vigo Bay, though presumably in deep water, that whole flotilla with its fabulous freight vanished. British and Russians served a Turkish fleet in the same fashion in Navarino Bay about a hundred years ago. Of the estimated fifty million dollars worth, which was lost, a quarter of a million really was recovered; but the rest, though in shoal seas, has probably long since been hopelessly sunk in sand and sludge.

Three millions in gold nuggets lie in the inside passage to Alaska on the steamer *Islander;* in the Mediterranean is the *Yasaka Maru* with twelve millions in gold and the gems of a maharajah appraised at another four millions; the *Arabic* had five millions aboard when she was destroyed; and the *Lusitania*, in comparatively shallow water, a sum said to about equal that — but for excellent political reasons the famous *Lusitania* will continue probably always to lie unmolested.

MANY wrecks, too, have been located and just barely touched by divers. The *Black Prince*, lost in Balaklava Bay so long ago as 1854, was located in 1927 and may yet be worked on. The *Merida*, two hundred feet down off the Virginia Capes, was buoyed by a Danish diver who literally rapped his knuckles on the strong room where four millions were locked up. Then storms interrupted the job, and for seven years the *Merida* has been lying lonely.

Yet with no better equipment than the present rubber-fabric dress and monstrous steel helmet with its complicated air connections the working diver continues successfully to locate lost treasure; survey the ground beneath the water of bays and harbors for the laying of pipes, sewers, telephone cables; even to prospect for oil on the bed of the ocean — as a consequence of which, derricks already rise from the sea on the Pacific coast. When the liner *Muenchen* blew up and sank last year at its pier in the North River almost directly above the Hudson River tubes, the delicate craftsmanship of the diver was immediately called to aid. On account of the propinquity of the tunnel beneath the wreck blasting was out of the question; but the diver, burrowing with a tremendous jet of water from a hose, and cutting with an oxy-electric torch, eventually rigged a tackle which served to clear the dock and save the vessel.

TWO of the most notable salvage jobs in recent years were the recovery of silver bars from the *Oceana* and from the *Skyro*.

The *Oceana* went down in the English Channel in 1912 in no more than ninety feet of water. In clear, warm water the recovery of three and a half million dollars worth of silver ingots might not have been difficult. But the wreck of the *Oceana* lay in the strongest currents of the channel, and the constantly swirling mud and sand prevented the divers from seeing their own bare hands before them. The men knew the plans of the ship, however, and inch by inch in the dark they groped and cleverly felt their way. Blast after blast of explosive blew them an open passage at last to the strong room; and the silver bars were all brought to the surface.

The *Skyro*, on the other hand, lost in 1891 off the Spanish Cape Finisterre, lay at the disconcerting depth of one hundred and seventy-one feet. The underwriters of Lloyd's who had assured her, prepared to accept a total loss on their venture. At that time there had never been any successful salvage at that depth below the surface. Years passed, and then one Angel Erostarbe found the wreck and located the silver beneath a collapsed deck section. Working whenever weather permitted for two whole years he finally blew the deck clear away and recovered fifty thousand dollars worth of the silver. But he crippled himself in the effort.

Most famous of all, however, is the story of *H.M.S. Lutine*, carrying pay for British troops in Holland, and cleared from Yarmouth for Hamburg in that far year, 1799. The shoals off the Netherlands caught her and she vanished. Lloyd's took a loss of four and a half millions — and paid it, as Lloyd's always has. The individual merchants and capitalists who make up the peculiar membership of Lloyd's were naturally not content to swallow their several losses — any number of the volunteer underwriters of Lloyd's may take a slice of any particular risk. With traditional British doggedness they — and their heirs to the third and fourth generation, it developed — set out to get back some of their own.

After a hundred and thirty years they have recovered a matter of about two hundred thousand dollars worth of their loss. The ribs and planking of the *Lutine*, a wooden ship, of course, have long since vanished. The *Lutine* had lain amid sand banks thirty feet high which had kept shifting and collapsing upon it. And to make the matter more difficult hundreds of the old frigate's cannon balls had rolled down to seal in the treasure. What is left of the *Lutine* is still there, well located off the Dutch coast, to be recovered by whoever can get at her. But the frigate's bell, found seventy years ago, appropriately hangs in Lloyd's today; and is balefully sounded from the crier's canopy whenever an assured vessel is posted as overdue and unheard from.

The greatest single treasure actually salved was the thirty-five millions in cash and bullion recovered from the torpedoed *Laurentic* which went down at the mouth of Lough Swilly off the stormy northern coast of Donegal, Ireland, in 1917. Here, close to the spot where England lost her first great battleship in the war, *H.M.S. Audacious*, the divers had no more than a depth of fifteen fathoms to contend with. The hull was split open with dynamite and all the gold bars were brought to the surface. Still a considerable sum was missing. The search went on in the cold darkness till at last in another section of the ship a quantity of bags of silver shillings was discovered. Every farthing eventually was got at, and — presumably — restored to circulation.

No human eye is ever likely to see such deep-sunk wrecks as the famous *Titanic*, down in a thousand or more fathoms. The mere matter of even locating a wreck beneath an open ocean, where there are no markers to line a sight on, is baffling.

But the majority of the lost hulks naturally lie in shallow waters, since reefs and shoals are the common enemies of sea traffic. Below even two hundred feet there is no record of salvage from such vessels. Even at a hundred foot depth work has been rare. Thus the new diving cell of the Italian company which has been working on the lost *Egypt* opens up speculations of possible enormous profit.

The critical question which remains to be answered is whether the armored diver with hands and limbs encased in a cell, but with eyes and brain unhampered for observation and command, can operate as effectively while at far greater depth than the helmeted, old-style workman. The progress which may be made on the attempted salvage of the lost *Egypt* this spring ought to answer that interesting question.

Cathedral Organ

By Margaret Tod Ritter

The fumes of other fugues color the air
Madonna blue. From many-chimneyed oven
The canticles of Handel and Beethoven
Forever lingering among the bare
And marble tombs. How many wicks have been
Consumed to keep at white, unaltered heat
One crucible of song. O giant beat
Of wingèd arch and haunted aisles between!
Slowly, serenely, melts the virgin ore
Of Mozart's chords. A vapor cool as rain
From smoking caldron; ecstasy from pain
Pure as the altar it unrolls before.
Volley of sheer crescendo floods the choir,
Pillar of cloud by day, by night pillar of fire.

Baby Billionaires

By James Noble Gifford

How Are They Educated?

Years ago it was a favorite pastime among cultured people to try to form a true definition of poetry. Now a far more serious game is being played in the attempt to answer the more vital question "What is Education?" And the question is being asked not only among the educators and the educated, but in all walks of life, and in various intonations which by subtle inflection seem to answer scornfully the question even as they ask it. It is apt to strike into the conversation of two soleless vagrants on a park bench, and I might step further and say that it has done so. Many benches are being occupied by unaccustomed people in these trying days, and strange questions are being asked.

Yet as the years go by something far more astonishing is happening. After all it is only natural that those borne down in defeat should fling up questions out of the gloom of their failure. It is the privilege, the prerogative, of defeat to question. But when success flings questions at the stars we stop and wonder. It is funny when Don Quixote tilts with windmills. It seems absurd to try even to imagine Louis XIV, *le Roi Soleil*, in a similar predicament. I was sufficiently startled, therefore, when a very wealthy Wall Street man asked me quite suddenly, "I don't know what to do about my two sons. Why is it so hard to educate boys these days? It used to be so simple. Can you give me any advice?"

"Well, what's wrong with your own education? You're a Harvard man, aren't you?"

He shook his head dolefully. "Yes, but what I had isn't good enough. Anyway, I suppose college takes care of itself. But what to do up to that time. It's a terrible problem."

It was useless to discuss it further. Indeed, discussion is always out of the question when anyone wraps himself in a mantle of gloomy foreboding. But two things emerge clearly. One is the natural feeling of a loving father that nothing can be quite good enough for his children. The other is more important. In a dark moment the highly successful broker had confessed. His own education had not been satisfactory. He wanted to do more for his boys. What could he do?

Those of us who have lived, as one might say, among the very wealthy rather than with them, have seen with concern the problem of education become increasingly difficult. How many thousands of times a day do the poor or moderately-circumstanced repeat the old *cliché*, "Oh, if I only had money to educate my children properly!" In a way I dare say the lack of money is a blessing in disguise, as it always allows one to cling to a beautiful dream. But suppose there is enough money — overwhelmingly more than enough. Then what? It is no longer possible to delude oneself with a dream. Then one must face facts; immense golden facts, if you will, but just as difficult to negotiate for all that.

A FEW personal instances will clarify the idea more than any amount of explanation. I was tutoring a boy who was to inherit a great fortune. He was a regular, sloppy boy of twelve or thirteen, with little sense of the necessity not only of getting through required work but also of doing it well. He had a vague hope that some day he might be a fine football player; a mad hope, of course; but otherwise life stretched ahead as a gray, meaningless vacuum. Even the football idea was mostly a conception of cheering crowds and seventy-yard runs. When I discussed the work and strain and training that lay back of it all he was bored. Finally, in an English lesson, a climax came. He made a wretched failure of a "business" letter and I, in a careless moment, advanced the usual teacher's argument.

"Now, Jack, you must do better. You must realize the importance of business letters. Suppose you were writing for an important position which you wanted very much —"

He dropped his pen in triumph. "But that's just it, Mr. Gifford, I wouldn't be writing such a letter. Other people will write letters like that to me."

I plunged desperately to repair the mistake I had made.

"Then certainly it would help you to decide, if you knew which letters were done correctly, whether you ever needed to write one or not."

But I failed to score. He was quite ready with an answer. "Well, I suppose I'd just let someone else read the letters and not bother with them at all."

And so one is face to face with the grave problem. In another case somewhat similar I told a boy he simply had to learn something whether he considered it important or not. "All right, Mr. Gifford, I'll learn it, but of course you can't make me remember it." Thereupon to ease his mind I told him the famous "bull" of the Irishman who said to his doctor, "Sure you can make me go out for a walk, but I won't take the air." The boy laughed, but his confidence in his own powers to forget was unshaken. Later I was to learn that that confidence was completely justified.

ANOTHER case in point, with another boy, of course. I made him do a theme twice because of incredibly sloppy writing. His father came to me. "Don't you think you very much exaggerate the importance of handwriting in my son's case? He'll never have to write. He can hire secretaries to do that for him."

I could not refrain from inquiring, "But you have the boy very carefully learn correct golf strokes?"

"That's entirely different. Good

golf is an essential for a business career."

Still another young man, preparing for Yale. In the course of geometry lessons I found his simple arithmetic to be very faulty. Remember, he was of college age, therefore any lurking excuse of boyish jollity is excluded. Exasperated, I cried, "How do you expect to be successful in business without simple arithmetic?" He shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"After all, Mr. Gifford, look how well you know it; but you're not a success in business. You've said you know you could never be."

I felt too proud to take refuge in dignity. I answered, "I'm not saying it alone makes for success. I am saying it is one vital necessity."

Again the shrug and the smile. "A necessity for clerks, perhaps, hardly for executives. I'll manage without it."

With no sense of triumph whatever, in this case I know he hasn't managed without it. I might add that he never got into Yale.

Now where do these anecdotes lead us? It is terrifyingly simple. At all ages these children of great wealth see themselves as a group apart, and indeed they are. The very basis of ordinary education is to increase earning power. Everywhere we look are statistics showing the greater earning capacity of the high school boy, and then of the college man. We are walled in by the tradition that education means greater earning power. With this as his armor the tutor faces the child who lives in an atmosphere where there is so much money that it isn't even discussed. It is taken for granted that one has everything. The extent of this belief in a good, solid world in which money is always at hand, is amazing. Children have stared at me in gaping delight when they learned I didn't have a car. (It was as delightful to them as if they had learned I did have a camel.) A little boy and girl once clapped their hands with joy at the idea. The girl then put her hand trustingly on my arm. "Oh, that must be so nice. Then when you come out of a store you just take a taxi and don't have to wait for the chauffeur to come! Sometimes I wish I could, but Mummy says that nice ladies always wait for chauffeurs to come." Of what use would it be to try to explain what one does if one can not afford taxis? Far easier to ask the Australian bushman to comprehend snow.

I ONCE took an earnest fourteen-year-old boy for a walk in a crowded tenement district, and then home on the subway. He ran at once to his mother, bursting with the excitement and wonder of it all. She responded in a way he had never dreamed. I have never seen anyone controlling anger with greater difficulty. "I am surprised, Mr. Gifford. You should realize I don't want Robert to see such things. They give him bad ideas. And besides, in such places there are deadly germs. Especially on the subway, it is terribly dangerous. I can't bear to think of it. Please use his car or a taxi."

"But mother," the boy exclaimed, "Mr. Gifford rides in the subway almost every day. Don't you, Mr. Gifford?"

"That's quite different. He's used

to it. But you mustn't. Promise me. Never, never again."

And so the child is carefully guarded against the world.

It is a strange delusion of those who do not know, that these children think of how much money they have and of all the things they are going to do when big. Such is never the case. Money is merely accepted and its presence or absence never mentioned. It would simplify the problem if the children were brought up thinking more about it. One might hope then to teach more effectively the things so carefully figured out to increase earning power. But with conditions as they are, there is no incentive. No matter what happens, a great fortune is coming to the child. Nothing short of a cataclysm can change that, so does it really matter whether one learns to figure compound interest or not? Someone in the bank can be trusted to do it quite correctly. There are always trust companies to insure the security of the financially incompetent.

So one finally comes to face the issue squarely. Of what use is an education that concerns itself with earning for a boy or girl whose problem will be one of correct spending? Perhaps this is putting it too crudely. Perhaps it is better viewed from a slightly different angle. All our schooling for the average individual contains provision for "spare time." "What do you do with your leisure?" the advertisements shriek at us, trying to snare us with the belief that we can learn French or music in a few hours, or become an expert dancer by mail. "Just fifteen minutes a day" is all that is asked in order to turn anyone into a person of culture.

But here stand the young man and woman who are going to have twenty-four hours a day. They are going to be guarded always by the latest advances of science so they may live longer. They are going to be sheltered from the storm and stress of life as carefully as the monastic orders of old which built up holy seclusion against the bitterness of a storm-tossed world. An example of that protection serves. A youngster of historic name sailed for Europe with his mother and step-father. The boy had a tutor, the mother a maid, the father a valet. Also there were three doctors in the party, one each for mother, father, and son. To those who know the family it is no surprise to learn that no one was ill in any way; but then, you never can tell.

Oh, the extent of that guarded leisure! I was calling on a lady who lives behind the carefully policed walls of one of our most secluded places. She suggested a walk beside the lake. So I rang for a maid. Her shoes were put on. Her hat and coat were put on. We went for a walk.

It might be well to pause here for a moment to answer a question that usually arises during any discussion of this situation. Someone always says, "Yes, it is true women have great leisure; but the men will be hard workers." A woman said one day, "But, Mr. Gifford, you know that American business men are terrific workers. Just look at my husband. Certainly no one who works for him works half as hard as he does himself."

She was very earnest, so I said, "True. But how about your son?

Does he show any sign of that energy?" A shadow seemed to fall on her face. She knew we were both thinking of that, and had been. She knew how that troubled her, even while she eulogized her strenuous husband. I went on quickly, "Please believe me, I realize the boy is young, sweet natured, and all that. If I didn't like him I frankly would not care to bring him into the discussion." I had hoped to get further, but the conversation was swiftly run off at a tangent and ended nowhere; or, should I say, in a very good cup of tea?

That is the situation. I can frankly say that I think I have never known a millionaire child whose sheer energy and drive equalled that of his father. I feel I have never taught a boy who seems likely to increase his fortune by determined personal efforts. And I say this, fully ready to agree that it may mean nothing at all, because it is something almost, if not quite, impossible to predict. And at the same time I am thinking of some of these boys who have splendid futures awaiting them, who will be splendid men with fine, gentle ideals. But the sheer vital drive of early necessity which goads to great wealth is beyond them. And so many fathers feel it, and it hurts them.

One man took me motoring at Palm Beach in order to air his grievance. I had at different times tutored his two sons and his daughter. His older boy was worrying him at the moment, for as he was finishing his college course he showed nothing but repugnance in his attitude towards his father's highly successful business. The man exclaimed bitterly, "And I wanted my boy for my work, to carry on my work! I built it up from nothing, and now to him it's just a series of factories. He wants to go to Oxford."

I tried to make him see his son better. Editor of his college magazine, several poems already in literary magazines, he looked toward literature for happiness. Financially he was far beyond any need of effort. Perhaps the young man wanted Oxford as a sanctuary. In any case, my feeble explanations were thrust aside. In a way I was the worst person for him to turn to. He knew that. I had spent a whole winter tutoring his son in English poetry, encouraging him to write verses. In any event I am unregenerate. If I am responsible I am very happy to be so.

It is best to give further examples of the changing youth. A youngster when only a little boy made up his mind he was going to be a doctor or a surgeon. By the time he was ten he was eagerly questioning physicians and collecting bones to study them as best he might. Now he is about to enter college. I asked him the other day if he was still sure of being a great doctor. He flushed a little, then said, "I used to be sure, now I just hope." But the reminiscent smile spoke volumes. The true ambition is still there, and here at least the mother stands loyally with her son. I am sure she had rather he contribute a little truth to science than double his already great fortune ten times over.

Another case is more amusing. A family had a great hulking son who seemingly just couldn't learn anything. His big body overflowed classroom seats in the select school which he attended. His power to forget almost drove me to distraction. Then I was startled to learn that he almost won a great golf tournament. A few days later he was runner-up in another. His parents were delighted, and now, though I am sure Albert will never distinguish himself in a scholarly way, he well may on the links. He is happy, and startlingly efficient there, and his parents, being wise, are very happy, and his prospective teachers, being spared, are happy.

Now in a sense all the life of a youngster is his education, and not merely the more formal training usually so classified. In England these "outside" problems enter very little into the question. The life of a wealthy youngster even in the nursery falls into a clearly marked groove. There are certain things which one does do and other things one does not do, and so the vagaries of the individual play little part. The boy is pressed into a certain mold and at the end of the line, after the ministrations of the nurse, governess, tutor, Public School, University, he comes out — a gentleman. Like all terms, he has only a type meaning. He is a gentleman exactly as one might be a doctor, a lawyer, a clergyman. And the long list of qualifying adjectives from very good to very bad are equally applicable. In the latter case it is the equivalent of the malpractising doctor, the disbarred lawyer, the unfrocked clergyman. It would be too ironical to call him a very bad gentleman, so he is called a remittance man and is sent out of England. Denied the society of his peers, he solaces himself with climate. But in Shanghai, Hollywood, Vancouver or Buenos Ayres, he can not lose the caste mark. He is still a gentleman, however much a very bad one.

In America it is not so simple. To be sure, there is a very large group who feel that life can not hold any meaning for them unless their sons enter one of four or five schools. But though the lists of pupils of these schools may read like the Stock Exchange, fortunes are still made and lost far too quickly and the country is far too large for the type to be very marked.

Having no set rule, things often go in widely differing channels. I have tutored boys whose mothers were popping in every minute to see how things were getting on, until the interruptions destroyed all hope of continuous work; and I have sent a boy home from my little class in a private school with a note and had him return in tears because he couldn't show his mother the note. In fact he hadn't seen her for almost a week, though living in the same house. It was true, also. The governess sadly confirmed the story.

In another way I tutored a boy who at the age of ten had a speed motor boat with a mechanic, and a Bugatti racing type car with a second mechanic in charge. And he ran them. A year or so later he came in second in a rather important motor boat race on Long Island Sound. Taking the case of another boy, I spoke to his mother about some of his clothes being too small to the point of real physical discomfort. She replied, "But he'll have to wear them out.

He'll have to learn not to be wasteful."

I have lost two or three positions through inability to play golf, in one case the play demanded being not with the boy but with his father; and I have a friend who held a fine tutoring position purely because he danced the tango with the boy's mother. It so happens he was a good tutor, but he always acknowledges that he is sure that was quite incidental. I know a boy neglected to the point of getting his breakfast from the icebox, if there was anything there, and I know another who was only allowed to play tennis with a professional instructor for fear he might learn a wrong stroke. One child I know of had to have a tutor with a Ph.D. degree, while another had one whose conversation might well have been the envy of Jack Oakie. One boy always appeared in public with two guards, another had a latch key and came in when he pleased, usually after the last picture show. Both were ten years of age and in Palm Beach at the same time.

No, THE education of the young millionaire in America is certainly not standardized. The education of his father was probably far more chaotic, but times have changed and there is little to show that the youths are inheriting any of that driving force with which the fathers won fortune. Often one must return to the grandfather to find the great fortune builder, but in few cases it is necessary to go further. And now slowly but surely a demand is arising for something really useful in the way of education. Unwillingly, the fathers are becoming reconciled to the fact that children will not follow in their footsteps, even as they did not follow their forefathers in the past. But those who have accumulated great fortunes see themselves as unmistakably right in their deviance, and only slowly can come to look favorably on vagaries in their own offspring.

The fathers and mothers are worried. They carefully arrange their money so that their children will be safe even from themselves. And that in itself is the biggest proof of their doubt and worry. More and more the children are going into good schools, and while the social emphasis placed on certain schools is quite ridiculous, still they are better off than in the hands of careless tutors, and they are having some glimpse of life, even though it may be as far removed from the mad struggle of life as a monastery garden. Gold may only be rubbing against gold, but even so there is friction and rough edges are rubbed down.

THE day of the tutored young millionaire is passing, and it is for the best. No longer will teaching consist so largely of tact, bridge playing, dancing and golf. Lessons have too long twisted themselves around teeth-straightening appointments, moving pictures, and boxing lessons. Boys will be better off at school, where if no one has a Bugatti car, at least everyone has a warm breakfast. In unusual cases the tutor has a function. I dare flatter myself I have tried hard, and if I have done harm, perhaps I have also done a little real good. Perhaps I would even welcome a return of old ideas, at least financially; but things are improving and one must see it. And yet, given the finest school, the problem is still unsolved. It is still only an effort in what might be called the English direction. Indeed, English influence is very strong in these schools. But whether or not that is a solution of the English problem, it is not a solution of the American. English money always carries heavy responsibilities. In these days most of it has to return into the great landed estates from which it was once derived. In America these very rich boys will have actual wealth in their hands; wealth to fling away for Rembrandts or chorus girls. Their principal will be protected. Plunge as they will, they can not harm that materially. No money has to return whence it came. From the mines of Colorado, the wells of Oklahoma, the fields of Kansas, all shall be poured into the great maw of New York and a few other cities. Is it any wonder that the poor sons of the miner, the driller, the farmer, follow the golden trail at the end of which lies only the rainbow?

A lady remonstrated with me when I insisted that her son must be disciplined. "Mr. Gifford, you forget John will one day be a very rich man." But she was wrong. I do not forget. I can not fail to remember how much wealth her son will have some day. And so I then insisted that for that very reason discipline was the more necessary. If the ice-man's son is worthless, I am sorry for the ice-man. If the king's son is worthless, I am sorry for all the people.

* * *

Why Potatoes?

By Hugh M. Foster

Economics Begins At Home

Women are better economists than men. Men talk about the international flow of gold, or the rate of exchange, or the relation between gold reserves and commodity prices. Altogether, they talk of things about which they know as much as the ordinary man knows of Sanskrit. On the other hand, women talk about the prices of socks in Woolworth's, Marshall Field's or Peck and Peck's. They not only talk, they do something. They buy the socks. They have lively and insatiable curiosity on the subjects of food, clothing and a few other household desirables.

Women are far more practical than men. Bernard Shaw was right when he said, years ago, that women were practical and men romantic, women were specific while men were vague and insisted upon indulging in generalities, which seemed to satisfy their vanity in the reverberations of their own voices or the sight of their own words in print. That is one reason, Shaw contended, why women run the homes of the world, while men write literature, paint pictures, make scientific investigations and create other luxuries, which we can do without; while women deal with the necessities of life, which we all take for granted and consider prosy until we are wholly or partially deprived of them and then we become infuriated; but women are incessantly interested in what nobody cares anything about.

I have found, in the last fifteen or twenty years, as a speaker and writer on a lot of miscellaneous subjects having to do with the great food industry of this country, that women now ask far more penetrating questions than they did at the beginning of that period. Do you remember the old cry of "Eliminate the middleman?" I could not write in those days in justification of the middleman without having devoted readers enter into correspondence with me about the rapid approach of the millennium when the middleman would be eliminated. The fact that the average profit of the middlemen in the food business is something around two per cent not only did not interest them, but was utterly scouted until Harvard University made investigations of the food trades and substantiated what I had said. Then, when the dear women were asked how much it was worth to them to save two cents on a dollar, and whom they would get to do the middleman's work, and how they could be sure that anyone would do it more cheaply, questions began to wane. I dare anyone to get up now before the National Association of Housewives' Leagues and begin his address with a rhetorical question based on the elimination of the middleman. If he does, there will be a scramble for umbrellas and the cloak room will do a rushing business.

WOMEN today ask about grades, qualities, brands, prices, processes of distribution, the cost of advertising and who pays for it, the real merits and demerits of chain systems and individually owned retail stores, and a few other questions; embarrassing because some of the rest of us would like to have something in the way of assurance for answers. For instance, a woman writes to me and asks why food costs so much. In reply, I send a chart of all the processes of food distribution, and ask her how it can cost so little. I assure her personally, frankly and confidentially, in my most engaging manner, that fame and fortune await any person who can make the crooked straight or cut the costs by a fraction large enough for an accountant to recognize. My correspondence with that woman ceases.

A housewife in the Bronx wants to know why an Idaho potato costs so much, and I ask her what a Bronx potato would sell for in Idaho. But she is a persistent person who has to prepare a paper for the next meeting of the Bronx Association of Advanced Women. Then I give her the records of the cultivation of potatoes in Idaho, and tell her, quite frankly, that I do not know why the climate and soil of that particular State and the assiduity of potato growers therein have resulted in a potato of remarkable size and quality, which has been well advertised. Finally, I remind her that Idaho potatoes would not sell for what they do at present, if women would not write papers about them and read them at women's clubs and if they would not ask for Idaho potatoes; but, she replies, "They are the best." Then I comfort her with the assurance that if they are, she must be prepared to pay for them on the basis of the belief of herself and other women.

A DEAR devoted listener, who begins her remarks by expressing her appreciation of my wonderful talks and the great good they have done, goes on to ask, what she really wanted to know, if I did not realize that Monterey canned peaches were the best peaches in the world. When I tell her that I did not know this, her facial expression shows far more than she could say of her complete loss of faith in me; so she retorts by saying, "Why, don't you read the advertising?"

"Yes," I reply, "I have noticed something of the kind, but I thought you were talking about peaches."

"Of course," she answers, "the advertisement could not say so if it were not so."

She appears not to understand me when I answer, "That is news, indeed."

"Why, what do you mean?" she inquires.

Then I try desperately to explain in my humblest and simplest manner, "There is no such thing, as far as the food industry knows, as the best peach in the world. Crops vary from year to year. The crop in one State, Georgia, for instance, varies very decidedly from the crop in California."

"What would you do?" she asks.

"It might be a good plan," I suggest, "to open the cans and compare the peaches. There are many varieties and there is no law, thus far, against your buying what you like; and quite aside from the variety, quality, size and maturity of the fruit, you may prefer a light syrup or a heavy one."

"But," she answers, "I have been told that this is the largest canning company in the world."

"So I have heard," I answer, "and just because that company's output is so large is why it is difficult to maintain absolute uniformity of quality year after year. You see, it is much easier to buy 100,000 peaches of the same quality than several million. Besides, in the case of a shortage of its own crops, the company has to buy from other canners or growers and, conversely, when there is a surplus, it has to sell to others, both canners and distributors."

ANOTHER favorite question is why grocers charge more for red canned salmon than for the pink. They are rather annoyed by my reply that it is only because people pay more for the former than the latter. They seem to think that I have merely given what is technically known in the vernacular as a "smart Aleck" answer, and that I don't know anything about it, so I have ducked the question. Nothing astonishes people, or arouses their suspicion, more than a plain statement of facts. I generally wait for the incredulity to reach its height, and then I say, "The truth of the matter is that this increase in price is due to the fact that you eat with your eyes instead of your teeth." This seems to carry the house no better than the first, so I go a little further into prosy details and tell them that whether they believe it or not, food chemists and piscatorial experts of the Department of Agriculture and of the Tariff Commission, after years of research, have proclaimed their findings that the only difference between red and pink salmon is that the former has a slightly darker subcutaneous pigment and what the chemists call a "trace" more oil. Now the word "trace," as used by a chemist, need not interfere with your luncheon or dinner, but the difference in pigment represents the difference between blondes and brunettes; only, in the case of salmon, women prefer brunettes. There is no accounting for the fact that hostesses at luncheon prefer the more intense color of the red meat. If they insist on this preference, they must pay for it.

WOMEN are very enthusiastic about the economies offered them at chain stores.

"Didn't you know," they say to me, "that chain store prices are twenty-five to thirty per cent lower than those of the old-fashioned grocer?"

"No," I admit, candidly, "I did not know that."

"Well," they say, as though they had got one on me, "I read it in the newspaper."

"Oh, yes," I reply, "I remember that series of articles. I happen to know the chain store company that wrote them."

"Do you mean to say somebody else wrote the articles, and not the newspaper?"

"That is the idea I have tried to convey."

"Well, do you mean to say that newspapers don't write their own articles?"

"I REGRET to observe that I do mean that no newspaper writes all its articles, but the chain store company that provided the material for that series of articles you are thinking of made the charts, chose the commodities, made its own prices and practically wrote the entire series of articles. That is one of my reasons for feeling some skepticism about the scientific accuracy of that record. I have several others. Perhaps I may be allowed to say something further on that subject because I started the first impartial investigation of prices in chain store groceries and in those owned by individual grocers.

"For fifteen or twenty years I have read so much and heard so much more about chain store propaganda on this subject, and violent recriminations by groups of individual grocers, that finally I tried to secure some reliable information. I succeeded in persuading Professor R. S. Alexander, Assistant Professor of Marketing at the School of Business of Columbia University, to make an impartial investigation. He is not a groceryman, either employed by a chain store company or in business for himself, and therefore I assumed that he could be considered an impartial investigator. Besides that, he is a professor who has his scientific reputation to maintain by accuracy and candor. He investigated the prices in 721 individually owned grocery stores and 301 chain grocery stores in four middle class neighborhoods in Manhattan, four in Brooklyn and two in the Bronx. In order to avoid differences in quality, he chose fifty well-known nationally advertised grocery products carried in both kinds of stores. By one method of calculation, he found the prices in individually owned grocery stores five per cent below those in chain stores and by another method he found the chain store prices two per cent lower than the others. The report of his complete investigation, with all explanations, has been published by *The Journal of Commerce* in a pamphlet at twenty-five cents a copy. You can read there all you need to know on the subject.

"LATER, Professor Malcolm D. Taylor, of the University of North Carolina, made a similar study in Durham, showing an advantage in favor of the chains of 13.79 per cent. Einar Bjorklund and Professor James L. Palmer, Professor of Marketing, of the University of Chicago, have lately published a similar study. The study of Professor Edgar Z. Palmer, Associate Professor of Economics of the University of Kentucky, shows, with all his qualifications, a percentage in favor of chain stores of 14.3 per cent.

"Of course, you must make your own allowances for the difference between towns like Durham and Lexington, and the City of New

York. No clever accountant can make an average of the findings of these four professors, because it won't mean anything, on account of the different products and different methods of investigation and calculation."

An interesting effect of women's curiosity in their questions dawned upon me a short time ago as an official of one of the largest chain store groceries in the country told me that price cutting was futile. He said that it had lost its novelty and its power of attraction. His company had found that when it put on its windows notices of "loss leaders," or other special prices, women bought only the articles which were cut and went from chain to chain buying such commodities. So that, in fact, they contributed nothing but losses. Of course, the idea of the loss leader is to draw a woman into a shop to make her buy something on which there is a good profit, but if women have learned to go from store to store and buy only the cut price articles, and so have induced large chain store companies to relax their price cutting fervor, they have made an impression that rather proves them as economists.

Women ask if the new quick frozen foods are not the same that used to have such a bad name years ago as cold storage foods. Some articles on the subject have been written in women's magazines, but I find many women who know nothing whatever about the new quick freezing process. All kinds of food are now frozen in cellophane packages at temperatures between forty and fifty degrees below zero for about three-quarters of an hour. Such delicate fruits as raspberries are taken at the very height of their perfection and frozen into a block as hard as a brick. I have eaten good old-fashioned Irish stew, frozen in a block so hard that an axe would break on it, and had it, after twenty minutes' cooking, on my table, with delicious gravy. Armour and Company are doing the same thing with steaks, chops, roasts and other cuts of meat, and another company has gone even further with fresh trimmed packaged meats, unfrozen.

I have tried to explain to groups of women two new laws about foods. One is called the sub-standard law and the other the grading law. The former gives the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture power to set standards for canned foods, and to require that labels shall state clearly that such foods, while wholesome and legal, are below the United States Government's standard. If a can of tomatoes has a little too much water, or a can of peas has too much sediment or not enough color, it is below standard. Tomatoes with too much liquid, or broken up in small pieces, may be just as useful for stewed tomatoes or corned beef hash as others, and a great deal cheaper. A whole, ripe, perfect tomato may look more attractive at luncheon on a leaf of lettuce, but it is no more nutritive.

The grading law gives the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture power to set grades for all canned foods, such as standard, extra standard, choice, extra choice, and so on. Hearings on what the specifications should be to establish these standards for canned peas, peaches and pears were begun in the Department of Agriculture in Washington on December 15, 1930, and will continue until the details are made satisfactory to the Government and the trade. The effect of women's questions and curiosity is again shown in the attitude of the department officials in inviting representatives of consumer organizations to attend these hearings or to express their views in writing.

A still more interesting effect of the influence of women upon the food industry is shown in the broadcasting by the Department of Agriculture. For several months now, W. R. M. Wharton, Chief of the Eastern District of the Food and Drug Administration, has been talking over the radio from New York, and W. W. Vincent, Chief of the Western District, has been talking from San Francisco. Both men's lectures are on the subject of how to read the label. The talks deal with every conceivable food product and give thorough information, which is not too technical.

Did you know that sugar sold a few years ago for $29.00 a pound in Los Angeles? Mr. Vincent will tell you all about this, how during an epidemic of influenza there was a shortage of aspirin and some clever adventurer had powdered sugar stamped into tablet form and labeled "aspirin." Did you know that there were some eighteen distinct varieties of cheese sold under more than four hundred names? Mr. Wharton tells how to tell limburger from cream even if you have a cold.

The mail of Mr. Vincent and Mr. Wharton shows more than anything else the effect of women's curiosity in questions. One of the most persistent questions is why the food and drugs law has so much to do with labels and nothing to do with advertising. Women ask when it will be made to include advertising, and why anyone is allowed to say anything he wants about his product in advertising, while the Government authorities inspect scrupulously the words on the label or package. That is rather a good point, and shows again the change from years ago in women's questions about food, and shows still more the effect even on the Government.

If women keep up this sort of thing, something is bound to happen in regard to truth in advertising and knowledge of qualities and prices. The first thing you know, food manufacturers and distributors will have to tell what women want to know.

* * *

Lo, The Poor Farmer!

By Haydn Sanborn Pearson

Some Encouraging Facts

A recent article in The North American Review pictured a gloomy scene in rural northeastern America. It would seem that the farmers in this section were wending their way along behind the Merovingian kings on their ox carts to humanity's smoldering junk heap.

But the truth of the matter would seem to lead us to a different conclusion. Since Squanto, the Indian friend of the Pilgrims, taught them how to grow maize, agriculture has never been so well off as now. Consider this: there was $84,700,000 increased crop value in the United States in 1929 over 1928. Of this, New England produced $54,000,000, or 64 per cent. And New England has only 2 per cent of the land area and 1 per cent of the crop area of the United States!

I know what the average reader will exclaim. "Why, last summer we were touring around through Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, and everywhere we went there were deserted farms! Dozens and dozens of them. One can't make a living on a farm in New England."

The unvarnished truth of the matter is that these abandoned places are not farms and never were! They represent an area of land not meant for anything but forests or upland pastures. It isn't news any longer when some agricultural college official declares, "There aren't any abandoned farms in New England! Sentimentalists weep when each survey shows fewer farms. The good old Puritan stock which developed this noble experiment in democracy is running out! If it hadn't been for the fact that farmers in the 'good old days' raised a crop of boys who worked for clothes and board, we would not see these deserted homes among the hills. Free labor, on land that represented a self-sufficing unit for simple wants of earlier days, is not modern agriculture."

Historically, the foundation for the present wholesome condition of Eastern agriculture began about 1900. It represented a revolutionary change in farming methods. Up to that time farmers had struggled along since the Mid-West's opening, trying to compete with the black, fertile acres on an equal basis.

The realization came to a new generation that Eastern agriculture's future lay along a different line. Here was a corner of the nation in which a great population was concentrated. It had to be fed; but the East could not raise the corn and wheat needed, even though today Massachusetts raises more corn and oats per acre than does Iowa.

No, the Lord didn't make New England to raise the cereal grains in great quantities; there were not the ranges for beef and sheep. But about 1900, there came the realization that New England could raise milk, apples, poultry products, market garden vegetables of fifty-seven varieties. Hundreds of greenhouses were built. Aroostook potatoes and Vermont maple products became nationally known. In brief, New England has become truly a Land of Specialties, all of which find an eager, well-paying market.

LET me illustrate by telling what has happened in my home town, up among the hills and valleys of southern New Hampshire. There's nothing unusual or spectacular about the situation. It represents the transition which has occurred in the average New England community. Thirty years ago Hancock was a hustling, prosperous agricultural community. About one thousand milch cows were kept, the herds varying in size from a dozen to fifty; the milk was shipped by train to Boston. General farming and lumbering were the chief industries.

Then farming declined. The margin of profit was small; the young men would not work for work's sake; they went cityward. Today in Hancock, a community of 500 people, there is little general farming. There may be one hundred and fifty cows in town.

Yet today Hancock is more prosperous than ever. There are thousands of apple bearing trees in town. A few weeks ago I was told there are 16,000 young trees which will come into bearing in a few years. There are fine poultry flocks. A summer hotel attracts many city people; a large, nationally known girls' camp brings 500 wealthy girls to leave spending money. Many sightly places have been bought as summer homes, where local people find ready work.

Practically every family in town has a motor car and radio, and the vast majority are "getting by" well. The town has a modern water supply, fire protection, and electric lights. There is a modern school system — through the high school; a thriving Protestant Church. The Grange, Women's Club and Historical Society are live organizations. This is a typical story of a typical agricultural community.

FROM the farming viewpoint, in 1929 New England's live stock value was $136,000,000; hay $63,380,000; dairy products, milk, cream and cheese, $80,000,000; potatoes, $71,916,000; tobacco, $18,659,000. Other products, apples, corn, maple products, poultry, onions, etc., bring the 1929 value to the grand total of $468,111,000. Quite a sizeable bunch of money for the poor farmers! And the New England States combined are no larger than the single state of Iowa. As Dr. Gilbert, Commissioner of Agriculture of Massachusetts, says, "Anyone who doubts the agricultural importance of New England farms might well consider the fact that 64 per cent of the total increase in crop values for the United States as a whole in 1929 can be credited to New England. This is one per cent of the crop area of the nation. Does this look like decadence? Laugh right out loud when anyone again speaks or writes of New England's agricultural decadence."

Let's absorb a few more statistics about our poor farmer's lot! There are 1350 Granges and 173,000 Grangers in New England. There are 251 trained agricultural specialists and home makers who are showing the way to better rural living. The Farm Bureau is active in each State.

This leads to an interesting point raised in the article already mentioned. To quote: "Easy to point out that two forms of coöperation — that of coöperative investment and that of coöperative marketing — would go far to help the situation. But the present-day 1860 type farmer will not, can not coöperate. Help for these must come from State, county or private capitalism. Not, mind you, that enlightened and determined farmers might not finance such radical ventures, but that enlightened and determined psychology simply does not exist among the present incumbents of farms."

Please read that last sentence over again! And then consider the following facts!

The New England Milk Producers' Association has 22,000 members located in all the important milk producing sections of New England. In Vermont alone, there are 32 local milk coöperatives in which the farmer owns a financial interest and has an active voice in administrative policies. These coöperatives handle all their own business, including marketing. They sell to the New England Milk Producers' Association if it offers the best price. Or to a chain store. The point is — farmers *are* coöperating!

Consider this roll call of coöperating farmers' organizations. Concord, Mass., is the centre of an asparagus section. Last spring the farmers banded together and marketed 100,000 bunches at a fancy price. The Nashoba Fruit Growers of Worcester and Middlesex, a coöperative, marketed $100,000 worth of apples. The Boston Market Gardeners' Association began its coöperative functions in 1887! There are poultry coöperatives of hundreds of members. The cranberry growers on Cape Cod are organized for selling.

Last year the Massachusetts Farm Bureau purchased $250,000 worth of equipment, seed, etc., because the farmers had "enlightened and determined psychology" which told them that in coöperation lies success.

As a final slap at this bugaboo of non-coöperation among New England farmers, let me describe the marketing plan put into effect by the agricultural committee of the New England Council. A label has been devised for use upon products strictly graded in conformity with State standards, which are uniform in all six States. Each farmer has a number on his label so any complaints can be checked.

Now consider these figures on labels used during the three years. Poultrymen have used 4,263,525 labels; maple products have used 236,910; asparagus growers, 199,275; apple farmers, 137,150; celery growers, 52,275; potato men, 39,950; honey, 38,000; butter, 126,000; baby chicks and hatching eggs, 10,700; turkey growers, 33,746.

This means, that working together in a gigantic coöperation with Quality as a watchword, New England farmers have bought and used 5,140,531 labels because their "psychology" tells them it is the way to success!

I can't refrain from introducing a remark by a bewhiskered old-timer of my town. One Saturday night we were in the post office waiting for the evening mail to be sorted, and Uncle Eph was sounding me out on my education. "Wal," he wound up, "they tell me college means higher eddication, but no one seems to know how high it is."

No one seems to know the condition of Eastern agriculture. Just because we're New Englanders, it's assumed that we're cold blooded, washed-out individualists. I can remember some twenty years ago when the New England Milk Producers' Association was formed, and how quickly the dairymen through New England signed up.

An error is revealed in other passages from the article mentioned. The author says: "It might be surmised that the kind of farming operations attempted was fundamentally wrong, however sound it may have been during the last century. . . . Eastern agricultural areas are decreasing. The West's are increasing. The 1860 style Northeastern farmer (like his local storekeeper) is a moribund institution, in fact as well as on paper, and as an institution he does not know it."

Now, as little Nellie said when she was driven forth into the cold world, "I resent this." The Northeastern farmer is far from being a moribund institution! I only wish that the author of the article quoted could sit in at some of the farmers' conclaves, listen to some of the technical discussions those men engage in. To quote Uncle Eph again, "I may have a few hayseeds in my whiskers, but I don't aim to have any inside my head."

The author gives a broad hint as to his personal experiences as an Eastern agriculturist. Of land near the Catskills and the Green Mountains, he says, "Only seven years of passive resistance to nature have sufficed to turn good pastures into thickets. I know for I have ten neglected acres of it myself."

Reading that last sentence, I can't help but wonder if Mr. Fuller is one of those city souls who have figured it all out on paper how they can make a million a year on a farm.

Quoting again: "Is the 'new wilderness' coming back? Obviously it is. Despite the auto and its roads — perchance, obliquely because of it — the back country seems annually to move further back and closer up. Significant it is that every New England State except Maine has set its hand to a definite and extensive reforesting policy. A cycle of pioneerdom has nearly closed its arc."

Yes, thank God, the cycle of backbreaking labor, isolation, lonely women folks, poor roads, meagre education, and all the privations of pioneerdom is closed! And forever — those of us who love New England are confident.

Cleveland

By Frederick A. Van Fleet

The Evolution of a City

A group of men were gathered in conference. They were grave of face and serious in demeanor, for weighty matters were under discussion; weighty to them, but far more weighty in future consequence than they were permitted to know.

The place was old Hartford, in the then young State of Connecticut; the time, the winter of 1795–6. The Declaration of Independence was less than twenty years behind, the bitter struggles of the Colonies for freedom from English rule much less than that.

Although the State in which they lived was still in its infancy, her sons had been buying land in regions yet newer. These men were the formally elected directors representing purchasers of land in New Connecticut, or the Western Reserve, as it was alternatively called.

True, the land had sold for but forty cents an acre, but there were 3,000,000 acres of it, so the directors were entrusted with the administration of $1,200,000, which was a very large sum of money in that day. And all the money had bought had been a quit claim of the State to title to the land. Ownership was still claimed by the Indian tribes who lived on it, and not for several years was the Federal Government definitely to confirm Connecticut's title which she was passing on to those who had paid forty cents an acre.

Could these men who were acting as directors of the newly-formed Connecticut Land Company have known that they held in their hands the future of a territory in which millions of men and women were to produce billions in wealth, they might have hesitated, but I think not. They were self-reliant men of affairs, leaders of their day. Their way was to do their honest best, and they would probably have done neither more nor less had they been permitted to catch a glimpse of what was to be builded on the foundations they were laying.

At any rate, they went at their task. They laid careful plans, which included treating with the Indians for extinguishment of their claims, surveying and appraising the land which had been bought to prepare it for resale, and founding a settlement at a given place, from which the immediate direction of the land venture was to be had.

All these things had to be done on the ground. Plans could be made in Hartford, but they had to be executed on the Western Reserve. An expedition must be recruited and outfitted and a leader selected to direct that expedition. This choice fell on General Moses Cleaveland, one of the directors, a man in the prime of life with legal training, military experience and great strength of character. It was he who, as superintendent for the company, led the first expedition for the development, who supervised the work of the surveyors who ran the first township lines, and who established, at the designated juncture of the Cuyahoga River with Lake Erie, the town which the directors had decreed should be established there.

So the City of Cleveland was born. In all our still new country there is nothing more fascinating than a study of our great cities. Alike as men are alike, they are as different as men are different. Alike in the similarity of their piles of brick and steel and stone, their miles of street pavements and the green of their parks and lawns, they are as different in their characteristics as two men alike in physical structure are different in character.

That is because the real life and character of a city is a composite of the lives and characters of the men who laid it down, who nursed it through its pioneer days, who made it grow as they grew in it.

Cleveland, no more nor no less than every other great city, reflects in its characteristics the lives and characters of its four or five generations of citizens. But Cleveland, unlike other cities, reflects also the lives and characters of those sturdy business men of early Connecticut days, who had the daring to invest a vast sum of money in land that existed only in hearsay and the conservatism to go about developing it according to the soundest rules of business.

Most of our cities have evolved as circumstances might dictate. Cleveland, in its first few decades, developed very much as its Connecticut progenitors desired. An instance of this is found in the location. Original plans decreed that the settlement which was to be the principal place of business of the new territory should be where the Cuyahoga flowed into the lake. There Moses Cleaveland and his surveyors put it. But the first families to live on the site fell victims to fever and ague, from the marshes through which the river flowed.

Within the first two or three years part of the settlers had gone four or five miles east and established their own town and another part had gone about an equal distance southeast; both for the same reason — to get away from the fever. For a few years both towns were as large as Cleveland, and as important. But the land company directors had put their town where the river flowed into the lake because they saw the possibility of lake-borne commerce, and they kept it there. Today both other localities are within the Cleveland limits and the business centre is around the square shown on the maps of 1796 as the heart of the new town.

The first expedition sent out by the Connecticut Land Company comprised the superintendent, Moses Cleaveland, his deputy, one astronomer, four surveyors, a commissary, a physician and 37 men. On the way a council with Indian tribes was held and payment arranged for the rights of the Indians, the party first setting foot on the Reserve on July 4, quite appropriately, and going on to establish the new town on July 22.

It is significant that the names of none of the members of the Connecticut Land Company appear on the roster of that first expedition. They were business men and owners of the project, not adventurers. Moses Cleaveland himself commanded the first expedition, but criticism of his actions arose when he returned home the following winter, and while an investigation resulted in complete endorsement for him he appears never again to have seen the village which he founded and which bore his name.

Those who came in the first few years of the new town came to make homes for themselves. One of the policies of the company was to offer special inducements to purchasers who would live on the land. Mostly the settlers came from Connecticut and near-by States. Speaking of the Western Reserve in an address, James A. Garfield, whose home was in the district and who was buried in Cleveland, said:

"Its pioneers were not ignorant and thoughtless adventurers, but men of established character, whose opinions on civil and religious liberty had grown with their growth and become the settled convictions of their maturer years."

There are undoubtedly many whose names have been prominent in Cleveland history who could trace back to the early years, and some who might show ancestors who were among the original group of land buyers responsible for the Western Reserve. Direct lines are scarce, however.

One notable exception to this rule is offered by the Mather family, in which the lives of four Samuel Mathers span the whole history of Cleveland, from the Connecticut Land Company to 1931. The first of the four was sixth in the line of descent from Rev. Richard Mather, founder of the famous New England family, who came to the Colonies in 1635.

This Samuel Mather signed himself as Samuel Mather, Jr., and was a member and director of the Connecticut Land Company. His son Samuel was born at Lyme, Conn., in 1771 and was probably in Yale at the time of the land purchase. After his graduation he took a trip of inspection over the Western Reserve and then returned to Albany, to marry Catherine Livingston, of a noted New York family, and live the balance of his years in the New York State capital.

Samuel Livingston Mather, next in the line, removed to Cleveland in 1843 to handle the sale of lands owned by his father and others in the East. He studied law, but only for the purpose of doing conveyancing and other business, never entering practice. He became interested in the first discoveries of iron ore in the Lake Superior region, was one of the incorporators of the Cleveland Iron Mining Company and a director and its secretary-treasurer until 1869, when he became president and treasurer and held those posts until his death. He was also secretary and manager of the Marquette Iron Company, a director of the Bancroft Iron Company, president of the American Iron Mining Company, president of the Cleveland Boiler Plate Company, president of the McComber Iron Company and extensively interested in railroads and banking.

Completing the quartette is Samuel Mather, business leader and philanthropist of the present-day Cleveland. Born in the city in 1850, he became interested in iron and steel as a young man and has devoted his long business career to it. He formed, with Colonel J. S. Pickands, the firm, Pickands, Mather and Company, one of the great ore and shipping concerns of the country, and his name is written large through all the history of iron and steel and shipping in the last half century, as in the educational, religious and philanthropic activity of his native city of Cleveland.

While family lines may not be so directly traced from the men whose real estate promotion caused Cleveland to be established, characteristics can be. Connecticut had its iron workers and appreciated the importance of their work. Connecticut was a coast State and knew its ships and the value of maritime commerce. Of course it had its farmers; for wresting food and the materials for shelter, clothing and heat from nature was a basic part of the pioneer life.

At the very outset we find the land company offering special inducements to a blacksmith if he would set up a forge in the new town, and we find the first crude beginnings of an iron working industry within the first two decades, with a regular iron foundry in 1828 and rolling mills, plate mills and engine works, while the industry was still in its infancy throughout the country.

Also we find the beginnings of ship building almost at once, and history tells that in 1809 one Levi Johnson was building ships and exchanging them for land. Years later, when the commerce of the lakes was become important, Captain Alva Bradley, who had built up an impressive fleet, took a leaf from Levi Johnson's book and decreed in his will that his fleet of vessels should be sold off as good opportunity offered and the money invested in down town Cleveland real estate, with the result that his grandsons, Charles L. and Alva Bradley, active figures in modern business Cleveland, are very large owners of down town land and buildings.

In 1816 a young man was attracted to Cleveland whose name is associated with the city's history in a manner different from most of the pioneers. A bank was wanted and there was nobody in town suited to manage it. Judge Kingsbury, one of the first settlers, suggested Leonard Case of Warren, Ohio, for the place. He was a young man who had been partly crippled by illness and was working in the land office at Warren. He was engaged, and Cleveland secured much when he was brought there.

Mr. Case was cashier of the new

bank until it got into difficulties through hard times brought on by the collapse of inflated land values. Later the bank was reorganized by him, and he became its president. During the land slump he accumulated real estate which in returning good times made him wealthy. Mr. Case had two sons, William and Leonard, Jr. In his active days the elder Case had a small building on the public square which he used as an office. His son William took possession of it after its working days were over and formed there a club of the young men of the town. Natural history specimens were gathered and books, and meetings for discussion and interchange of opinion were held. Out of that club, known as the Ark, grew the Museum of Natural History, the Case Library and finally, when Leonard Case, Jr., died and left a large property for the purpose, grew the Case School of Applied Science, one of the better known technical schools of the country.

THE same bent toward industry and commerce implanted in Cleveland in its infant days by its Connecticut sponsors and its New England settlers made it appreciate keenly the need of transportation. The Erie Canal, finished in the second decade of the century, had a powerful influence on the development of the lakes country. It especially interested Cleveland business men and there was an early agitation for the construction of a canal to connect the Ohio River with Lake Erie — an agitation which resulted in legal authorization and after many struggles, in which Alfred Kelley, Cleveland's first prosecuting attorney, took a leading part, the construction of the canal and its opening about 1830. Its use was abandoned many years ago, but it had a powerful influence on the commerce of its day.

A decade later the city's business men became railroad builders. Lines east and west, southeast and southwest, which afterward became parts of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Big Four, Erie and Pennsylvania, were built. Alfred Kelley again led, being president of the line to Columbus, the first to be built, and Amasa Stone, one of the contractors, laid the foundation for business success which made him a great figure in the financial world.

In cities as in men, it is early training which counts. Because the early settlers and the Connecticut promoters of Cleveland believed in iron and in shipping, the city's history records the building in its shipyards of the first propeller on the Lakes and the first iron ship; in its shops, of the first locomotive to be constructed west of the Alleghanies. So the young city has a foundation of conservative industry, and it contained men who saw immediately the future of the iron ore discoveries in the upper lake country.

ROUGHLY the history of Cleveland might be divided into three parts. The first of these would include possibly the first half of the Nineteenth Century, the period when the tiny frontier settlement grew into a hamlet, then a village and then a city, when the blacksmith shops became small iron works, then foundries and plate mills and mills for rails and simple shapes, when the business of felling the trees of the forest to make ships for the Lakes developed into primitive shipyards and engine works. This was the period in which the steps of the city were set on a pathway of sound manufacturing of basic materials.

IDENTIFIED with this period were many men who rendered great service to the growing community and whose names have lived in the nomenclature of the city's streets, schools and neighborhoods only, and others to whom connection with the city's later periods may be more easily traced. Lorenzo Carter was more or less the great man of the first few years and further trace of him is lost. Leonard Case came early and his name lives in a great gift to education. General Cleaveland founded the town and gave it his name and had nothing further to do with it. Nathan Perry was an early settler who moved away but left his property to his son, Nathan, Jr., who improved the holdings and passed them on to his daughter, who married Henry B. Payne, a New Yorker coming to Cleveland in 1832 and becoming a famous figure, serving in various city and state offices, in the National House of Representatives, being mentioned for the Presidency, and finally taking a seat in the United States Senate. Amasa Stone built railroads, entered largely into the industrial life of the community, and memorialized the name of his son, drowned as a youth, in Adelbert College, a part of Western Reserve University.

A citizen of this period who did great service for the city remains unknown by name. He was the printer in the office of an early newspaper who, as the story goes, dropped something on the type which made the newspaper heading one day, spoiling one of the letter A's. With no type founder nearer than New York or Philadelphia, all the publisher could do was to drop the letter out and print the city name as Cleveland, rather than Cleaveland, a simplification which was speedily adopted by everybody.

The first period of the city's life also saw the original site defended, not only against Euclid and Newburgh, which had threatened from the first, but against the thriving and pushing Ohio City which had sprung up on the west side of the river and laid vigorous claim to supremacy, only to fall in line later as part of Cleveland.

THE second period, which might roughly be fixed as the second half of the last century, was one of slow and steady expansion. The men who said what sort of a city Cleveland should be were back there in Connecticut or identified with the first period. Those who made it a really great industrial centre and then used the money from industry to make it a cultural and social centre as well, were the men of the second period.

Iron and steel were carried in this period to a degree of importance equal to that at any other point in the country. Pittsburgh was a greater steel mill town, but Cleveland had ore control and shipping on which the Pittsburgh district was forced to depend. Identified with the history of this period were names of men important to the city and more important to the nation in the greatness of their accomplishments.

Henry Chisholm came to Cleveland in 1850 to build a Government breakwater and remained to carry a most important part in the development of the steel business. The Mathers, Samuel L. and Samuel, have been mentioned. Dr. J. Lang Cassels went from Cleveland in 1846 to prospect in the Lake Superior region for the Dead River Silver and Copper Mining Company of Cleveland and came back with the story of iron ore, many of the stockholders of his company being in the Cleveland Iron Company formed soon after, a company that had much to do with the development not only of Lake Superior ore resources but of the whole iron and steel industry of the Ohio Valley.

J. H. Wade, a portrait painter in his young manhood, became interested in the electric telegraph, attracted possibly because Morse, its inventor, was also a portrait painter. In 1847 Mr. Wade took a contract to build a telegraph line from Detroit to Jackson, Mich. From that he went on to a leading part in the creation of the Western Union, making his home in Cleveland, taking active part in its affairs and finally perpetuating his name in a magnificent park for the city. Similarly W. J. Gordon, who came to Cleveland at 21 and went into the wholesale grocery business, became identified with the iron and steel business, amassed a great fortune and used part of it for a gift of park land to the city.

Captain Alva Bradley removed his shipyard from Vermilion to Cleveland in 1868, became a great ship owner and, in passing on, directed that his vessel property should be turned into business realty. Charles L. Bradley, one of his grandsons, is an ace in the Van Sweringen organization, which reaches for railroad lines as Captain Alva Bradley reached for ships.

Marcus A. Hanna and Howard M., his brother, established a ship line in 1874 to work with the Cleveland Iron Mining Company in transporting ore. Both were afterward with Rhodes and Co. and later formed the M. A. Hanna Company, an ore and shipping concern which bulked large in lake business. Marcus A. Hanna, as every one knows, went from big business to big politics, became a President maker, United States Senator and might have been President himself if he had not been so thoroughly caricatured with dollar marks.

One business came into Cleveland in this second period which became too great for the city to hold. John D. Rockefeller, young produce man, started an oil refinery, then combined a number of them into Standard Oil. In 1884 there were 86 oil refineries in the city. But the Pennsylvania oil fields ran out, the Rockefellers and Flagler and Harkness moved east to become famous there, and many cities are as important in oil refining and distribution as Cleveland today. Oil wealth and benefactions from it remained, a large park gift by John D. Rockefeller and an orchestra hall, now building, as the gift of John L. Severance, whose father was a part of the early Rockefeller organization, being the most noted.

To attempt to pick out more than

an occasional man whose career is an illustration of the elements which have entered into the making of the city is impossible in such a recital as this. Harry Coulby, a young English boy, walked from New York to Cleveland, got a job in a railroad office, was picked off by Pickands, Mather and Company, and became one of the most important partners in that firm. Harry G. Dalton started on the docks and finished as partner in the firm. Myron T. Herrick, after fighting his way through school and selling household ware and lightning rods to get a start, came to Cleveland to study law, became a business figure, banker, Governor and finally died in the United States Embassy in Paris where he had made an undying name for himself. Andrew Squire studied medicine but preferred law and studied that, became a Cleveland attorney, and in well over 50 years of practice has become the adviser of the city's greatest business and civic leaders. L. E. Holden came from a mining career in the west to build what was then the city's greatest hotel and to own *The Plain Dealer*, a morning newspaper which traces its line of descent to the second paper established in the earlier days.

THE third period of Cleveland's history, that part of it written since the turn of the Twentieth Century, has been a period of modernizing, of building in the new manner on the sound foundations of the first century. It has brought new business leaders and new magnitude of enterprise. But even here the influence of the conservative past has been felt. At the beginning of the century, when automobiles began to claim attention, the city's business men, although interested in things made of steel, were not enthusiastic and leadership in the industry went across the Lake to Detroit. When it began to assume importance, however, Cleveland plants were found to be making an extraordinarily large bulk of parts, but those plants were still able to do any other kind of manufacturing, too. When the rubber industry developed in Akron, Cleveland business men helped it along with money and banking facilities and finally to a considerable extent with management ability.

NEW leaders developed, like O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, who sold papers and did any other jobs at hand until they got into the real estate business, developed a whole new section of fine residence property largely on courage, got into the railroad business to provide rapid transit for their residence property, and went on from there to national railroad leadership; or like Newton D. Baker, who started to practice law, got into politics, sat in the President's Cabinet as World War Secretary of War, and then settled back to law practice and universal respect; or like Cyrus S. Eaton, who studied for the ministry but preferred business, became an investment banker and then went into the steel business to contest for leadership with those who grew up in it; or the Bradleys, who were not content to live on that property which came from their grandfather's ships; or John A. Penton, who started a foundry trade paper and built up a group of steel, shipping and kindred publications which did much to tie industry together and to Cleveland, or John Sherwin, who through a career which took him from a small bank to banking leadership has always been known as the man who has helped build up industry; or G. A. Tomlinson, who, with a ship broker's experience on a daily newspaper training, came down from the head of the Lakes to make himself a power in lake shipping and an able ally of the Van Sweringens; or Charles A. Otis, who took a name familiar to the steel industry from the previous century into investment banking; or like dozens of others who have increased the industrial and financial importance of the city and turned the increment of industry into cultural or philanthropic ways.

There may seem to be but faint connection between the tiny hamlet laid out on the spot selected by the directors of the Connecticut Land Company and the Cleveland that looms large and promises to loom larger among the cities of America. But the dead hands which shaped the destinies of Cleveland for many decades after their owners were laid in quiet New England churchyards guided it into paths which led to the industrial and commercial accomplishment which is the substantial basis for Twentieth Century progress.

The graceful tower of the new Van Sweringen terminal is a symbol of the Cleveland of the future. It looks down on the square and streets laid out by the Connecticut Land Company and out over the river and lake whose commerce the officers of that company foresaw.

So it is not too much to say that without one the other might not have been.

* * *

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

Give us security! to life we cry.
And would you then have death before you die?
— From *Hazards*, a book of poems by Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan, $2).

PERHAPS this fragment of verse from an admirable small volume, which should have an additional appeal to American readers because of its dedication to Robert and Elinor Frost, leads one's thoughts quite naturally in the direction of Adam Zad. Or perhaps it is simply impossible not to think about Russia and to wonder how far Communism is to affect the future course of history and the individual lives of a good many millions of people now on earth. Certainly there is no one subject more widely discussed at present — indeed one may gauge the proportions of the public interest by the number of ridiculous remedies that are now being suggested to counteract the evil influence of the Soviets, these ranging from the lucubrations of Congressman Fish to letter-writers to daily newspapers, most of whom feel that the Five-Year Plan could be made to collapse almost immediately if the capitalistic nations of the world would stop trading with Russia, stop selling her machinery and furnishing her with experts, and stop taking her raw materials and her manufactured goods.

Plenty of Books

AND having made these desultory remarks — written down, in short, wholly in the proper spirit of landscaping — we would go on to say that those who are interested in the subject of Russia will find plenty of books available just now, in addition to some already mentioned in this department. There is, for example, Calvin B. Hoover's *The Economic Life of Soviet Russia* (Macmillan, $3), which is the outgrowth of a visit to Russia paid by the author as a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council in the Soviet Union during 1929 and 1930. This is a soundly done and reasonably simple account of the existing economic situation, seen objectively, and giving due consideration both to the remarkable achievements of the Soviet system in some respects and to its dismal failures in some others. The conclusion itself sets the keynote: "But for the present, it must be recorded that although the Soviet Civilization is farther removed from the Utopia of the philosopher than is the civilization of Capitalism, the

Soviet system nevertheless has possibilities of economic success great enough to constitute a menacing threat to the future of Capitalism." Dr. Hoover observed that one social element which is of incalculable importance in America is lacking from the Russian scene: "There is a very noticeable lack of social competition or emulation of the sort which is comprehended in the American colloquialism 'keeping up with the Joneses'."

America and Russia

THE CHALLENGE OF RUSSIA by Sherwood Eddy (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), is the result of a number of visits made to the U.S.S.R. by an American lecturer who has also guided many of his compatriots through the existing maze of Russian affairs. It, like the Hoover book, is objective, and attempts to give a fair and accurate picture of conditions today. A more serious and scholarly book is *The Soviet Challenge to America* by George S. Counts (John Day, $3), which draws a running comparison between Russia and the United States and suggests a good many social changes that may have to come about in this country because of the Russian experiment. Mr. Counts is an authority on educational matters and his book is especially good in this field. H. R. Knickerbocker's *The Red Menace to World Trade* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), made largely from a series of articles in *The New York Evening Post*, is an excellent summary of the present position of the Five-Year Plan and its possibilities, as well as some account of its dangers if the Plan is even partly successful.

Another volume that approaches the question from the human angle is William C. White's *These Russians* (Scribner, $3), which tells the stories of the fate of many different kinds of men under Soviet rule — that is, it puts the Russian situation into terms of human types, and since its author has spent three years in the country, with unusual chances for observation, the book is valuable, as well as highly interesting. This list of books might be multiplied almost indefinitely. Those readers who wish to refresh their minds upon the history of Russia will find George Vernadsky's *Russia*, published by the Yale University Press, and recently revised, a fine piece of work, brought reasonably down to date, and giving in a comparatively brief scope the whole story of the country. Without this background, it is useless to try to understand the present situation. The secrets of the success of the Soviets in holding the Russians in line are to be found in books like Vernadsky's.

For the Background

THERE are also some other new books which will help to fill in the necessary background of Russian affairs, and do it painlessly. Among these is *Under Three Tsars* by Elizabeth Narishkin-Kurakin, edited by René Fülöp-Miller (Dutton, $3.50), which is the account of the court life during the reigns of Nicholas I, Alexander III, and Nicholas II, and which also goes once more into the fatal influence of Rasputin upon the wife of the last of the Romanovs. The book is filled with the raw material of the new kind of history, in which the personal element is accented, and is a highly readable document. *Provocateur* by Roman Gul, with an introduction by Stephen Graham (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is a long historical novel of the Russian Terror, in which the infamous Azef, the agent-provocateur who served the Secret Police of the Tsar and the Revolution at the same time, and again and again betrayed both, figures prominently, and also his successor, Savnikoff, who was just about as attractive a character. Factually, Gul seems to have taken few liberties, although his book reads in spots like the wildest kind of melodrama.

Not many of the usual types of travel books are being written about Russia nowadays, and it will probably be several years before Clara Laughlin adds: *So You're Going to Russia!* to her list of guidebooks for wealthy Americans. (The last one to appear being *So You're Going to Spain*, just off the press.) But the last work of Fridtjof Nansen, *Through the Caucasus to the Volga* (Norton, $2.50), the result of a visit some years ago to the regions described, is filled with excellent descriptions of the people and the country, and has many good illustrations. The republic of Daghestan was the centre of interest for Nansen, just as it will be for a good many curious travellers one of these days, especially if the Soviets succeed and become so safe and respectable that tours may be run to them in truly Capitalistic comfort. It is in the Caucasus that Russia's principal experiments with cotton are going on at the moment, which, if they succeed, will add one more woe to the already heavily burdened agriculture of the Southern United States.

Books about Far Places

THERE are other books just now available that deal with countries more or less remote, and also a number on international questions, although none of the latter, as it happens, has anything to say about the Franco-Italian naval race, which seems to this amateur observer about the most vital international question of the moment. *Cross-Roads of the Java Sea* by Hendrik de Leeuw (Cape and Smith), with illustrations by Alexander King, takes the reader through some little-known islands, such as Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and Bali, the last mentioned of which became famous not many months ago as an earthly paradise and is probably completely ruined by now. The author sets down a great many interesting facts about the residents of these islands and goes into detail concerning their morals — when they have any. He is an observer of intelligence, and Mr. King has added some very striking illustrations to the engaging text. *Caliban in Africa* by Leonard Barnes (Lippincott, $3), is a serious study of the race question in South Africa, made by a well-known journalist of Johannesburg. Mr. Barnes thinks the life of the Union is endangered by the color-hatred that informs all the thinking and activities of the whites, and he makes out a good case. Much of what he says is directly applicable to our own race question, very strikingly so. Those who care to pursue the whole South African situation farther will find Sarah Gertrude Millin's *The South*

Africans the best book to read; it is, indeed, a remarkably fine piece of work regardless of one's intrinsic interest in the subject. It was published two or three years ago, but has lost none of its value, as the essentials of the situation have not altered.

Italy and Elsewhere

ITALY YESTERDAY AND TODAY by A. Maronini (Macmillan, $5), is a handsomely illustrated volume filled with the ancient and modern glories of the country; *A Pagan's Pilgrimage* by Llewellyn Powys (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is the account of a poet's visit to the Holy Land, during which he also stopped at Athens and Cyprus, ending his voyage at Capri. There is a literary distinction to this book that one does not often find in books of travel, and there is, too, the peculiar point of view of the author to make his work more interesting. It may well be recommended to the open-minded.

Of the books on international questions referred to somewhere in the foregoing paragraphs of this article, the most important is *International Agencies: Educating for a New World*, by John Eugene Harley (Stanford University Press, $7.50), one of the fine series of "Stanford Books in World Politics." The same press has issued *The International City of Tangier* by Graham H. Stuart at $4, the complete story of the North African town now under a tri-partite government, which, incidentally, has done extraordinarily little to spoil the native flavor of the place. Mr. Harley's book should prove invaluable as a work of reference, as it contains the full list of names of international agencies with some explanation of their work and their aims. For specialists in international law, the Oxford University Press has started a modern series of *International Adjudications*, and two volumes are now available, at $5 each. John Bassett Moore is the editor. *Dictatorships on Trial* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) is a collection of twenty-two essays edited by Otto Forst de Battaglia, and with an introduction by the Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, which give the advantages and disadvantages of dictatorship as a form of government. This book has been translated from the German.

The Fiction Flood

PERHAPS this is enough of the more serious part of the Landscape for the present. Despite the valiant efforts of publishers to reduce their lists this spring — one of the largest announces a cut from 182 to 49 titles, which is typical — the flood of fiction swirls on, and even the best-trained swimmer is likely to be drowned in it if he venture into mid-stream. There is always a chance, however, to fish from the bank, with the Landscaper, although somewhat mixed, perhaps, as to metaphor, indicating the likely spots for the casting of a fly. A number of good and important novels have been published since the turn of the year; no masterpieces in the lot, perhaps, but plenty to justify the hard-up reader in parting from his $2.50. Miss Fannie Hurst's *Back Street* (Cosmopolitan, $2.50), the story of the life of a kept woman, set in the America of a quarter-century ago, is widely popular, and while the

Landscaper is willing to go no farther than to say the present book seems much better than some of Miss Hurst's — it is hard to forget or forgive *A President Is Born* — he knows that there are many satisfied readers of *Back Street*, and he can see its appeal.

For Entertainment Only

ANNE GREENE, whose first novel, *The Selbys*, was one of the best-sellers of 1930, and a delightful piece of light fiction it was too, is now offering another book in much the same vein, *Reader, I Married Him* (Dutton, $2.50). This is the tale of Catherine Douglass, daughter of a Southern family resident in Paris, of their ups and downs financially, and of Catherine's love story. It is an engaging yarn, and should consolidate the position fairly won by Miss Greene last year as a writer of entertaining books. While we are on this subject of diverting fiction, one of the many novels of Colette now being offered the American public is *The Gentle Libertine* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), the story of a woman's experiments with sex, and her eventual discovery that it is her husband she really loves, a frank book relieved of all possibility of offense by the delicacy with which it is handled. It is worldly-wise Colette at her most subtle, and that class of readers known as "sophisticated" will enjoy it. *Indiana Jane* by Cecil Roberts (Appleton, $2) is even lighter, a gaily inconsequential story about a movie star that has plenty of action and bright dialogue to make it pleasant reading; it ought to be good for people with influenza.

Following the Landscaper's favorite custom of allowing one thought to suggest another, why can we not pause here a moment, and look over some other books that should serve to relieve the *tedium vitæ: Boners*, for example, a small book published by the Viking Press at $1, which contains a fine collection of schoolboy howlers; and *The Owl in the Attic and Other Perplexities* by James Thurber (Harper, $2), a collection of stray pieces by the co-author of *Is Sex Necessary?* with illustrations by Mr. Thurber himself, a really funny book.

Good Reading from Sweden

TWO of the current novels that may be relied upon to please most tastes come to us from Sweden. Both are large and leisurely. The first is Selma Lagerlöf's *The Ring of the Löwenskölds* (Doubleday, Doran, $3), a book of the type of *The Saga of Gosta Berling*, with very much the same atmosphere. The second is Gustaf Hellstrom's *Lacemaker Lekholm Has an Idea* (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, $3), which is another family chronicle, this time covering several generations, in somewhat the same manner as *The Forsyte Saga*. The characters are vividly drawn and the writing is of an entertaining quality. This is the first of Hellstrom's novels to be translated into English; he has written many, and has also done a number of volumes of short stories. One would say that there was an excellent chance for an American audience for his work, if the present novel escapes the neglect that has fallen upon much good fiction during the current depression. From Norway comes an addition to the shelf of novels by Johan Bojer, the new one being entitled *The Everlasting Struggle* (Century, $2.50), and telling the story of the struggle for existence of a family living in a little village at the edge of the sea. This is typical Bojer material and well and movingly handled.

Those who have followed the work of William Faulkner, a young Southern novelist often mentioned in the Landscape, will find his new book, *Sanctuary* (Cape and Smith, $2.50) a remarkable piece of writing, although its gruesomeness will narrow its appeal. It is a terrible picture of the brutality that is so distressingly inherent in the human race, relieved by touches of broad humor; a much clearer and more easily understandable novel than Mr. Faulkner's curious *The Sound and the Fury*. The characters are well drawn, and the whole permeated with a keen sense of the dramatic.

Eastern Excitement

HARRY HERVEY is another one of the younger writing men who have done interesting novels, and who have the ability to tell a story, a precious quality. His latest book, *The Iron Widow*, takes him back to the East, which is his best background. It is a story of life in a French prison in Senegambia; there are lust and brutality in every page, but the strange people are lifelike, and the whole book vivid. The Iron Widow is the guillotine, of course. Delphine, the exotic heroine — if heroine is the word — is a credible incarnation of evil, and the whole novel one that most readers will find hard to lay aside, although some may be shocked by the frankness of its discussion of many phases of sex, including the abnormal.

Some of the outstanding novels of foreign origin that have been published recently are *Towards the West* by M. Constantin-Weyer (Macaulay, $2), the author of *A Man Scans His Past*, and *The Half-Breed*, and another story of the same type as its two predecessors; *Eros Invincible* by Ricarda Huch (Macaulay, $2), the distinguished Swiss woman novelist, the story of the influence of a passionate love on the lives of the two people concerned and also on the lives of the people around them, and considered in Europe the author's finest story; *The Little Town* by Heinrich Mann (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), the story of a small Italian town and its awakening because of the visit of an opera troupe; and *Claus the Fish* (Cape and Smith, $2), a beautiful short fantasy, filled with symbolism, and good enough to deserve much more space than can be given here.

This does not complete the list of available fiction by a good many titles, some of which are deserving of more consideration than they can have at present. There is Struthers Burt's *Festival* (Scribner, $2.50), for example, the finest novel Mr. Burt has done up to the present, and a really intelligent piece of writing that deserves the careful reading of thoughtful people because of the problems it treats, and because it emanates from a good mind.

And More Fiction Still

THERE is, too, *My Husband's Friends* by Katherine Bellaman (Century, $2), the first novel of the wife of the poet, novelist and critic, Henry Bellaman, a distinguished book that reveals a fine new talent; *Strange Combat* by Sarah Salt (Brewer and Warren, $2.50), another powerful book by the author of *Sense and Sensuality; The Crochet Woman* by Ruth Manning-Saunders (Coward-McCann, $2.50), a novel of modern witchcraft in the English countryside, and so on and on. This is not forgetting, either, that Sara Haardt, the wife of H. L. Mencken, has published her first novel, *The Making of a Lady* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a story of a Southern town that is hardly up to the standard of Miss Haardt's magazine articles and critical writings. And, too, one should remember that another interesting début is that of David Burnham, with *This Our Exile* (Scribner, $2.50), a novel of life in our own times, that is, if we are willing to think of the 1920's as ours. . . .

For the pathetically few people who like good short stories, the Landscaper recommends with all the heartiness at his command Osbert Sitwell's *Dumb Animals* (Lippincott, $2.50), more tales in the vein of Mr. Sitwell's remarkable collection, *Triple Fugue;* and T. F. Powys's *The White Paternoster and Other Stories* (Viking, $2.50), which are in the vein of *Mr. Weston's Good Wine.* They would make excellent bedside books, for the people who want just a bit of good reading before dropping off to sleep. And for those who are not troubled by bad dreams, there is *The Best Mystery Stories of Today*, edited by Carolyn Wells, and published by John Day. It is needless to say that Miss Wells knows a good mystery story when she sees it.

An Attack on Lincoln

THERE can be very little doubt that the most discussed biography of recent weeks is Edgar Lee Masters's *Lincoln, the Man* (Dodd, Mead, $5), which is the most completely devasting attack launched against Lincoln in a long time, a book written in anger and giving its subject credit for no virtues whatever. This is its fault, and its heat vitiates whatever force there might have been behind Mr. Masters's attack. If "debunking" is to be done in cases of this sort it must be done differently, and first of all, dispassionately. As soon as the note of denunciation creeps in, the power of convincing the reader flies out. *Lincoln, the Politician* by Don C. Seitz (Coward-McCann, $4), is a study of Lincoln in one of his most interesting phases by a man who knows politics. Mr. Seitz is willing to admit that Lincoln was lazy, uncouth, and all the rest, but he thinks that he was shrewd always, and often wise, and that about him was a slow but sure way of doing the right thing.

The Son of Kings?

THE irresistible appeal of the Lincoln story — myth, if you like — is further illustrated by the fact that John Buchan has just published a fanciful novel about Lincoln called *The Path of the King* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), which attempts to show that Lincoln was descended from a long line of kings stretching all the way back to Norman times; this is a convenient and fairly familiar way of explaining greatness. Mr. Buchan writes excellent historical fiction, however far fetched some of us may feel that his present story is. One is reminded somewhat of the classical example of a famous biographer of Cervantes, the Spaniard Navarette, who manufactured a genealogical table covering several pages, in order to justify the genius of the author of *Don Quixote*, about whose ancestry nothing is really known beyond his paternal grandfather. Navarette supposed, and Mr. Buchan appears to agree, that genius must be explained by affiliation with royalty, an odd notion considering how many utter dolts have sat on thrones and held titles.

In other respects, the biography shelf is not so well filled as it has been in past months, but the year is yet young, and certainly far too young to justify any prophecy that the interest in biography is actually declining. Among the new volumes is a good life of that most remarkable black man, Toussaint L'Ouverture, in *The Black Napoleon* by Percy Waxman (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), which any one not familiar with the history of Santo Domingo will find exciting. There is also *Vancouver: A Life, 1757–1798* by George Godwin (Appleton), the story of an explorer, which does something to rehabilitate its subject, who has sometimes been accused of using a good deal of brutality in dealing with the sailors under him. And a queer sort of book on Woodrow Wilson called *Wilson, the Unknown* by a corporation lawyer who uses the pen-name Wells Wells (Scribner, $2.50). This is supposed to explain the "enigma" of Wilson, and the author ends most of his sentences with exclamation points. A reasonably careful perusal did not reveal to this reader any epoch-making explanations of Wilson, and most of the exclamation points are not justified; they are as out of place as the raised voice in a public speaker who really hasn't anything to say.

And then, for those who like that sort of thing, an autobiography called *Women Have Been Kind*, by Lou Tellegen, the actor (Vanguard, $3), which tells all about what a devil of a fellow Mr. Tellegen has been and how many women have granted him their favors, and which ends with a prologue by the present Mrs. Tellegen, which is in incredibly bad taste, and therefore suits the book exactly. F. P. A. has already suggested that the title really should have been *Women Have Been Kind of Silly*. . . . However, the author never seems to have lacked for love, and if women are that bad, there ought to be a huge market for the book. Mr. Tellegen would have done well to devote all his time to consoling the female sex, if the Landscaper's recollection of his acting is reasonably accurate. But then men always hate a successful Don Juan; they even throw grapefruit at Rudy Vallee.

The Life of a Dancer

On the whole the most entertaining book of this classification the Landscaper has held in his hands recently is *Theatre Street* by Tamara Karsavina (Dutton, $5), the life story of a noted dancer, which has a preface by Sir James Matthew Barrie. There was a street in a city called St. Petersburg which was known as Theatre Street, and on it was the home of the old Imperial Ballet. It was from this point that Karsavina started her wanderings, which have taken her pretty well the world over and brought her into contact with scores of interesting people. Hers is a refreshingly honest and straightforward book, and is filled with material that should appeal to many readers who have no specific interest in dancing.

Another interesting biography is *Zeppelin* by Margaret Goldsmith (Morrow, $3.50), who wrote with her husband an unusually fine life of Hindenburg about a year ago. There are probably not a great many people who watch the *Los Angeles* as she soars over the skyscrapers of New York who realize that the man responsible for the giant ship's appearance was an officer in the Union Army during our own Civil War, and while on duty began his aeronautical experiments. He retired at the age of fifty-two, having turned his attention to other matters for a number of years, and resumed the studies he had begun in America. The rest is familiar history; it is still possible to stir up arguments pro and con on the subject of lighter-than-air flying machines, but Zeppelins have made many remarkable records, and larger and finer ones are under construction in a number of countries, including, of course, our own. Miss Goldsmith has handled her story well.

There is one volume that comes under the next heading, that pleasantly inclusive heading of Miscellaneous, that the Landscaper seems to recall having mentioned here before, namely, Cherry Kearton's *Island of the Penguins* (McBride, $3), which was first read in London last fall. It recounts the visit of Mr. Kearton and his wife to a small island off the Cape of Good Hope which is the home of some five millions of Blackfoot or Jackass Penguins, when they are not swimming up and down the ocean. (They are sea-dwellers except during the mating season.) By this time the films have made us all fairly familiar with penguins; and they look ridiculously like men in evening dress.

Miscellaneous

THERE is always space here for books about the beginnings of America, as followers of the Landscape realize. One of the most interesting of these of recent publication is *Coronado's Children: Tales of Lost Mines and Buried Treasures* by J. Frank Dobie (The Southwest Press, Dallas, Texas, $3), which is a Literary Guild selection, and which is filled with good yarns. *The Course of Empire*, edited by Valeski Bari (Coward-McCann), tells the tale of the great adventure of Forty-nine in the words of the participants; the editor is a member of the faculty of the University of California. Another dip into our history is *Europe and the American Civil War* by Donaldson Jordan and Edwin G. Pratt (Houghton Mifflin, $4), with an Introduction by Samuel E. Morison, a complete and careful study of a subject that while often enough touched upon has not been so fully and clearly treated elsewhere before. Also of interest to thoughtful Americans is *Puritan's Progress* by Arthur Train (Scribner, $2.50), the story of early American influences on the Americans of today, a patchwork of stray facts and anecdotes, but with a quite definite pattern. Perhaps another book might be included in this lot, since it should interest all the people who love their country. This is *Thirty Years' War for Wild Life* by William T. Hornaday (Scribner, $2.50), the record of a battle to save the birds and animals in this part of the world.

This leaves us with only a small handful of books of different kinds, but all too important to pass by. One wishes there were space to write in some detail about Edmund Wilson's collection of critical essays, *Axel's Castle* (Scribner, $2.50), which takes up Yeats, Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Proust and others, all writers that fit into Mr. Wilson's sub-title: *A Study of the Imaginative Literature of 1870–1930.* Since Mr. Wilson is one of the few critics in the United States of any real consequence, he is worth listening to upon a subject with which he is familiar and to which he is peculiarly sympathetic. Then there is a very curious book by Charles Fort called *Lo!* (Claude Kendall, $2.50), which has nothing to do with Indians, but which is filled with strange and seemingly inexplicable happenings gathered from hundreds of sources, and which might have been called *The Wonders of the World;* and something else of a different variety, but also curious: *Children Who Run on All Fours* by Dr. Aleš Hrdlička (Whittlesey House: McGraw-Hill, $5), the complete record in text and photograph of scores of children with animal-like characteristics, most of them normal in every other way. And last a brilliant book by G. Lowes Dickinson called *After 2000 Years* (Norton, $2.50), in which Plato and a modern young man discuss the present state of civilization.

* * *

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

"For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." This simple legend inscribed over the graceful archway erected forty-five years ago above the first official entrance to Yellowstone Park epitomizes the idea behind this great natural pleasure ground of ours. It voices a pleasant welcome and awakens at once a feeling of gratitude and appreciation. These increase as we continue through the Park and discover for ourselves something of its wonders. Though Gardiner Gateway was first to be erected and is popular with many travellers because it is served by the luxurious "Yellowstone Comet" which affords the fastest service between Chicago and Yellowstone, there are now three other principal gateways through which to approach the Park. This allows a broad choice of routes. Gardiner Gateway, however, is a favorite among the entrances because, like a true showman, it leads you through the lesser wonders of the Park before it raises the curtain on its magnificent climax — the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River.

Yellowstone Park — Our Common Heritage

Did it ever occur to you that you have a personal share in this great national preserve? That it has been set apart for your particular pleasure, cared for and kept ready for you and your family to visit? Its hotels are not unlike great country houses managed by capable hosts who, when spring comes and brooks begin to chatter and willows to whisper, open their front doors, throw back the shutters, whisk dust cloths from the furniture, and behold — a place is prepared for your summer's enjoyment. When you visit Yellowstone you will find your accommodations quite as you like them. The cleanliness and comfort of Yellowstone's hotels and lodges are proverbial, their spacious rooms, hospitable open fireplaces, and windows which, no matter how they may point, focus some treasured view of natural beauty — these are all just waiting for you, as are stables filled with saddle horses ready for you to mount and ride off into the more remote sections of the Park where elk and deer browse, wild buffalo roam, and you may dally beside quiet streams. Even guides are in readiness to serve your pleasure. Yellowstone is a valuable heritage for us all, but like any heritage, we must make use of it if we are to gain any real good from it.

Friendly Interludes with Beavers, Bears and Birds

We may all use the same things a little differently, and this is true of Yellowstone as well as anything else. Some of us may have a short vacation, yet wish to spend it in Yellowstone, so to make the most of our time we follow a scheduled itinerary. There is one, for example, that covers all the principal sights in Yellowstone allowing four and one-half days in the Park itself; yet it takes just eleven days all told from New York to New York, and the cost is so reasonable you will hardly believe it possible. Others of us would settle down in one of the picturesque lodges in the Park for a more prolonged stay. We want to linger and wait for the Minute Man to spout whether he takes hours or days. We would stalk the timid deer with our camera on some of the more lonesome trails, and glimpse those sure-footed mountain sheep that seek the more tranquil reaches of the hills. And did you ever just sit quietly in the sun and watch an industrious old beaver build his dam? On Swan Lake Flat and near Tower Fall there are several colonies of these skilful little engineers in plain view. More than two hundred species of birds build their nests in Yellowstone, and among them, if you will look on a certain high pinnacle of rock on Gardiner Road, you will see an eagle's nest that has been there, it is said for more than a hundred years.

Another captivating little inhabitant of Yellowstone is the water ouzel who builds his nest even more sagaciously than the aspiring eagle in the rocks behind some tumbling waterfall where the spray turns his outlook into rainbows. Pelicans flourish here, too, on the fine fishing available for them in the many streams and lakes, and if you watch for them when you pass Fishing Bridge, you may be sure you will find some of them busily at work.

Motor tours through the Park, whether taken on some regular itinerary or following along as your pleasure dictates, yield a rich harvest of unforgettable beauty. Inspiration Point where the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River

IN THE
CANADIAN
MANNER

there is a warmth of welcome and generous hospitality at the Log Chateau, Lucerne-in-Quebec, where the winter carnival spirit is now high. Clear, bright days for the winter sports and warm, cheery evenings for relaxation are at their best in Lucerne-in-Quebec.

The Log Chateau is a club hotel maintained primarily for members of the Seigniory Club.

For reservations apply to the Manager, Log Chateau, Lucerne-in-Quebec, Canada.

LUCERNE
in QUEBEC
A CLUB COMMUNITY
LQ41

$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E168"

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

spreads its flaming color as thick as some painter gone mad with the ecstasy of it all, Mammoth Hot Springs where the lime of ages has steeped up in terraces like the drippings from myriad candles dipped in the hues of the rainbow itself, Lone Star Geyser, alone truly in the perfection of its cone, and the Devil's Slide, a great exclamation point of Satanic red splashed across the rocks to accentuate the magnificence of this vast region — these are some of the high spots in Yellowstone Park which the Government is keeping for you and me, for our "Benefit and Enjoyment." Planning your vacation to include Yellowstone Park assures you one of the most typical American vacations you can arrange, and one of the most satisfactory.

Germany — Host to Music Lovers

GERMANY lays claim to many distinctions in entertaining her summer visitors, but that which perhaps holds for us the strongest attraction is her generous outpouring of good music. All the world loves music, and that may be one reason so many of us go to Germany, for we know that there is scarcely a city of even moderate size and importance that does not have its opera house and concert hall. In the summer, not to be without their music, the many health and recreation resorts vie with one another in attracting the best musicians, conductors, and soloists whose services have become available after the winter season. At Baden-Baden, Ems, Nauheim, Aachen, Homburg and Wiesbaden, to mention but a handful of these much sought-out resorts, music has become an inseparable part of the daily programme, and is eagerly enjoyed.

Entirely aside from these more informal concerts are the special music festivals for which Germany has become internationally known and loved. The Bayreuth and Munich Festival plays, the former dedicated to Wagner under the direction of Fertwängler, Toscanini and Elmendorff, the latter to Mozart, Wagner, and to some extent Strauss, are of course most familiar to us all. Those who reach Germany as early in the season as May will have an opportunity to hear opera during the last weeks of the regular season in any number of German cities, and those who reach Bremen during that month may also take advantage of the Tonkuenstlerfest of the General Music Association. Open-air opera is scheduled for July in Kolberg and Zoppot with performances of the "Ring." And so it goes throughout the summer months — good music available everywhere in Germany.

Climbing Zugspitze by the New Railway

SOME of us have always wanted to get up beyond the clouds and stay there comfortably for a while, and Germany is giving us our opportunity, for in January she opened the new Bavarian Zugspitze Railway. For those who may not be familiar with Germany's mountains, let me hasten to say that the Zugspitze is the highest mountain peak in the country. This startling bit of mountain climbing starts 2500 feet above the sea level. Thus far you have doubtless come from Munich on the electric train of the German Reichsbahn to the twin cities of Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps. Then you will climb by the new mountain railway to Grainau-Badersee whence, on a sturdy cog-wheel railroad, you are pulled for seven and one-half miles straight up into and through the clouds. Happily for you, there is more behind those particular clouds than you might suspect — yet, you may have guessed — a perfectly splendid new hotel with a view that is a knock-out, and magnificent skiing grounds. But even here, you have not reached the topmost top of Zugspitze, so if you still yearn for the moon, an obliging suspension cable car will swing you up yet another thousand feet to a little platform on the very top of this giant mountain, in the midst of a world of eternal snow and ice. As you gaze off over the glittering ice-fields, across a panorama of blue-black gorges, rose-gold peaks and mountain sides slithering with ice and snow, you can scarcely realize that in three hours you can be safely back again in Munich, where the world knows little of that vista behind the clouds. This method of climbing mountains suits a great many of us far better than the wearisome climb that always brings the aftermath of climbing down again, and is just one more way that Germany has found for making us enjoy ourselves when we travel there.

Spain—Land of Beauty

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

THIS verse always reminds me of Spain. It is filled with so many glowingly beautiful things for all the world to enjoy. When you look at Spain even on the map, its color is sunny, and you finish the picture in imagination by populating it with dancing Spanish gypsies, the languorous black-eyed beauties of Zuloaga, daring toreadors, bandoleros and caballeros. Perhaps a few ordinary mortals, but not too many. Just enough to keep the trains and hotels in running order. Even the soldiers and policemen wear an air of not being as fierce as they look. It makes little difference whether you enter Spain boldly through Gibraltar or slip through the deep passes of the Pyrenees like a true contrabandier from the North, your Spain is charmingly, delightfully, frankly gay and picturesque. You can be serious about Spain if you try, but it will be an effort. She has unique archaeological remains in Italica, not far from Seville and more of them at Santillana near Santander that hold a strong appeal for diligent students of research, and many fine museums which, when studied, yield an undreamed history of the Greeks, Romans, Goths and Moors, who, in wave after wave, swept across Spain in the struggle for supremacy. The studious also have at their disposal the priceless record available through documents in the Archivo de Indias in Seville which tell us all about the early days of the discovery and colonization of America by Spaniards and somewhat of our own beginnings—but on the whole Spain captivates us largely because of her unfailing beauty.

ON TO GERMANY FOR

Castles
Romance
History

Turret and wall and keep catch light from the golden past when banners fluttered and the streets were strewn with flowers in festivals that gave honor to victorious knights. Indeed, the traveler turns the bright pages of history as he comes upon castles that stand in bold relief amid scenes of enthralling natural beauty. Then the traveler may turn to great modern cities gleaming with art and culture and gaiety; and to the fabled past in Nuremberg, Mainz, Heidelberg, Luebeck. Honest prices, no visa fee, no landing charges. Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 60. GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Neuschwanstein Castle

"Going to Europe" means going to

GERMANY

NORWAY

MIDNIGHT SUN TRIPS
by PLEASURE CRUISER

"Stella Polaris"

Four North Cape cruises, sailing from Havre June 3rd, from Newcastle June 18th, July 2nd and July 16th, Spitsbergen cruise from Newcastle July 30th. Visiting Fjords, North Cape, Spitsbergen, etc. *For particulars, apply local steamship agent or write Dept. S.*

B & N LINE
280 Broadway New York

HARRIS TWEED

The cream of Scotch Homespuns and aristocrat of all sports wear. Direct from the makers. Suit-lengths cut to order and sent postage paid. Patterns free on stating shade desired.

James St. Tweed Depot, 591 Stornoway, Scotland

We Go Spinning Through Spain

SPRINGTIME in Spain. Pack right up and get started. It is the most cherished of all seasons, but if you can not plan to be there in the spring any other time will do. In winter the mild climate of Malaga, Alicante and the Balearic Isles, which of course include Chopin's favorite retreat, Mallorca, whisper of spring, and in the summer that string of gay resorts singled out by the fashionables of Europe as their particular playground — San Sebastian and Santander (so near Biarritz) Gijon, La Coruna and Vigo — that cluster round the storied coast of the Bay of Biscay — these beguile away days and weeks at a time. It is in this province of Spain that the sturdy Basques with their fine old customs and traditions lend vivid color to the historic background. Farther south we come to Burgos standing nearly two thousand feet above sea level on its wind-swept plateau, its cathedral and the old castle still echoing the valiant deeds of the Cid.

Madrid is the modern contrast to many ancient cities that hover in her neighborhood and at no great distance. Cordoba with its mosque of a thousand columns, Toledo, Segovia, El Escorial, and the red walled city of Avila — all so well worth while and so comparatively close to Madrid.

Barcelona wears the air of a cosmopolitan, perhaps because so many ships sail in and out of her port and land such numbers of us there to start with our tours of Spain. For those who were unable to visit her when the Exposition was in full swing, there are some compensations in learning that the pavilions built for the Exposition were of a permanent character and still house valuable exhibits.

Denmark — World's Oldest Kingdom

IN THESE days when kings and their kingdoms are slipping off the map so rapidly, you must move quickly after planning your trip abroad so that you may be sure you are going to be able to include a kingdom or two in your schedule before they vanish away altogether. But the scarcer they become the more we appreciate them. We all love to visit kingdoms. They still retain something of the glamour of fairy tales about them because of their queens and princes and princesses. Now Denmark is the oldest kingdom in existence. It has had a king for more than a thousand years and still has one. In the beginning of the eleventh century its domain included all of England, and though it did not hold on to England very long, you may readily see that Denmark is a kingdom that possesses a vastly interesting historic background besides a royal family, and the distinction of having been the birthplace of the most beloved of all the world's makers of fairy tales — Hans Christian Andersen. Now while we may not have known very much about Denmark's princes and princesses, nearly everyone of us is on familiar terms with Hans and his fairy family, and knowing these alone would make us want to visit Denmark.

Hans Andersen's Guide Book

WE WOULD pay a visit to the poor little house in Odense on the island of Funen with its cobbler shop where as a rather miserable little boy Hans played and dreamed his dreams of happier times. We might see the scraggly old gooseberry bush in his lowly yard 'neath which he took refuge when the children refused to play with him and he solaced himself by cutting out fairy figures from scraps of paper. Though we scarcely ever associate more serious writings with this master of fairy lore, he once wrote a description of a walking tour from Copenhagen through the adjacent island of Amager. This book reveals his extraordinary talent for observation, for the account is written in much detail. It also suggests the many delightful excursions that may be made from Copenhagen today in and about the many islands which form part of Denmark and through the pleasant Danish countryside. Amager, which so intrigued the imagination of Andersen, was settled by a group of Hollanders who have to this day retained many of their quaint Dutch customs and costumes. Kronborg Castle at Elsinore, beautiful in itself, is on another island — Zealand — and has the added distinction of being the scene made familiar to us through Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Elsinore is quite accessible from Copenhagen, which makes an excellent starting point for many short excursions. A favorite resort during the summer months also rapidly reached from Copenhagen is the small island of Möen, remarkable for the beauty of its shimmering chalk cliffs that rise sharply out of the sea.

Copenhagen itself can keep us well occupied with its wide variety of interests and light-hearted gaiety. Life there moves so gently that just living along, enjoying an occasional stroll along the Langelinie Promenade, dining in the cheerful open-air cafés, watching the amusing old fisherwomen haggle over their wares in the Fish Market on Gammel Strand, and buying quantities of sweet fresh flowers from the vendors with their baskets at the flower market, makes you forget the more serious attractions which are also to be seen in this old world city of many towers. It holds the mysteries of ancient castles, grim old churches and has excellent museums for you to visit besides. In the National Museum may be seen the unique Eskimo collections of Dr. Knud Rasmussen among other things, and the works of Thorvaldsen are preserved for us in the Museum which bears his name.

Yachting to the North Cape

THERE is always something exclusive about the thought of cruising in a yacht. Just so many people may join a yachting cruise and no more, and to those of us who do not care for crowds, this holds a strong appeal. That may be the reason that cruises on the motor yacht "Stella Polaris," which has been sailing the seven seas since 1929 when she went into commission, are viewed with such favor. A recent cruise took her to the Antarctic and to many of the alluring isles of the Pacific. This summer five cruises have been arranged to the North Cape and Spitzbergen, the first leaving Bergen, Norway, on the fifth of June.

Norway
THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

You will not see in all Europe nor anywhere in the world, a land like Norway. It is unique, incomparable. Fortunately its innumerable wonder places are easily accessible, thanks to the incredible engineering feats of railway and road builders and the many fjords and coastal waterways, from Lindesnes to North Cape. And the midnight sun adds to your hours of enjoyment.

Norway is easily reached. Travel there is comfortable and inexpensive.

Norwegian Government Railways Travel Bureau
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N-Y-U-S-A

Ask for our booklets, and let us gladly assist you. No charge—and we sell nothing.

(*Continued from page VII*)

generally unknown and unseasoned stock along with several good ones. The real sales pressure, of course, is put behind this unknown stock. Very little experience is needed to detect these fraudulent offerings, and such experience is accessible to nearly everyone in the person of a banker; the best way to avoid becoming a victim is to investigate the record and standing of all sources of financial advice.

Investment Trust Questions

INVESTMENT trust questions continue to loom large in Wall Street discussion. The difficulties of the general management trusts created by the decline in the values of their portfolios have by no means been cleared up. Some of the investment bankers which created these trusts now feel that they have white elephants on their hands, and it is possible that several will follow the merger route as a way out. Professor Ripley, of Harvard, in testimony before a Senate subcommittee, urged Government control of investment trusts to enforce complete publicity of operation of all agencies which make an appeal to the public for investments. He criticized the appeal, under present conditions, to "uninformed and helpless investors — those who buy one, two or three shares with $100 instead of putting it into savings deposits. . . . What we need more than anything else is the clear separation of those businesses which are investments and those which are speculative."

During this long period of readjustment the management trusts are cleaning up the débris of the bear market, writing down and reconstructing their portfolios, readjusting their capital and surplus structures to fit the new realities, and carrying through their mergers. That out of their troubles will come a healthier, wiser, more efficient and higher-principled body of trusts, Government regulation or no, can not be doubted.

Meanwhile the fixed trusts continue to ride high on the waves of popularity. Their distributing organizations blanket the nation, and are particularly active outside of New York. It is reported that one of the largest and most highly-sponsored security underwriting houses in New York is to organize a fixed trust and market its shares through its widespread selling offices and allies; if so it will probably climb quickly to the top of the pile. The popularity of these trusts is an amazing comment on human nature, in that they substitute an automatic and, in most cases, irrevocable diversification of securities for the individual watchfulness and ability to "swap horses" at any time, without which it would seem impossible to invest successfully. However, realization and confession of one's weaknesses may be the first step toward salvation; and a fixed trust, while hardly an attractive investment medium for those who have skill, experience and funds to make up and manage their own programmes, is a distinctly worth-while addition in a country where so much money is wasted every year upon worthless oil and mining stocks and fake investment schemes of many kinds.

The current discussion about fixed trusts has to do largely with their set-up and practices which determine how much of the investor's payment goes into the "load" which becomes the sponsor's fee. The whole movement is so new that practices are far from standardized, and the investor who considers these shares should carefully compare all charges, direct and indirect, to find out what it costs "to get in, to stay in, and to get out." Some of the earliest fixed trusts are still among the best, but generally speaking there has been a steady improvement in the personnel of the movement both as experience is gained and the apparent permanence of the innovation attracts more conservative investment houses to the field.

Some fixed trusts are listed on the Chicago Curb Exchange and the New York Curb is considering a proposal to list their shares, although it is opposed by many on the ground that there is no need for speculative trading in the issues, since their price ought always to be kept accurately in line with the day to day value of the portfolio. The theory of the fixed trust is, in fact, that its shares are wholly interchangeable with the portfolio, at any given time, and that if the sponsor failed to maintain a market the owners of shares could obtain their pro-rata portion of the portfolio from the trustee. On the other hand, exchange trading undoubtedly would be attractive to many potential buyers of fixed trust shares in that it is an added convenience.

"Where there is no VISION the people perish"

VISION is not sight alone. The birds of the air, the fish in the sea and the beasts that walk the earth, share with man vision external. But vision in its larger sense is inner light, and this is man's priceless heritage.

In every age and civilization there have emerged from the multitude leaders upon whose vision the fate of their fellow man has depended. The onward march of time has witnessed the rise and fall of nations. The people have harkened to the word of the prophet, both the false and the true; but only when the VISION IN LEADERSHIP has contained the ELEMENTS OF ETERNAL TRUTH have the people survived.

The Vision in Leadership dares not avoid fact, but, like faith, must contain the substance of things hoped for and unseen. Never in America has there been greater need for a publication to record the Vision in Leadership in business.

This is the place of FORBES in the life of our times. For, on its editorial pages, FORBES has reported and appraised the Vision in Business Leadership of our country. FORBES makes no claim of infallibility for its ideas and opinions; but the thoughts that find place on the printed page arise from and are tempered with COMMON SENSE AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.

The many letters we receive from our readers week by week indicate an increasing understanding that HUMAN RELATIONS AND THE PROFIT MOTIVE IN BUSINESS ARE DEFINITELY INTERRELATED. Our circulation records show the steady growth of our following. The Audit Bureau of Circulations recorded 54,310 circulation in 1927; 63,621 in 1928; 70,819 in 1929; 76,309 in 1930.

A compact, powerful group, the business leaders of to-day and to-morrow who read each issue of FORBES — they are the Decision Market of Business America. Their number grows steadily. One cannot limit leadership. Among them you are sure to find the Youngs, the Giffords, the Mitchells, the Taylors, the Teagles and the Sloans; and of like importance are the names of men you may not recognize, whose INFLUENCE AND POWER are also ENRICHING not merely the pockets but the LIVES of their associates.

Where there is no vision the people perish. America shall not perish. For, in Business America, there are enough men of purpose whose VISION CAN BE TRUSTED and whose JUDGMENT WILL BE FOLLOWED. Fortunately, through editors and publications devoted to the business of life as well as to the ways and means of making money, their message reaches an audience which increases the sphere of their influence a thousandfold.

To follow and appraise the Vision in Leadership of Business America, read FORBES. Send for a "get-acquainted" copy to-day.

FORBES BUSINESS, FINANCE
BUSINESS OF LIFE

Published twice a month. Sold at newsstands, 25c a copy. Annual subscription, 24 issues, Five dollars.
B. C. Forbes, Editor, 120 Fifth Avenue, New York

What Makes People Interesting?

It takes more than a fleet of motor cars, or a fashionable address, or a Ph.D., or a low golf score, or the ability to play the piano.

It's a matter of what they think and talk about.

There is an unmistakable and arresting vitality about those men and women who are adjusted to the present day, who have a kinship with the world about them. They are the people who have adopted *Harpers Magazine* as their own. They depend upon its dauntless honesty, its bold approach to controversial subjects, its colorful variety, and the unquestioned authority of its contributors.

Educated people rely upon *Harpers* not only for the findings of the best contemporary minds, but also to sharpen their own intellectual tools.

The APRIL *Number Contains*

STILL INNOCENT AND STILL ABROAD	*by Joseph Wood Krutch*
CHICAGO REVISITED	*by Mary Borden*
TWO SONNETS	*by Edna St. Vincent Millay*
EXIT THE GOSPEL OF WORK	*by Henry Pratt Fairchild*
THESE DOWNTRODDEN MEN	*by Alice D. Kelly*
BANK FAILURES: The Problem and the Remedy	*by J. M. Daiger*
A CORONATION IN ABYSSINIA	*by Ellen N. La Motte*
DIDEROT: Homage to a Genius	*by Harold J. Laski*
ARE YOU AN AMATEUR?	*by John R. Tunis*
PANICS AND TIME PAYMENTS	*by Jesse Rainsford Sprague*
IN DEFENSE OF SNOBBERY	*by Margaret Culkin Banning*

Harpers
MAGAZINE

SIX MONTHS
for only
ONE DOLLAR

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Harpers Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York N
I am enclosing one dollar for your six months' offer to new subscribers.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N.H.

© J. E. Haynes, St. Paul

Old Faithful Geyser—Yellowstone Park

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
149A

Magic Yellowstone—A hundred geysers, wild animals, rainbow-colored terraces, boiling pools, waterfalls, mountains, rivers, the Grand Canyon! Go the dramatic "In Gardiner-Out Cody" way... Yellowstone trips (all-expense) may be made for $170 from Chicago, $250 from New York. May we quote you all-expense cost from your home? Information and literature gladly and promptly mailed—address E. E. Nelson, 401 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

YELLOWSTONE

This Album free!

EUROPE

ULLMAN
05 DE

A Friend when you need A Friend

When you are away off somewhere . . . and you don't know a soul . . . and you can't speak the language . . . and you are as helpless as the day you were born . . . you see a cap . . . and there is a smile under it . . . and once again there is that name you will jump for joy to see—"*Cook*".

For 90 years Cook's, through their unique world-wide facilities, have placed the joys and advantages of travel within the reach of all . . . 300 conveniently located offices—200 in Europe alone. Tell us about your plans, your available time and your budget ideas; if you prefer Travel by train, by automobile, or by airplane; if you wish to travel sociably with congenial companions or exclusively with your family or friends . . . or individually as the mood impels. Whatever your requirements, it costs you nothing to consult us, to scrutinize our multifarious group programs or to let us work out your own independent individual itinerary.

Cook's Travellers' Cheques Welcome Everywhere

THOS. COOK & SON

587 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington Chicago St. Louis
San Francisco Los Angeles Toronto Montreal Vancouver

in co-operation with

WAGONS-LITS CO.

Res.

North American Review

Rec'd
APR 17 1931
B.P.L.

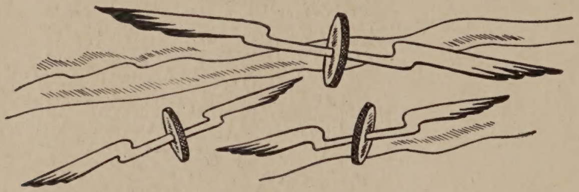
May

Measuring in Millionths . . . . Chester T. Crowell
More Machines . . . . Ralph Aiken
Man with the Bullet Hole in His Hat . . . . . James N. Gifford
Legal Reform Is at Hand . . . . Richard Lee Strout
Senator Reed . . . . William C. Murphy, Jr.
A Pre-Phonograph Record . . . . Albert Payson Terhune
The Russian Market . . . . Gerhard Hirschfeld
The Last Friend *A Story* . . . . M. C. Blackman
The Yankee's Place in the Sun . . . . Oliver McKee, Jr.
Usquebaugh . . . . William McFee
Wood-Folk . . . . Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Departments by W. A. D., Barbara E. Scott,
Alan H. Temple *and* Herschel Brickell

FORTY CENTS A COPY *Founded in the year 1815* FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

PENNIES FOR WINGS



DAY in and day out you take wings by talking over your telephone . . . with friends . . . the grocer . . . the doctor . . . a relative hundreds of miles away . . . and every month you get a bill for this service.

Perhaps a single call made during this period has been worth more to you in time, money or convenience than the whole amount of your bill. But the telephone company makes its charge — not on any such basis — but on what it costs to give the best possible service to its customers.

The Bell System has voluntarily taken the position that the telephone business is a public trust. Its policy is to give the best possible service at the least cost consistent with financial safety.

The more telephone subscribers there are, the more valuable telephone service becomes to each subscriber. Unlike most other businesses, the telephone industry does not enjoy reduced costs as the number of customers increases. On the contrary, the trend is upward. To offset this, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company takes advantage of every scientific advance and aid to efficiency which can possibly reduce service costs — and these savings are used for the benefit of the subscriber.

The twenty-four Associated Companies in the Bell System are pledged to this ideal . . . to give constantly better telephone service at the lowest possible rates . . . to reduce, by every means in their power, the number of pennies that you pay for wings.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

BELL SYSTEM

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Walter Butler Mahony
Editor

John Pell
Managing Editor

William Alton DeWitt
Associate Editor

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

Volume 231 *May 1931* Number 5

Apéritif . . . *W. A. D.* 385
Measuring in Millionths . . . *Chester T. Crowell* 390
More Machines . . . *Ralph Aiken* 397
The Man with the Bullet Hole in His Hat (Story) *James Noble Gifford* 404
Legal Reform Is at Hand . . . *Richard L. Strout* 412
Senator Reed . . . *William C. Murphy, Jr.* 419
Great Heat (Poem) . . . *Bernice Kenyon* 427
A Pre-Phonograph Record . . . *Albert Payson Terhune* 428
The Russian Market . . . *Gerhard Hirschfeld* 435
Prelude (Poem) . . . *Conrad Aiken* 441
The Last Friend (Story) . . . *M. C. Blackman* 442
The Yankee's Place in the Sun . . . *Oliver McKee, Jr.* 448
Usquebaugh . . . *William McFee* 454
In These Places (Poem) . . . *Anne Zuker* 462
Wood-Folk . . . *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* 463
The Literary Landscape . . . *Herschel Brickell* 469

Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow
Walter Butler Mahony, *President;* Charles Bates Dana, *Secretary*
Ernest Fisher, *Business Manager*
I. Davis, *Assistant Treasurer*

The price of The North American Review, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. The North American Review is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

Title registered U. S. Patent Office. The contents of The North American Review are copyrighted. Republication is permissible only upon special request in each instance.

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

The laws which govern the flow of capital are in many respects precisely those which govern the flow of water. The falling stream, however dammed and diverted by man and nature, inevitably finds its way to the sea; and an accumulating supply of capital and credit, dammed up for a time though it may be by unwillingness of its owners to use it, inevitably breaks its restraints and flows into investment outlets. It seems probable — and it certainly is the most significant business development thus far in 1931 — that the dam of disturbed confidence which has checked the flow of the capital and credit of the United States into industry, and into foreign countries, is breaking down. It began to crack in January, when the bond market stuck up its head vigorously. Unfortunately, the payment of the veterans' bonus certificates came along then to build up the barrier again. But in March, after that matter had been disposed of, the dam broke once more; and the break came with a definiteness which in the mind of this writer raises hopes that better times are on the way for the bond market and for business.

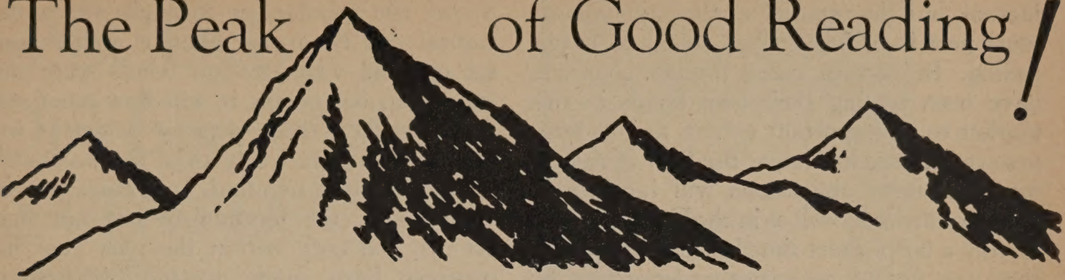
Early in March the Treasury offered half a billion dollars of 3⅜ per cent twelve-year bonds. They were oversubscribed more than four times. It sold nearly a billion dollars in certificates of indebtedness. Subscriptions to these also were much greater than the allotment, and total subscriptions to all the issues were nearly four billions. In one day, at practically the same time, private bankers offered more than $200,000,000 in new bond issues, and the two most important sold at a premium within a few hours after the books were opened. All this occurred without material adverse effect on the prices of listed bonds.

It probably does not attach too much importance to the details of this particular day (March 10) to say that on it the bond market at last left its major troubles behind. In the autumn of 1930 it had attempted to bestir itself, only to be cast down again by liquidation of bond investments on the part of banks which were in, or threatened by, trouble. In January it had made a second attempt, but the bonus payment agitation defeated it, in part because the Treasury deliberately painted the situation blacker than it was, as a tactical move. Perhaps this policy was justified. That the Treasury was over-pessimistic was suspected before the financing was finally accomplished, but the burden of doubt was not fully removed until the offerings were made. When it was lifted, the lifting was so spectacular as to carry conviction to the most timorous soul. Overnight the bond houses prepared themselves for better business. Preparations for important new financing during the spring were made and a period of activity assured. There is practically unanimous agreement that a good bond year is at hand. Money is abundant and cheap, commodity prices are down, and confidence is returning; these are the essentials. And if pessimism has worn itself out in the bond market it is only a question of time until it wanes elsewhere. It should be emphasized again that the greatest gain of the most recent past has been in confidence. There is nothing new in the tale of easy money, and there has never been any lack of borrowers, but of lenders.

Foreign Investment

In some of the foreign bonds spectacular developments have occurred, and the improvement here is especially significant of better business conditions to come. Gains, while not fully held, were often so sharp as to make them resemble pool-manipulated shares on the Stock Exchange. Running the eye down a list, advances of as much as 15 points in a month can be noted. The reasons for recovery in these issues are in some cases

The Peak of Good Reading!



THE GOLDEN BOOK

Wouldn't you appreciate a magazine that is a standard of literary quality and yet isn't "heavy"? A magazine of such variety that it satisfies every taste and mood? Wouldn't you value a literary diet that would make you a more attractive person — a more *knowing* person when the conversation turns to writers, books or critics? The Golden Book runs the whole gamut of brilliance, from the most talked of moderns to the most inspired masters. In each issue you will find the same supreme and thrilling satisfaction in the authors chosen to bring you the best in FICTION, DRAMA, POETRY, ESSAYS, HUMOR and the peak of good reading.

ESSENTIAL QUALITIES

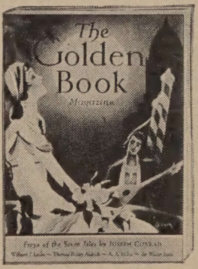
"A knowledge of human nature, an ability to meet all classes of men and women easily, a knack at 'sizing up' a new acquaintance immediately, a sympathetic approach to clients — they can be gained through a knowledge of the world's best literature — poetry, fiction, essays, drama. For literature, the immortal part of history, is the accurate portrayal of human life."

— *William Lyon Phelps.*

DYING AT THE TOP

"Few people wear out. Rusting out, dying at the top is the reason for most failures," said the head of a great corporation recently. "When a man begins to get in a mental rut, when he shuts out new ideas, he closes the doors to social and business success just as surely as though he became a voluntary hermit. When a hitherto successful executive in our company begins to slow down, I always ask him, 'Have you been to the theatre lately? What are you reading?' His invariable answer is that he has been too busy, too tired. He is *dying at the top*."

$1.00 for 6 BIG ISSUES



We know you are skeptical, so we make you this introductory price to gain your confidence. Pin a dollar to the coupon and mail it today.

NAR 5-31

The Golden Book Magazine
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send The Golden Book for six months to the address below. (Regular price $1.50.)

Name ....

Address ....

....

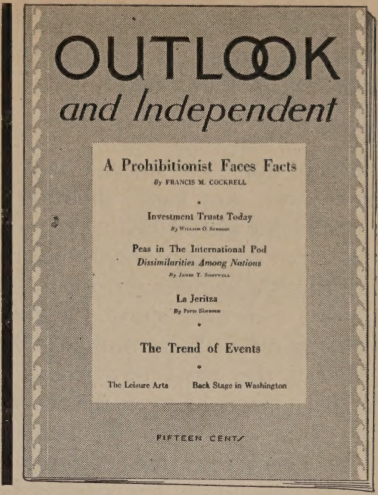
factual, but the rapidity of the gains for the most part is to be ascribed solely to better feeling. In certain cases foreign countries have been buying their own bonds in this market to an important extent, and as business confidence increases, the flow of capital into long-term obligations will increase in those countries as well as in the United States. Within a fairly short time it is not impossible that new foreign securities underwritten by American bankers will be offered once more to investors in this market. Of course certain countries, mostly Latin-American, are still debarred by their own internal condition from obtaining fresh capital in the United States, and this description of improvement has its exceptions. With some Latin-American countries the problems of interest and sinking fund payments on external loans have become, for the moment, unsolvable. Nevertheless the improvement is widespread, even though complete recovery will be a matter of years.

In the international economic news have appeared a number of items of great and fundamental importance to world progress. Without going into detail there can be cited the accord between Gandhi and Viceroy Lord Irwin which should lead to a settlement of the vexed Indian problem and restoration of a more normal business between India and the West; less strife in China, which should have the same effect; the probable end of the decline in silver, which is both an effect of Far Eastern improvement and a cause of further progress; adoption of the Franco-Italian naval pact leading up to the disarmament conference in 1932; and finally, and by no means least, the opening up of the French capital market to long term foreign investment.

It was recently calculated that the United States and France together had about seven billion dollars out of a world supply of gold totaling some eleven billions. The two nations thus possess about two-thirds of the world's gold, the United States alone about 42 per cent. Beyond all doubt it is vital to world prosperity (as long as the free settlement of international balances is inhibited by trade restrictions, as at present) that the capital of these countries shall be made available to other countries. In the United States the mechanism through which this capital can be drawn upon is well-enough set up, and when foreign bonds seem safe enough to our people it will flow out freely again; in fact, three years or so ago it was flowing out more freely than the necessities of the situation required. In France, on the other hand, the mechanism has not been set up, and only within the past year has progress been made toward creating it. During the past year taxes on foreign securities and on income from them have been reduced, certain reforms in money market practice put into effect, an acceptance bank established, and short-term foreign credit instruments admitted to discount on a large scale by the Bank of France. Political unsettlement and economic crisis have hitherto prevented these changes from being fully effective, but within the recent past France has played the leading part in international loans to Germany and Rumania, and credits are proposed to Poland, Italy ($100,000,000), Spain, and Jugoslavia. Furthermore the Bank for International Settlements will help by subscribing to bonds of the International Mortgage Bank, which will greatly facilitate European international loans and is intended particularly to tap France's reservoirs of long-term capital. Thus are the disabilities of economic depression, and the weaknesses inherent in organization of international business according to purely national principles, gradually overcome, and the progress that is being made along these lines will have a steadily more telling effect as time goes on. Such rays of light are gradually piercing the business fog. As one of the banks remarks in its business review, some of the "key logs" in the jam of business timber are beginning to work free, and when enough go the flow will go on again, unimpeded.

In passing may be noted a report that American bankers are giving serious consideration to forming an organization similar to the British Council of Foreign Bondholders. This body includes leading bankers of London; it has a permanent endowment; and for more than fifty years it has handled defaulted government debts as the representative of British investors without serving the interests of any individual banking house. Similar organizations exist in other important

SPECIAL OFFER—SEVENTEEN WEEKS *for* ONE DOLLAR



OUTLOOK
and Independent

A Prohibitionist Faces Facts
By FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

•

Investment Trusts Today
By William O. Scroggs

Peas in The International Pod
Dissimilarities Among Nations
By James T. Shotwell

La Jeritza
By Pitts Sanborn

•

The Trend of Events

•

The Leisure Arts   Back Stage in Washington

FIFTEEN CENTS

OUTLOOK: an independent weekly inquiry into contemporary life by these distinguished inquirers.

James Truslow Adams
Sherwood Anderson
Herbert Asbury
Charles A. Beard
Duncan Aikman
Emily Newell Blair
James Boyd
Struthers Burt
Stuart Chase
Logan Clendening
Russell Crouse
Norman H. Davis
John Dewey
Harry Emerson Fosdick
A. G. Gardiner
Ales Hrdlicka
Matthew Josephson
Walter Lippmann
Milton Mackaye
Gregory Mason
Charles Merz
Jonathan Mitchell
James Harvey Robinson
Bertrand Russell
Pitts Sanborn
James T. Shotwell
Wickham Steed
Vilhjalmar Stefansson
Donald Ogden Stewart
Eleanor Rowland Wembridge
I. A. R. Wylie
and many others

. . . Have you seen the *new Outlook?* . . . a liberal, lively-spirited, illustrated periodical, with restraint, dignity and direction . . . treating aggressively the issues of the day, including Prohibition. . . . It offers a well rounded out program of ideas . . . timely reviews on books, music, the theatre and art. . . . special departments every week on finance and business, concise, important and down-to-the-minute. . . . Packed with original material. . . . "*I want to say how much I enjoy reading the Outlook. In the words of the street you are getting out a swell journal.*" — Says John Dewey.

OUTLOOK
and Independent

OUTLOOK *and* INDEPENDENT — *120 East 16th Street* — NEW YORK

Gentlemen:

I should like to read the Outlook for seventeen weeks. Please find enclosed one dollar.

NAME AND ADDRESS . . . .

. . . .

European capital markets, and it has been suggested that the Investment Bankers Association sponsor a like body here.

Key Logs

In the news of domestic business it is also possible to find "key logs" shooting out of the jam. Says one of the leading economic services whose record has probably been the best of all during the depression: "Industrial out-turn during February showed a greater than seasonal gain for the second successive month. . . . On the basis of current evidence a further gain is likely to be recorded during March. . . . There is increasing basis for the belief that the extreme low point in the business cycle has already been reached and passed."

On the other hand, no sane person could say that all the unfavorable factors in the general economic situation have been eliminated, or that recovery can proceed at other than a slow pace until the next crops are harvested and the farmer's position improved. The service just quoted finds that industrial production gained more than the seasonal extent from the first of January on, but other indexes do not set the recovery as early, and at the best the gains have not been sufficiently greater than seasonal to be particularly encouraging. That is the case with automobiles and with tires, and the showing of iron and steel has been but little better. From the textile markets the news is cheerful; in cotton goods a small boom appeared in February and March, and put the mills in the best position with respect to stocks and unfilled orders in several years. In building there are slight signs of betterment, but the outlook scarcely justifies hopes that anything electrifying can come from this industry in 1931.

Commodity Prices

Very definite encouragement, however, was to be found toward the end of March in the fact that the commodity price trend was "leveling out." One after another the indexes appeared to strike bottom during the month and flatten out. Many of the important staples have rebounded from their low points; among the most recent were hides and silver. In certain cases curtailment of production of basic commodities has finally controlled mounting supplies, and it is by no means impossible that when consumption increases appreciably temporary scarcities may develop before production is resumed; the cycle usually swings to such extremes. If it is true that the end (so far as the next year or two is concerned) of the long commodity price decline is at hand, my own interpretation is not that it forecasts the turn of business, but that it indicates the turn has already taken place.

The weakest spot in the economic position of the United States when spring arrived appeared to be the wheat situation. The domestic market has been supported above a parity with foreign prices, but world markets have relentlessly found their way to the lowest levels in some thirty-five years; and now that the Farm Board has decided that it will make no fresh purchases out of the 1931 crop (a decision heartily to be applauded) the United States markets will have no alternative but to follow the world price. The world must dig itself out of the surplus with the well-known law of supply and demand as its implement, and the operation of this law will probably cause distress to wheat farmers for some time to come. The position of cotton, the other great cash staple of American farms and export trade, is relatively less weak, and seems likely to be improved this year. But the distress of agriculture will seriously brake the recovery of industry, without doubt.

Stock Market

The backing and filling process in the stock market after the middle of February reflected the conflict between signs of a hopeful future and reminders of a distressing past, in the shape of poor earnings reports and dividend reductions and omissions. Some stocks still seem extraordinarily high when measured by current earnings, and others extraordinarily cheap; yet the latter may be really dearer than the former. In Wall Street there is little disagreement from the opinion that the lows of the stock averages were reached in December, and but little more from the doctrine that well-selected stocks will be considerably higher in 1932 than they are now. But there is sharp disagreement whether the time has yet come to buy.

John Moody is one of those who do not equivocate in stating that this is one of the major stock-buying opportunities, such as arrive four or five times within every generation. The preceding opportunities in this generation, he says, were in 1897, 1904, 1908 and 1922. Each of these years, he points out, was followed "by slow but insistent recoveries in business conditions, by a clearing up of various difficulties which had brought on the preceding panics or depressions, and by long extended recoveries in security prices." If those who are able to buy stocks outright and "put them away" elect to accept this analysis and follow the advice at this time they will do well to observe the principles of diversification nevertheless. And diversification means not only a proper allotment of the capital as between bonds and stocks, but within the stock list itself as between high and low priced shares and different industries.

Where bearishness on the stock market exists it is generally based upon the obvious fact that many issues have not sold at the bargain prices, in relation to earnings, to which they have fallen in previous depressions. For example, one rather well-known stock during 1930 earned something over $4 per share; during the last quarter of the year and the first quarter of 1931 combined, its earnings fell short of a dollar and its unfilled orders position was not satisfactory, but during February and March it sold consistently in the 90's and at times over 100. The example is selected without prejudice to this particular issue; but it is obviously impossible to call this a "depression" or "bargain" level, and it is not to be wondered that realists who have passed through other bad periods are puzzled that many stocks should have remained so dear right up to the time when liquidation of stocks and stock market credit seems to have been completed, and the turn of the business corner to have been made.

New Era Philosophers

MY OWN interpretation of this seeming paradox is that the country as a whole, after all the vicissitudes of the past year, is still stock-minded. The goddess of fortune was good to many in 1928 and 1929, and they refuse to call her a jade because she turned on them in 1930. A great deal of the New Era philosophy survives. Perhaps it is a kernel of truth, which has the vitality still to live. In one respect there is a curious reversal of reasoning. In the New Era the bulls argued that business cycles had been eliminated; now they argue that we are passing through a business cycle and that the next phase must be the upswing, while it is the bears who believe we are in a New Era of depression.

Roger Babson in a recent magazine article set up a striking analogy to illustrate the

(*Continued on page XVI*)

*"One of the most dramatic
and mysterious figures
of his age"*—

**Traitor
or Patriot**

**THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF ROGER CASEMENT**

by Denis Gwynn

MAKING full use of Casement's own diaries and reports, and with much entirely new information, Mr. Gwynn shows how he was distrusted in Ireland, execrated as a traitor in England, and regarded as a British spy in Germany. Here is an extraordinary story of diplomatic intrigue. *Illustrated,* $3.50

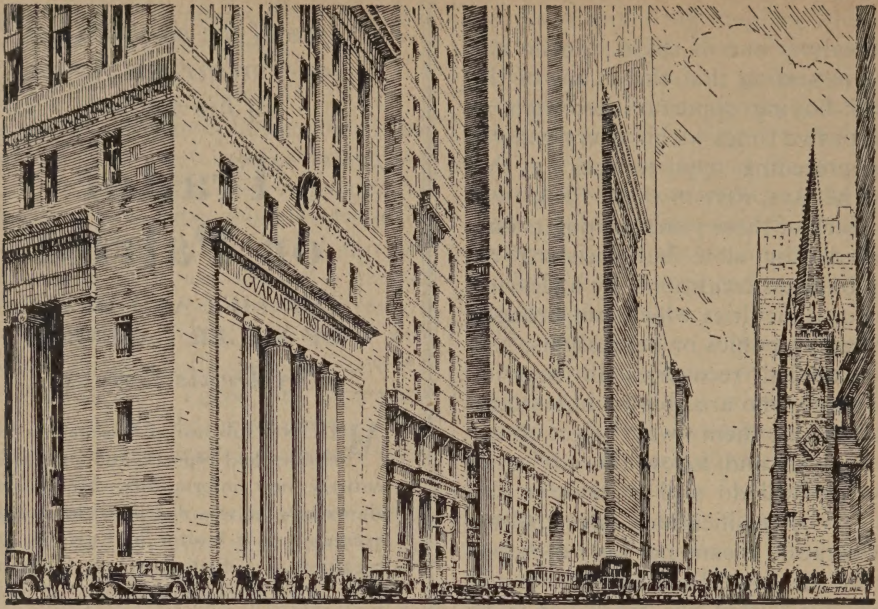
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
139 EAST 46 STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

In the June

North American Review

THESE PREGNANT THIRTIES

by Struthers Burt



Lower Broadway, New York—Guaranty Trust Company Buildings at left.

Business Contacts and Commercial Banking

WHEREVER your business may extend, this Bank, because of the scope of its national and international service and its close relations with the important banks throughout the world, is likely to have financial and commercial contacts that may be of value to *your* organization.

Some of the Facilities Available to Our Commercial Customers:

- Complete domestic banking service.
- Complete international banking service.
- The advantage of ample resources.
- The personal service of experienced officers.
- Complete trust facilities.
- Our private wires in the United States.
- Our eight complete offices in Europe.
- Credit information, domestic and foreign.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

FIFTH AVENUE at 44TH STREET
MADISON AVENUE at 60TH STREET

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS MORE THAN $295,000,000

©G. T. CO. OF N. Y. 1931

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 231 MAY, 1931 NUMBER 5

Apéritif

Vindication

UNFEELING people have cast aspersions at the dignity and appropriateness of our whale Emma, calling her a worthless animal, out of place in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. She has been hurt by it. To prove herself she has gone aside into her corner and quietly written a story.

Frankly, it amazes even us. The keenness of perception, the sympathy with humankind, the broad outlook, the pellucid, forceful style — these are qualities of genius. We can do no less than print the tale and let you judge for yourself.

We ask you, however, to note the restraint with which she draws her poignant conclusion, how she lets the reader imagine her hero's state of mind, bitter and desperate.

CIMMERIAN LAUGHTER

by Emma

Once upon a time there was a young man who worked in the subway as a change-maker. He took up the position at an age when the world seemed romantic and he thought there could be nothing more exciting than to watch the turbulent flow of humanity in such a place, the gamut of emotions, hopes and fears in the restless sea of faces.

At first he was so interested in these faces that he made change badly, often having to dig down into his own pocket to pay back the subway company money he had unthinkingly given away. When he gave less than was due, quite naturally, the customers saw his mistake.

Sometimes people would step over the chains between the turnstiles without showing him a police badge or proving otherwise that they had a right to go in without paying, but he usually gave no heed, thinking that the subway company could afford to lose a few nickels and that it was the guard's business anyway, which it was. But sometimes the guard was out having a glass of beer for himself at off hours, and one of those times a man started to climb over the chains without showing him a police badge or anything.

That day the young man happened to feel out of sorts and the action upset his equanimity, so he called through the bars of his little kiosk:

Copyright, 1931, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

"Hey, there!" But though the man glanced over his shoulder and bared a few evil-looking teeth, he went on climbing. So the young man slipped out of his kiosk and climbed over the chains and went up to the man, who seemed bigger up close than he had.

"What's the idea?" he asked firmly.

"What idea?" returned the stranger.

"Jumping over the chains."

"What chains?" — stupidly gaping.

The young man turned to point and the stranger gave him a push that sent him staggering against a rubbish barrel. The stranger laughed jeeringly and a few men standing by guffawed also. This made the young man's ears burn, but he came back and said sternly:

"Give me that nickel."

"What nickel?" asked the stranger, stupid again.

"The one you didn't put in the slot."

"What slot?"

But the young man was not to be duped this time. He kept his eyes on the face before him.

"Don't be funny. Pay your fare or I'll have you arrested."

The stranger threw his head back and roared with laughter, and the bystanders snickered too, though somewhat puzzled. The young man was at a loss for something to say.

Just then, however, a policeman strolled down the stairs and climbed over the chains. The young man's face lit up and he called to him.

"Officer," he cried, "arrest this man. He won't pay his fare."

The policeman looked at the stranger and back at the young man.

"Ha!" he said mirthlessly. "He won't pay, won't he?"

He stared long at the stranger, then turned abruptly on the change-maker and barked:

"Who are *you?*"

The young man felt uneasy; the bystanders edged closer.

"Why, I'm the change-maker."

But the policeman was still suspicious.

"How do I know you're the change-maker?"

He thought a moment, and said lamely:

"Well, I am."

The policeman tried a new tack:

"How do I know you're not trying to rob this man?"

The young man's jaw dropped with the shock of this, and the stranger put in:

"That's just what he was doing."

"I think," said the officer grimly, "I'll have to arrest you."

Wordless, the young man stared at him. It was not right, nor just, nor decent. It was appalling. The officer took his arm. His knees began to tremble.

Then there was a roar and a train hurtled into the station. The policeman let go his arm, burst out laughing.

"Show the goof your badge, Tim," he gurgled, and something silver flashed in the stranger's hand. They ambled chuckling onto the train.

The young man went back to his kiosk shamed and quivering with rage.

Thereafter he began to lose interest in the faces that passed before him. He began to borrow magazines from the man in the newsstand and to idle away his time reading their thrilling contents. In a short time he was wholly a misanthrope.

Then he left the subway kiosk and went into politics, where the combination of his disillusion and his fund of impossible stories made him so successful that it is not now wise to give his name.

* * *

The Yumpin' Yimminy Sport

THREE score years and seven have rolled away since old Ross Coon, from behind the bar in the Angels Hotel, told Mark Twain the story on which he based his famous *Leaping Frog of Calaveras*. It was no more original with him than it was with Mark Twain. From the levees of the Mississippi, where the Negroes used to tell it, it was brought to California and put in circulation in Calaveras County, where Sam Sebaugh, of the San Andreas *Independent*, heard it and wrote it up as a local happening. This new version became very popular along the Mother Lode.

Long, long afterward, in 1927, a group of men in Angels Camp were casting about for something to stimulate interest in their town, and they hit upon the idea of reviving the jumping frog sport. If Mark Twain's yarn was so famous, they argued, there was no reason why its birthplace should not share in the glory. So they drew up plans and advertised and sent circulars and bustled about as all good boosters do.

And, as a result, three years ago this May the first Jubilee Day was celebrated.

Eighty years were forced back on the calendar: the whole town throbbed with the spirit of the middle of the last century. Belles and beaux of the forties, fifties and sixties, in rich and handsome array, were seen on every hand. Before enticing dance houses were heard the strains of *Oh, Susanna, Don't You Cry for Me*, and *Dixie* and other stirring tunes. Gay horsemen and ladies, too, dashed madly up the street, pursued by the pony express. Behind the daily stage was a covered wagon, while bringing up the rear a group of first Americans wrapped in vivid robes and blankets, marched stoically along.

The contest itself was held in the center of the town's main street, opposite the old American Hotel, the site upon which *Daniel Webster* originally grunted, struggled and failed to take off. This contest, however, was under the constant scrutiny of judges and inspectors to prevent too close a parallel, for Daniel, you will remember, was nefariously fed buckshot by the enemy just before the test.

Fifty-one entries toed the line, long, short, fat, thin, of multi-shaded green — the cream of California's frogs. Pools from such diverse and melodious-sounding places as Lodi, Modesta, Sonora, Melones, Santa Cruz, were fine-combed for husky animals. Louis Fisher of Stockton sent two picked frogs from his stable of 250.

When the gun went off, some forty of them hopped once, and again, and yet again, and in a moment were gone from the street into the high Sierras, their owners hard behind. Of the twelve remaining, *Pride of the San Joaquin* was easily victor, establishing a world's record of three feet six inches. *Budweiser* was second, three inches short of *Pride.*

It would be idle to attempt to put

into words the excitement of the fifteen thousand spectators. Suspense was what held them. They knew these frogs could jump, and jump far. Some of them, in fact, did. But whether they would or would not was the question, and there was no knowing the answer.

At any rate, the sport proved so fascinating that the Boosters' Club of Angels Camp decreed it an annual event. It became, also, a part of most county fairs in the State, but Jubilee Day in Angels Camp was the thing that really drew the crowds. In 1929 both entries and spectators were doubled; last year there were fifty thousand people present.

The rules were changed last year, so that each frog had to make three jumps in a row, presumably, to test also his endurance. *Pride of the San Joaquin* regained the title he had lost in 1929 by leaping straight into the air after a fly. His mark was twelve feet ten inches, though on exhibition he had done fifteen feet four inches, in the three jumps.

Also last year there was complaining about unethical practice in urging entries to perform. Feathers with pins in them, it was said, were employed; one trainer used electricity; another gave his frog a cool draught of beer. But most of them still thought kindness the best policy.

* * *

Ring Out, Ye Bells

To admit it may set us down as hopeless reactionaries, but the fact remains that we hate telephones. Disagreeable people use them to tell us bad news. They ruin good excuses for not doing things that ought to be done, such as talking to old friends of the family. Mainly, however, we hate the noise they make, which has the same effect on our tympana as Primo Carnera jumping on a stomach.

The thing has occupied our minds a good deal, and bit by bit we have conceived an idea — colossal in scope, though simple enough in its essentials — that might be of incredible benefit to humanity. It is, simply, to substitute for the telephone bell an apparatus that will play music.

This would immediately wipe out the menace to sanity in its buzzing, which, particularly in the dead of night, is considerable. But it would do more than that. It would make the public Music-Minded. It would help the telephone companies and the unemployed, because rich patrons would hire people to go out to the drugstore and ring them up by the hour, thereby sparing themselves the debilitating effect of their own advertising on the radio. It would keep more families home nights, away from the fleshpots, listening to the telephone.

But the unmistakable spark of genius in the idea is that a person who telephoned the new way would be able to choose any tune he wanted played at the other end. This is so tremendous a thought that it awes even us. Think of it! It would mean that *everybody could have a theme song!*

You see, it would furnish just the outlet, the means of self-expression that so many people need. No one would ever again have to live in Greenwich Village or write poetry; he would have a theme song. He could really express his personality.

Thus, flamineous persons, like Aimee Semple McPherson, could use *Just a Gleam of Heaven in Her Eyes;* sentimental ones, like Peggy Hopkins Joyce, *Hearts that Wait Grow Weary;* and the wistful, like Walter Winchell, *Please, Mamma, Buy Me a Baby.*

There is another thing. When some one phoned there would be no more headlong dash by the whole family: the proper person would know he was wanted and by whom, and would go sedately, with mind prepared. Or when the person phoning roused no interest in the family, a single chorus of his theme song would be played through and that would end the matter. No lies, no long unnecessary ringing. "God bless old Uncle Tim," it would be, "let's go to the movies."

We have only one reservation to make. It is that no tune written after 1910 be allowed on the wires, and would spare us the horror of increased audibility for such things as *Just a Gigolo.*

W. A. D.

Measuring in Millionths

By Chester T. Crowell

What Is an Optical Flat?

Back of every mechanical marvel which stirs the pride and imagination of this era of machinery there lies one field of scientific achievement about which the populace knows almost nothing. This is the rapidly and sensationally advancing science of measurement.

Scarcely a year passes without some scientist's announcing that he has blazed the trail of accurate measurements of space, time or energy a little farther into the previously unknown. Each of these advancements, at the time of its accomplishment, is an adventure in pure science, but before the applause subsides practical workmen gather to inspect the new device with a view to using it in their shops. There are now quite a large number of machines performing utilitarian service comparable to day labor that must be accurate, at least in some of their parts, within three or four hundred thousandths of an inch, a requirement that was unthinkable only a generation or two ago. And there are many hundreds of gauges in use in this country alone that must be accurate within a few millionths of an inch. When they go that far the story of how they did it suggests magic and sounds more like a fairy story than a plain account of sober science advancing its frontiers. Yet the methods are not difficult to understand.

Recently I placed my right hand upon a horizontal steel bar five inches in diameter and forty inches long and bent it by exerting probably not more than thirty pounds of pressure. I am positive that I bent the bar of steel because there was attached to it a small device which measures distance in terms of light waves. The wave length of the light used in that machine is twenty millionths of an inch. If my computations were correct I bent the bar of steel about five millionths of an inch, but I am no mathematical wizard so I may be a few millionths off. The injury to the steel bar was not permanent for as soon as I removed my hand it snapped back to its original shape. I know that it did that because the light bands in an "optical flat" that I was watching through a microscope again became regular. Light bands and optical flats may sound very mysterious to the layman but there is no reason why they should, for these instruments are now in common use. They are the foot rules of this age of machinery.

In all of the arts and sciences humanity still has to begin at the grass roots, using mere hands, and in the science of measuring — or calibration as the scientists themselves call it — the optical flat represents the point of beginning, because it furnishes a straight line. Ordinarily most of us think of a straight line as something that we would draw on a sheet of paper but that sort of straight line would have no scientific value whatever. When scientists speak of a straight line they mean what we would call a plane or flat surface. In order to get one they begin with two pieces of glass such as opticians use, and they rub these together until irregularities in the two surfaces have disappeared. Then they have a straight line. Even then it is not absolutely accurate.

One of the best optical flats in the world is owned by the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington. It is circular in shape and about eleven inches in diameter; picture a very much oversized silver dollar and you have it. Its variation from absolute accuracy is known and may be stated as follows: if this eleven inch surface were expanded until it reached from Washington to Chicago, the variation from an absolute plane would still be less than one inch at the Chicago end. To make anything as accurate as that by hand is a very remarkable achievement, for the difficulties are appalling. I shall mention only one in passing: the workman who grinds an optical flat has to stop at frequent intervals because the warmth of his hands affects the temperature, hence the shape of the glass. The value of a straight line as represented by an optical flat is inestimable. If all of them were broken it would constitute a world disaster of the first magnitude.

The discovery that light comes in waves resulted originally from an adventure in pure science; however, ordinary daylight was not used because daylight is a mongrel made up of too many different colors, each with a separate wave length. The art of separating these colors had to precede the measurements of wave lengths and, of course, did so. Today when a scientist uses the light wave as a unit of measurement he either produces a monochromatic light artificially or he sets up a type of glass that will filter only one kind of light; then he is certain that he is working with a known quantity. The original discovery was made by Albert A. Michaelson, an American. First he simply guessed that light comes in waves, then he set to work to see if his guess was right. He used for this purpose a mirror that was only partly or rather thinly silvered so that it would simultaneously reflect a beam of light and at the same time be penetrated by that beam of light. Then by an arrangement of fully silvered mirrors surrounding the original partly silvered mirror he sent the two beams of light in a circle and back again through the partly silvered mirror. It was his theory that with both beams of light travelling the same distance and all other conditions carefully regulated he ought — if light really did come in waves — to get alternate flashes of light and periods of darkness on the partly silvered mirror. He tried the experiment and it worked out precisely as he thought it would.

THE next step was to take some standard unit of measure as a basis in order to reduce the time between flashes to terms of distance. For this purpose the original standard French meter, the master meter of the whole metric system, was used. Moving this master meter along at a fixed speed while the flashes of light were counted mechanically, two extremely important measurements were accomplished simultaneously. First the length of the light wave was measured in terms of fractions of the meter, and second the meter was measured in terms of the light wave. Of the two operations probably the second was of the more immediate practical value, because up to that time the original or master meter would have been extremely difficult to replace. Now it was reduced to a mere formula and could easily be replaced because light waves do not vary. To reproduce the meter, one would take a bar of metal of the same quality, thickness, and temperature as that of the standard meter, but the length would be unimportant; he would notch this bar of metal, insert it in the machine that was to move it along and then when the requisite number of light waves had been counted, another notch would be made. Thus the standard meter would be reproduced; indeed it has been reproduced more than once.

As experiments with light waves proceeded, it was discovered that by tipping the partly silvered mirror previously mentioned very slightly out of alignment a new phenomenon appeared. Briefly, instead of getting alternate flashes of light followed by intervals of darkness, the two became mixed up on the face of the mirror with the result that one saw perpendicular rows of light and darkness resembling an old-fashioned picket fence.

Now we come to a new use for the optical flat. By an arrangement of mirrors it is possible to throw the reflection of the fence pickets onto the plane surface of the optical flat and thus test the levelness of the surface upon which the flat is resting. How? Well, if the surface is absolutely level, the reflected fence pickets will be just as straight up and down as they are on the mirror from which they emanate; but if the surface under the optical flat isn't level, the fence pickets it reflects will be curving and irregular.

AS FOR the steel bar that I bent, the only marvelous part of the stunt is that performed by the instrument which measures so slight a pressure upon such an imposing piece of metal. This bar of steel had been set up absolutely horizontal and there was attached to the top of it an optical flat. About a foot back of the bar was a mercury lamp, which gives a monochromatic light of known wave length; also there was the necessary arrangement of mirrors reflecting the light bands onto the optical flat. Above this bit of glass was a very powerful microscope, so that the slightest variation in the bands would be visible. I looked through the microscope and saw that the bands were absolutely straight up and down. Then I placed my hand on the bar of steel, exerted pressure and watched the light bands waver. Thus I knew I had bent it.

So much progress has now been made in this field of delicate measurement that it is possible to determine not only the extent but the direction of the bending, nor is this very difficult. It resolves itself into rather ordinary problems in arithmetic.

The practical importance of all this? Well, let us assume that that five inch bar of steel is destined for use as a shaft in some machine designed to generate power. It must carry a very heavy strain and at the same time it must fit other parts of the machine within certainly five ten-thousandths of an inch, under working conditions. A variation of one five-thousandth of an inch beyond the margin of safety would mean friction and a horrible explosion. Most of the modern types of power-generating machinery move at such unimaginable speeds that if anything should go wrong and friction result the metal would become incandescent in a few minutes. Any newspaper reader knows that such accidents simply don't happen nowadays and most of us have forgotten that once they did happen, at least occasionally. The art of calibration is now so well advanced that an ordinary shop work inspector would very quickly spot an error of five hundred-thousandths of an inch and refuse to O.K. the defective part.

THE extremely delicate measurements that can be made with light waves are, however, not applied day after day to parts of machines in process of manufacture, because this is not necessary. Light waves and the straight lines of optical flats are, as a rule, reserved for the manufacture of master gauges and standard units of measurement, which are carefully housed somewhere near the workshops and not taken out of the rooms in which they are housed, because it is necessary to keep them at unchanging temperatures. Master gauges are used solely for testing working gauges, and these are manufactured as needed for ordinary use.

IN SPITE of the remarkable advances in automatic machinery for measuring microscopic distances, the human eye and hand tend steadily to approach the new standards by evolutions that are nothing less than amazing. Not long ago I was introduced to an inspector who had detected an inaccuracy of one thousandth of an inch in the gauge he was using simply, as he explained, "by the feel of it." The gauge in question was used for measuring the diameters of steel shafts. In appearance it is the letter C, with a polished flat surface at each end of the single line that makes a capital C. These flat surfaces will fit perfectly against a circular shaft, although that seems improbable until one has tried it. If the shaft refuses to go into the mouth of the C, it is too big, and if it goes in easily, it is too small; when exactly right the human hand can feel that the fit is perfect. These gauges in the larger sizes have a hinge that is manipulated by a screw and alongside of the screw is the scale in terms of tiny fractions of an inch. The inspector in question set his gauge at the proper figure, used it on a shaft, and then made an adjustment. According to the pointer on the scale his gauge was now set inaccurately, but it felt right to him. Under the circumstances, his duty was obvious; he took the gauge immediately to the man in charge of master gauges in order to have it checked. Incidentally he remarked: "It feels to me like it's one thousandth off." Now that is just about the thickness of an onion skin paper and for a man to imagine that he could feel any such inaccuracy with his fingers would seem to indicate a highly nervous condition, but the gauge, when tested, proved to be exactly one thousandth of an inch wrong.

"THEY do things like that every twice in a while," the man who checked the gauge informed me. "God knows how they do it. One thousandth of an inch certainly isn't visible and in a gauge as big as the one he was using I don't see how he could have felt it. The only explanation I can think of is that the screw in the hinge didn't feel right to him when he set the gauge because that was where I found the trouble. But if that was where he felt it, the sense of touch in his fingers must be very highly developed because the trouble in that screw thread wasn't anything like one thousandth of an inch; it had been multiplied many times before it reached the surfaces that fit against the shaft he was measuring."

From time to time during recent years there have appeared in the newspapers reports of scientific progress in exploring the structure of the atom. As a rule these explorations were undertaken as adventures in pure science, but the implements used in this work are rapidly being adopted for practical service as well, especially those which employ light waves. In this field a light wave twenty millionths of an inch long would be of no more value than a cowboy's lariat. Atoms are explored with the X-ray which produces a light wave so short that it easily wriggles in between two atoms. For instance it is now known that the distance between an ion of sodium and an ion of chlorine in ordinary table salt is .00000002814 of a centimeter. A beam of light from an X-ray travelled through that tiny space and brought with it the exact measurement. The implement used in making this calculation very much resembles a brass barrel with a water spout sticking out of one side of it. In the barrel is the X-ray. The water spout on close examination proves to have only a tiny slit of an opening about one inch long and barely wide enough to accommodate the thinnest blade of a small penknife. The X-ray beams come out through this small slit and the purpose of the water-spout arrangement is to start them off on a straight line. When a measurement is to be made, a sliver of wood somewhat smaller than a toothpick is covered with atoms of the type under investigation and placed in front of the opening in the water spout and directly in line of the beams from the X-ray.

AT THIS point, it is important for the reader to consider that we are dealing with measurements of space between the atoms and not with explorations into the interior of the atom. We are dealing here with a measurement for strictly utilitarian purposes and it will relate to the nature of metal. All metal is made up of crystals just as salt is made up of crystals.

Now it has been discovered that the atoms composing any crystal will deflect the light beams of the X-ray from their true course. Therefore, after placing some of these crystals in front of the little slit in the water spout the scientist next places a photographic film at a carefully measured distance behind the crystals. With this arrangement he gets a photographic record of the deflection of the X-rays. He knows that they started in a straight line; second, he knows how far they travelled from the atoms to the photographic plate; third, he knows how far they have been deflected from their true course because that is reflected on the photographic plate. Thus he is in possession of all the parts of the triangle he needs in order to construct the rest of it, and after a few mathematical computations he knows the width of the space through which the X-ray beams travelled. Thousands of these measurements have now been made, so they are reduced to scales and recorded on master gauges.

Let us suppose that you want to know whether the stuff you have purchased really is tungsten or just something that looks like tungsten. You gather up a few grains of it, turn on the X-ray, read the score on the scale, consult your chart, and you know without more ado whether you have tungsten or not. Moreover if there is something else mixed up with the tungsten you will know what that is, too.

These measurements are now of such accuracy that they are leading chemistry a merry chase for the job of supreme arbiter in passing upon the nature of metal. By the use of the X-ray not only the space between atoms is discovered, but the various shapes of the atoms also, and this leads directly to knowledge about what can be done with alloys to change the nature of any given metal in order to make it harder, softer, more or less brittle, easier or harder to melt, or a better conductor of electricity.

The arrangement of atoms in the various types of metal is now so generally known among scientists that if ever the need arose their testimony on this point would be admissible in a court of law. Suppose, for example, that Mr. A. infringed Mr. B.'s patent on some delicately calculated alloy of metals and then asserted in defense of his infringement that he was using entirely different sorts of metal from those covered by Mr. A.'s patent. Presumably the judge would permit experts to testify and among the first to be called would be the men who operate those queer looking barrels with the tiny waterspouts. There are only twenty of those barrels in the United States but that would be enough, for the calculations of the men who operate them are singularly uniform. Mr. B.'s testimony about the metal he was using wouldn't be worth a cancelled postage stamp after ten or fifteen men had tested it before the X-ray and all got the same result.

Of course, being human, they do argue among themselves, from time to time, but their disputes generally relate to the accuracy of the eleventh figure behind the decimal point. Some day those figures may be pushed out even farther behind the decimal point. Take table salt, for example, and the distance between the particles of sodium and chlorine which is at present regarded as .00000002814 of a centimeter: there is a certain amount of dispute about that final four. Broad-minded liberals are willing to concede that it may eventually turn out to be a five or even a three. Beyond that, however, no concessions have been made thus far, because these funny looking brass barrels are pretty accurate.

Off on the sidelines, however, the pure scientists glance at such labors as these without bothering to applaud, because they are today experimenting with units of measurements called Angstroms. An Angstrom is one ten-millionth part of a millimeter. Speaking of a measurement recently made in terms of Angstroms, N. H. Williams of the Department of Physics, University of Michigan, remarked, and I ought to add that he remarked casually: "The errors are about a billionth of a millimeter, which is four one-hundred-thousandths of a millionth of an inch." And then he added, still casually: "When greater accuracy is desired it is attainable."

Calculations in this rarefied atmosphere are used in the course of exploring the anatomy of the atom. Let's have a few more words from Professor Williams on this subject: "The characteristic radiations from different kinds of atoms are revealing the internal structure of the atoms, and many of the radiations that are the most useful in these studies are in the infra-red region. Since we can neither see these radiations nor photograph them, it becomes necessary to convert their energy into heat and measure the minute change of temperature they produce with a thermocouple."

But now that we have reached a field that can't even be photographed and where the unit of length is one ten-millionth part of a millimeter, it's about time to bring this article to a close.

More Machines

And Less Men

BY RALPH AIKEN

THERE was once a boy whose mother set him to peeling a whole bushel of apples. After ten minutes of effort he went next door and borrowed an apple-peeler — the kind that skins the fruit by turning a crank. When his mother came upon him a little later she exclaimed good-naturedly:

"You lazy boy! I wanted you to do some work and there you are playing with a machine!"

Whether we like it or not the world is evidently entering upon a period of leisure for all men. Work seems doomed to be taken from us. In the grip of machinery the ideals of an industrious past are fast fading beyond recognition.

Even Russia, where labor is prolonged by inefficiency, is making a serious mistake in attempting to construct a factory workers' paradise. The industrial worker may be the darling of the Soviet Republics, yet this solicitude for a *working*-class society indicates a singular lack of foresight on the part of the governing powers.

For a social structure raised on the life and labor of the factory worker is already out-of-date. At no very distant time a mill-hand will be as rare as a bison. He is marked for extinction. In a world rapidly becoming wholly mechanized the worker will find it difficult to maintain his individuality and his limited outlook upon life. When engineering progress eliminates the factory worker there will be no use in sympathizing with industrial slaves.

NEITHER Capitalism, Socialism, greed, nor envy can prevent the mechanization of industry. The machine is ready to force freedom on a laborious and wilfully toiling people. The worker may cling to his work but he cannot perpetuate it when machinery liberates him.

The replacement of men by machines is not a hazy future possibility. We may consider it a coming certainty in the light of present developments and in the record of the machine since first its power was derived from steam.

It goes without saying that practically nothing can be done by hand. We cannot even write a letter by hand — it must be done with a pen, if not a typewriter. But until James Watt made unlimited power available, the machine was directed by the man who operated it. Great skill was needed and great art developed in the handling of machinery and tools. A woman of India could spin with her distaff two hundred and fifty miles of excessively fine thread from one pound of cotton. An armorer could forge blades of steel that never have been equalled for strength and toughness.

But how these workers had to work! From dawn until dark, and later. Contrary to general belief, the days preceding industrialism were not leisured. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants spent their waking hours in toil. They may have been unhurried, they may have taken their time at their tasks, but they had no leisure; their time was not their own.

WE DERIVE this tradition of leisure in the past from observation of the upper classes only. If we glance at the lower classes we find that:

"The earliest miners in Scotland were serfs; the first miners in Northern England were bondsmen who sold themselves by the year and were forbidden by law to leave the mines to which they were bound."

And Mr. Defoe can tell us what Halifax, England, was like in 1727, long before the industrial revolution:

"Among the manufacturers' houses are likewise scattered an infinite number of cottages in which dwell the workmen which are employed, the women and children of whom are always busy carding, spinning, etc., so that no hands being unemployed all can gain their bread, from the youngster to the ancient; hardly anything above four years old but its hands are sufficient to itself."

Or in our own country at about the same time:

"The dreary drudgery, the intense physical labor required of the colonial housewife was of such a nature that the woman of today can scarcely comprehend it. The very building of a fire to cook the food with was a laborious task with flint and steel.

"The supplying of the household with its winter stock of candles was a harsh but inevitable duty in the autumn and the lugging about of immense kettles, the smell of tallow, deer suet, bear's grease, and stale pot-liquor, and the constant demands of the great fireplace, must have made the candle season a period of terror to many a burdened wife and mother. Then, too, the constant care of the wood ashes and chunks of fat and lumps of grease for soap making was a duty which no housewife dared to neglect."

Not to mention the ordinary tasks of spinning, knitting, and weaving. "When we remember that the sewing machine was unknown, we may comprehend to some extent the immense amount of labor performed by women and girls one hundred and fifty years ago.

"There was a constant drain upon woman's physical strength through the lack of those household conveniences which every home maker now considers mere necessities."

UPON this world of toil, well-equipped with hand-machines though it was in 1760, suddenly shone the relief of labor. The steam engine arrived to turn wheels and work treadles and the strenuous operation of machines by human muscle became no longer necessary.

It is remarkable how swiftly this new source of energy was applied.

Wind and water power had been of limited use but the steam engine could be carried anywhere. And in the short space of seventy-five years it was to be found everywhere in Europe and America.

THE first noteworthy replacement was the elimination of the horse in long distance travel. Horses were frequently driven to death in an attempt to secure speed, and undoubtedly an enormous amount of suffering was ended by the railroad.

But when it came to relieving human beings of toil, the steam engine seemed to be at odds with humanity for a long time. The trouble lay not in the machine but in the human beings. They had no conception of relief from toil. They had no respect for a short working day. They were used, in their cottage factories, to labor from twelve to sixteen hours daily. And when they removed their activities from the cottage to the mill, they chained themselves to the spindles and the looms and they chained their children, too.

This oppression of labor was blamed on the mill owners, but it was possible only because the workers were accustomed to expect toil. How many children have been worked to death in home sweat-shop or on the farm before ever the steam engine opened factory doors to the toilers? Parents who were accustomed to waken their children from the sleep of exhaustion with blows in order to get them to the factory at five in the morning, when they had come home at nine the night before, must have been poor guardians of their offspring when they labored under the parental roof.

Indeed, in our own country a hundred years ago many a farmer's lad was worked until he dropped with fatigue, and the father was merely considered a hard man. It was his privilege to work his son. And if he chose to send him to labor in a factory at a shilling or two a week, that also was his privilege.

The horror of child labor may have been augmented by the swift pace of power-driven machinery for a time. But what was the ultimate result? All child labor ceased in England and the northern United States, not only in the factory, but in the home and on the farm and everywhere. Schools succeeded the irresponsible father and a sense of the rights of children developed that had never existed before the industrial revolution.

THERE is no circumventing the machine. In its early stages it may drive the worker at a breakneck pace. But it is characteristic of the machine that it continually tends to render itself automatic. There is no standing still; progress is imperative. And progress continually extends the operation of the machine and eliminates the attendance of labor.

This is illustrated in the original invention of the steam engine itself. When first put into operation a boy had to turn valves continually, admitting the steam and letting it out again. But the boy was intelligent enough to rig up ropes and tie them to various parts of the engine so that, as it ran, the machine turned its own valves. It was rendered in a measure automatic. Of course the boy lost his job. But if he was a natural boy, he was glad.

While the machine has freed horses and children from labor almost to the complete satisfaction of the humanitarian in English-speaking countries, it has already done far more than that. It has to a great extent broken the tradition of toil.

It is characteristic of the Caucasian and the Mongolian that conscientious members of those races have felt impelled to labor unceasingly if they wanted to make a successful living. For centuries this has found expression in a driving manual toil among all good workmen. A worker to be depended on, to be marked for success, must be always on the job. Very well and good before the days of power driven machinery, but when a worker no longer has any job, what is he to be always on?

The fact is that no matter how much men may wish to toil, and thus satisfy their instinct of achievement, the machine will not permit them to. Arduous manual labor as practiced a hundred years ago is not generally possible today.

Class-conscious individuals may feel that labor organizations have reduced the hours of labor. But it is a question in considering social improvement over long periods of time, if betterment is not due to forces quite beyond human planning or control. The invention of the electric light results in a widespread saving of labor but no housewives' union abolished oil lamps.

The first workers to benefit by shorter hours were the machine workers, who may have been organized. The last were the farmers, who never have been organized. But the hours of labor of the farmer have been reduced quite as much in proportion as the hours of labor of the factory hand. When a farmer went to town he used to take all day with his horse and wagon; now he jumps into his car and is there and back in a couple of hours. It is a physical impossibility for him to work as hard as he used to.

A man who worked only ten hours a day in the year 1800 was a loafer. Today a half-million workers in the United States enjoy the five day week, and the railroad brotherhoods expect to see the arrival of the six hour day at no distant time. Labor unions are useful only in demanding what they can get. It is the machine that has made it possible for them to get what they demand.

The reduction of labor, indeed, has been continuous ever since the industrial revolution began. When power looms were first invented, one workman attended to five looms. Today one man may attend to forty. In Adam Smith's classic he describes carefully the division of labor among men who make pins. Today no man makes a pin. Machines do everything connected with pin-making.

Although the machine has done much to end labor, there are still a good many workers employed in factories. The question is, will they continue to be? By all the record of past development, one must answer no. And the chronicles of the present merely carry on the story of the past by telling us bit by bit of the steady displacement of men by machines.

Take, for instance, the case of the A. O. Smith Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A few years ago they constructed a factory to turn out frames for automobiles. For this factory they planned every conceivable saving in labor. The automatic machinery performs nearly 4,000,000 operations in a single day. The number of men employed to supervise the equipment is about 200, or less than one-fifth the number that would be needed for equal production in a semi-automatic plant. And yet they have not done all they can. The material in the course of its manufacture is so controlled that sooner or later human labor will be practically done away with in the production of automobile frames.

AND in case you think the automobile business has always been automatic anyhow, see what a President of the National Industrial Conference Board says: "The automobile industry today requires one-third the number of workers to produce a given number of cars that it did in 1914."

The constant introduction of improved machinery steadily reduces the number of workmen per thousand cars. Are we coming to a time when automobiles will almost make themselves? It looks as if something like that might happen.

Or suppose we glance at what is considered the laggard of industries where mechanization is concerned. Says a Vice-President of the Pittsburgh Coal Company:

"Until recently, practically all the bituminous coal mined in the United States from flat beds had been shovelled by hand into cars. With the development of various types of loading devices, including loading machines, entry-driving machines, conveyors, scrappers, and pit-car loaders, this situation is changing rapidly. According to data at hand, the tonnage loaded by these devices, either completely mechanical or labor saving, has increased about 50% per year."

At hand loading mines an average output per employe of five tons daily is not unusual. At mines using mechanical loading the output per employe has been doubled. In modern strip mines, whose number is increasing, it is not uncommon to find a production ranging from fifteen to twenty tons per employe per day.

Increased tonnage, unless the consumption is increased also, undoubtedly means reduced labor. Here again the worker is slowly becoming superfluous.

It is the basic industries that count. If automatic machinery were peculiar to automobiles only, or to some other special fabrication, the disappearance of the worker might be doubted. But everywhere the worker is disappearing.

TAKE the case of steel. You may not know that steel mills are becoming mechanized, too. It is a popular belief that Hungarians work twelve hours a day and seven days a week in the steel mills. They may have slaved in such fashion at one time, and they may still do so in some out-of-date plants, but they won't be able to continue so magnificent a performance for very long. The machine is hot upon them.

As long ago as 1926 a revolutionary process was commenced in the rolling of sheets. Said the Iron Age magazine in 1927:

"The sheet mill of tomorrow is in

successful operation at the plant of the Columbia Steel Company at Butler, Pennsylvania. We say tomorrow because it does in large part mechanically what is now done by hand.

"Instead of the familiar sheet and pair furnaces facing a single stand of rolls, there will be found continuous heating furnaces for the heating of slabs. The long strip of sheet steel, up to thirty-six inches wide, runs under mechanical control and without man-handling."

The yearly output of a hand mill is about 24,000 tons. "The Butler mill is counted on to produce 400,000 tons annually," although the need of the entire country is only about 4,500,000 tons in a year.

"To see the sheet delivery at high speed from such a mill is truly an impressive sight."

And to see the former worker disconsolately contemplating a future of freedom from labor in that mill is equally impressive.

Even in small matters the steel trade shows progress. Much of the metal has to be plated for preservation or appearance, and the Iron Age said in 1930:

"Plating departments have long been the bottle neck in the production line, simply because every operation was done manually. With the coming of automatic and semi-automatic plating equipment, this fault has been remedied. Plant engineers have devised many ingenious methods of conveying work to and from the plating room thereby speeding up production and considerably reducing the time of work in process, in some instances as much as 60%.

"Prior to 1925 not more than fifty large metal working establishments in this country were equipped to do plating automatically. Today there are two hundred plants so equipped. Even two large safety-razor manufacturers are gold-plating their products by machinery."

In all industries it is the same. Perhaps the textiles show least progress, but the textile industry has been in the valley of depression for many years. Even so, textile engineers told us in 1928 that there were "definite increases in output per machine and a tendency to increase output per employe." While in 1930 "improved methods of production, combined with the gradual adoption of improved equipment has during the past four years greatly increased the unit production of both employe and plant."

After awhile we shall have cotton or rayon spinning and weaving and turning into garments all by itself. The period of universal automatic manufacturing is bound to come. It is a slow process, of course, but swift in the light of a century.

That it is making headway, so far as the dispensation with labor is concerned, may be shown by a few facts gathered from various boards and bureaus.

During the years from 1920 to 1927 the wage earners employed in general manufacturing diminished by 600,000. The steam railroads, also, laid off 307,000. The coal mines dispensed with 100,000. Some industries like automobile, rayon, and radio expanded tremendously, but the general disappearance of jobs amounted to 650,000.

At the same time the individual production increased 35% in the years from 1921 to 1925.

A typical example of how jobs disappear is given by the New York subways. In 1920 there was a ticket taker at every platform entrance. Today the passenger drops a nickel in the slot and passes through a turnstile, with the result that several hundred men have looked for jobs elsewhere.

The very functions of labor are changing. The business of the worker now is to help the machinery out when it gets into trouble. For this reason a mill manager says that labor earns profits only when it does nothing.

The writing on the wall is plain enough. Some among us have got to learn to do without work. Probably no task could be more difficult for an inhabitant of the United States, where work has always been religiously venerated. And of course, the natural inclination to labor is further encouraged by the fact that without some form of work subsistence is cut off. The old idea that one must work to live dies hard, and it may kill us in the process.

Just at present there has to be a circulation of money to keep the leisured proletariat going. The machine is willing to provide enough and we are willing to consume enough, but money is needed to effect distribution. With 1,800,000,000 people in the world, of whom perhaps 1,700,000,000 are inadequately supplied with goods, it seems ridiculous to complain of overproduction. Yet in the midst of easy manufacturing we are likely to run the risk of starving.

The trouble lies in the fact that those who need are unable to make any adequate return to those who are ready to give. The millions of men cannot pay for their requirements except with the work of their hands. The Negroes of the United States, for instance, are 97% manual laborers. Yet manual work is not much wanted now and soon will be no longer needed.

The question is, what is going to happen as the machine pushes out the laborer? It is a fascinating question because the future, with no workers needed and no money available for the worker, is packed with such excitement as the French revolution or the late World War could never provide.

The machine, with its tremendous gift of freedom from drudgery, is leading us into the valley of destruction. Shall we win through it to heights of glorious leisure, or shall we die ironically from too much freedom?

The Man with the Bullet Hole in His Hat

By James Noble Gifford

A Story

Llewellyn Jones was a shining example of highly developed mediocrity, and at thirty-five even he had come to think of himself as Jones rather than as Llewellyn. Of late he had begun to sign his name L. Jones at the bank where he occupied an unimportant desk, but no one had commented on the change and, indeed, he had not expected that anyone would. To his associates he had always been just Jones, simple and unqualified. Even his teachers when he was a boy in school had called him Jones and not Llewellyn. It was as if they instinctively resented his parents' effort to individualize him. And very early, he had ceased to care or even think about it.

At twenty-five he would sometimes express an opinion by saying, "A plain man like myself feels this way about it," but that had soon become unnecessary and he had ceased being so obvious. Then, too, he had almost stopped having opinions since he never expressed any. He preferred being alone in the midst of the crowd. He enjoyed doing his work as one of several thousand men doing their work in a great bank. He reveled in the perfect solitude of thronged places. He was happy in the subway.

His clothes fitted so perfectly that you felt they were picked out for him by the salesmen. He made a reasonable salary at the bank because he was very efficient there and since he worshipped correctness and neatness he always dressed that way. He was pointed out as a model to aspiring young clerks.

Then came a Saturday in early April when Spring poured golden ecstasy down upon the world. Even the dim canyons in lower New York were flooded with the touch of splendor and hearts stirred, pulses quickened, eyes brightened and there was thanksgiving that it was Saturday with its afternoon of freedom and promise. In a few days, the baseball season would begin. There was little talk of anything else. It was Spring. A sentimentalist might sigh that the crack of the ball has replaced the sight of the robin. But then only a sentimentalist could imagine a robin in Wall Street. The office boys and bank runners talked wildly and whistled softly, but they were unreproved. The head of the bond department walked restlessly about with a tiny bunch of violets in his buttonhole. The guards stationed all over the building thrust thumbs into their Sam Browne belts, rocked on their heels and smiled. It was Spring.

At half past one, Jones left the crowded restaurant where he had lunched and strolled slowly up Broadway. He, too, had felt the urge of the season, the magic of the golden moment, and so he was strolling up Broadway to buy a new hat. His life had not been one to make him yearn for the open country and the free, wandering winds, but he did see that his hat, though still good, was not worthy of the day. So at twenty minutes to two, he entered his regular shop, went to his regular salesman and, after being greeted, mentioned that he thought he could use a new hat.

The man agreed gaily. The magic of Spring had touched him, too. He wore a pink in the lapel of his coat. He handed Mr. Jones a hat of palest pearl grey with a grey band. There was even a very soft grey silk lining in it. He cried, "This is a real Spring hat!"

And his customer, who had never even dreamed of wearing such a hat before, said, "I think so, too. I'll wear it now. Will you send the other home for me?" and strolled out with the gleaming hat placed jauntily on his rather large head, hiding his thin, wispy hair. He was a little astonished at his own temerity. He had never bought anything quite so simply. He decided to walk all the way home and he didn't realize he had so decided until he found himself crossing Chambers Street and not turning down toward the subway. He continued up Broadway. He felt ridiculously happy.

So without being at all a fool, he did rush in where angels might well fear to tread. Not far above Twenty-third Street, he vaguely noticed a car, and then a volley of shots rang out. There were swift screams and curses; and a man just a few paces ahead of him wilted and crumpled to the pavement. Jones dashed forward to help the man. As he bent over the body, there was a single shot from the car swinging around a corner. He felt something; he didn't know what in the overwhelming tide of his emotions. When police rushed up a minute later he was trying to lift the bleeding mass to its feet and muttering, "Stand up; stand up."

It seemed no time to poor, bewildered Jones before there were detectives, reporters, photographers and, of course, the police, desperately trying to keep the crowd away from the limp thing lying on the sidewalk. It reminded Jones absurdly of a toy back in the dim past, a balloon shaped like a pig. You blew it up and then it stood on its legs and whistled as the air rushed out of it. Finally, with a last squeak, the pig would crumple over and be only a deflated balloon. Jones pushed back a wisp of thin hair from his forehead. A man touched him on the arm.

"Say, is this yours?" He held out a very pale grey hat. It had been crushed and the brim stepped on, but its gleaming newness could not be denied. Jones mumbled thanks and put the hat on his head. The man shook his arm.

"Say, mister, there's a bullet hole through your hat."

Jones snatched it from his head, stared at it blankly a moment and then replaced it.

"Yes, I felt it."

After that all was chaos. A little while later he was in the police station answering questions. One man had an idea that he had had something to do with it, but the others just wanted to know things.

Yes, there had been a car. The shots had come from the car. No, he hadn't noticed what kind of car. No, he hadn't noticed any license plate. No, he hadn't seen how many men were in the car. Yes, he thought it was a closed car, but he couldn't be sure. Yes, he had run to pick up the man. No, he hadn't known the man was dead. No, he couldn't say just what he had felt. There had been the shots. Then the man just crumpled up. When he bent over the man, a sudden feeling had passed over him. No, he couldn't describe it any better than that. Yes, he knew his hat had been shot off his head as he bent over, but what could he do?

A detective leaned toward him. "Do you know they tried to kill you? That bullet that messed up your hat was meant for your head. Do you understand that? Now for God's sake, try to help us. You missed death by an inch."

He held out the hat. Jones looked at it numbly.

"I'd like to help, but I don't know how."

"You sure you never knew 'Spike' Nolan?"

Jones shook his head. "Spike" Nolan then had been his name. The deflated balloon crumpled in death had once been the ruthless killer, the Lord of Gangland. The papers had called him that only a few days before. In the bank, the feats of this man had been discussed with bloodthirsty gusto. Just a few minutes ago, he, L. Jones, had just escaped death running to help him. He felt a ridiculous desire to wash his hands in very hot, very soapy water.

Then suddenly Jones was given his hat and told he could go. As he walked out of the police station, cameras clicked and in an instant he was surrounded by avid reporters.

What did he have to say to the press? Nothing. Had he been of any help to the police? No. Didn't he think the whole thing was terrible? At last Jones found voice.

"Yes, it was all terrible, very terrible."

The reporters pushed back, thanking him, and then ran wildly for telephones. Jones found a taxi to take him home.

Now Jones was one of those who know that tabloid newspapers exist and also that even in banks office boys and runners read them, but he had never read one and in the ordinary course of events never would have read one. He knew that such papers had little to do with the financial world, and in that world he had his being.

So it is natural that Jones was astonished, to say the least, at the rousing reception he received at the bank Monday morning. Office boys, messengers, clerks, everyone hailed him as the new hero of Wall Street, and in their eager acclaim there was no enlightening explanation. Finally, a paper was thrust into his hands and it dawned on him that it was not all a joke, for there was his picture on the front page of the city's most lurid tabloid. There was no mistaking it. Above all, there was the pale pearl grey hat with the bullet hole clearly defined like a smudge of smoke searing the grey perfection of a dawn at sea. But if the picture and the prominence given to it was astonishing, what can one say for Jones' feelings when he turned to page two, as recommended, and began to read. Even the headlines left no doubt of the context, as, indeed, tabloid headlines are not intended to leave any doubt as to what follows and a great deal that does not.

It is doubtful that he completely grasped the significance of that lead story, especially since the buzzing and congratulations and excitement reigning around him left very little room to grasp an idea so completely new. An office boy pushed through the throng.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Van Grundt would like to speak to you now, if it's convenient."

At this moment, it is probable that Jones' surprise was surpassed by that of everyone in the group about him. Mr. Van Grundt was not in the habit of requesting people to see him at their convenience, and it was obvious that his request, couched in such unusual terms, had even impressed the red-headed Mercury who bore it. The perfect barometer of official popularity is always the office boy. The group drew back respectfully now, for to get on the front page of a tabloid might be fame, but to get such a message from Mr. Van Grundt was positive greatness. Jones followed the office boy to the inner sanctum.

The president shook Jones' hand warmly.

"My dear Jones," he said, "I must congratulate you on that splendid summing up of the crime situation in the paper this morning. I felt proud when I saw it was one of my own men who had come out so strongly in a challenge to gang rule. Can you lunch with me at the club today?"

Five minutes later, Jones staggered from the office and back to his old familiar desk. It seemed good to be there. It was like an island of safety in the midst of roaring traffic. He was glad to find that the group about his desk had dispersed. After all, there was work to be done, and also, you couldn't hang around the desk of a man who had just had a conference with the president.

With trembling fingers, Jones again turned to page two to find out what he had said. He couldn't remember having said anything. His impression was that a man had asked him if he didn't think it was terrible and he had said it was, but here were his actual words quoted for him, and the sentences moved swiftly and dynamically forward to their irresistible conclusion. He must have said these things, or how would they have known what to put in the paper? Certainly, the shabby, half-smiling boy who had interrogated him could not have made up this thundering denunciation of the criminal world, and the police laxity which allowed it to continue. Finally, Jones folded the paper carefully and put it away in a drawer. Yes, he must have said these things because they certainly did express his feelings, though he did not realize they had been quite so strong. But when you came to think about it, why shouldn't his feelings be strong? Why shouldn't he HURL DEFI TO GANGS? Hadn't he escaped death by a miracle?

MECHANICALLY, he reached for his hat and inspected it. He hadn't had a good look at it heretofore. Certainly, the paper had not exaggerated when it said, "The bullet missed his brain by a hair's breadth." He put the hat on his desk thoughtfully and attacked the work lying before him. As he went on, the one remaining doubt slipped from him. He had feared the thought of talking to these big business men. He knew, if only by hearsay, the sort of men with whom Van Grundt lunched at his famous club. But why should he be afraid? He would proclaim to the word that he wasn't afraid. He would keep the appointment wearing his bullet scarred hat.

Now the tabloids very often get sensational news first, but no matter how dignified the other papers, when a story gets big enough they must fall in line. A gang shooting and the miraculous escape of an innocent bystander may or may not be real news to papers specializing in stock reports and major financial transactions. But when a man, by a simple speech at luncheon, rouses a great financial club to a pitch of high indignation, and from being a typical Wall Street nobody suddenly is created chairman of the Committee of Investigation of Crime Conditions for the Five Boroughs of New York, that is news for any newspaper. Inside of a week, the man with the bullet hole through his hat became the best known figure in the financial district. The bullet scarred hat flew bravely like a flag of defiance up and down the narrow canyon of Wall Street. Clubs of intense selectivity and power vied with each other in the efforts to hear the rousing call to arms from the lips of the man who had for one instant passed into the very valley of death.

Somehow it was strange, but only the secretaries who corresponded with him really thought of Jones as Mr. Jones. Inside of ten days, he had become a symbol to New York, and yet it is doubtful if a thousand more people knew his name then than had known it before the momentous shooting. He became a complete symbol. He was The Man With the Bullet Hole in His Hat. So true was this, that when a brilliant cartoonist showed Father Knickerbocker roused to action and wearing the bullet scarred hat perched flauntingly on his grey locks, no one found it in the least incongruous, least of all Llewellyn Jones. To himself, he was only a symbol.

EVEN his work at the bank had changed. He was now vaguely connected with the Public Relations Department and, as Mr. Van Grundt said, "Who could do more for our mighty organization than this man who is devoting himself to the purification of our noble city?" There had been long sustained applause from the other diners on that brilliant occasion and Jones himself had bowed his head in simple dignity. He was thoroughly in accord with the feeling expressed.

But while the absence of important news may cause the newspapers to continue playing up one man and one story for several weeks, as they did in this case, there is nothing in nature which will keep a very pale pearl grey hat from getting soiled. One must also remember that this hat was not just a mere headcovering for the street, but a symbol passed from hand to hand a hundred times a day, "a holy relic in the war for civic purity." A prominent club woman had called it that when introducing Jones at the annual luncheon of the Woman's Civic Purity League. On that occasion, the hat had passed through four hundred ninety-seven hands, the odd number being accounted for by the fact that Jones himself never touched his hat except with his right hand, and in these days when he took it from his head the gesture was, somehow, in the nature of a salute.

SO AT the end of the third week Jones suddenly realized that the hat had lost its beautiful pearly quality and had become so soiled that the bullet hole barely showed at all. He was glad when he noticed this at home one night, because his reception at a large dinner in the Bronx that evening had not been as enthusiastic as he had expected. He had been listened to deferentially, to be sure, but the applause had been too definitely led from the speakers' table and he was conscious of the fact that a woman in one of the first rows of tables was saying his speech along with him. Nobody had even suggested passing the hat around, and while he had always pretended that this act of fetish worship annoyed him, tonight he had been worried by its absence. He had come home in a bad humor, but as he studied the hat now closely, a smile crept over his face. The explanation was so very simple. The hat looked old and tired. It was just a hat. There was a hole in it, but one could also have a hole in one's hat simply from prolonged wearing. The solution was obvious. He must get a new hat at once. He went to sleep contentedly, thinking how silly it had been to worry.

THE next day was Saturday and another beautiful Spring day, not quite so astonishing now, but still thrilling with its promise of golden summer. About eleven o'clock, one of the junior clerks came to the rather elaborate office where Jones' desk now stood and asked him if he wanted to "go in on next week's baseball pool." He had declined graciously, as was his manner now, but the incident rankled. It was the first time he had been approached familiarly by one of the clerks since the shooting. Through the past few weeks their deference had been obvious. Also, he had looked through three newspapers this morning, looked through them carefully, without finding any mention of his speech at the Bronx banquet. One of the papers did carry a story on the banquet and one of the speeches was reported at length, but his name merely appeared among those who also spoke. He pulled his watch from his pocket and then replaced it with a nervous gesture. Yes, the solution was simple and the sooner he got a new hat the better. For the first time since his connection with the bank he left before closing time for a purely private reason.

The smiling clerk at the shop greeted him joyously and reminded him that he had sold him the hat which had become so famous. The clerk fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"Who would ever have thought, sir, how important that hat was going to be? I almost feel as if I had some part in your fame. Now what can I do for you, sir?"

Jones smiled faintly. This was a little more like it.

"You may give me an exact duplicate of the hat I'm wearing."

The clerk handled the headpiece with due reverence, and in a moment had placed in Jones' hand a shining, new, very pale, pearl grey hat. It looked almost shell-like in its absence of color. The clerk drew back triumphantly.

"That looks splendid, sir. You'll like it after wearing this so long in order to rouse others to a sense of duty. Now what shall I do with this? Shall I box it for you?"

For a second Jones was silent. Then, "You may keep it," he said and quietly walked from the store.

The clerk's overwhelming gratitude flowed after him through the open door and into the flooding sunlight. He walked to the nearest subway and went directly home.

For the first time in weeks no one pointed him out in the subway. There was no child to say in an awed whisper, "Look, Mummy, that's the Man With the Bullet Hole in His Hat." For the first time in weeks Jones felt alone in the midst of the crowd, as he had in the days that now seemed so far away. And he didn't like it. The old happiness was gone. He was glad when he closed the door of his apartment behind him and shut the world outside.

For a long time, he sat moodily in his big arm-chair. There was no doubt that the hat was the cause of it all. To have a new hat was in no sense of the word enough; it was the bullet hole that had made him famous. Without a bullet hole in this shiny new hat, he was once more merely L. Jones. For a minute or two, he closed his eyes and faced the prospect squarely. For a minute or two, he saw himself clearly as he had been, and then he rose from the chair very slowly, very quietly and walked to his desk. From the drawer he drew a small automatic, glancing as he did so at the carefully worded permit on which it had rested. He remembered having bought the gun during a burglar scare and remembered placing it on top of the permit in the desk drawer so that, should it by chance ever be discovered, anyone would see immediately his right of possession. He had never fired the weapon, to be sure, but the clerk had showed him at the time how simple it was, and if it was simple to protect yourself against an intruder, how much easier then to shoot a bullet hole in a hat.

He held the hat in his left hand and the gun in his right, but somehow that didn't seem to be the way to do it. The hat had been on his head when the bullet had pierced it. It must be on his head again when this bullet pierced it. He must again experience that strange, indescribable feeling as he escaped death. During the intervening weeks he had forgotten that emotion and he must recapture it.

Quietly he put the hat on his head, walked to a full length mirror so he could hold the gun in just the correct position and pulled the trigger. The report rang out deafeningly.

When the German janitor led in a policeman fifteen minutes later, they found Jones crumpled on the floor with a bullet in his head.

Reporters rushed again to put the Man With the Bullet Hole in His Hat on the front pages.

The police dismissed the case as suicide while of unsound mind.

In cleaning up the apartment, the German janitor found a new, very pale, pearl grey hat that had rolled under the sofa. He tried it on and it fitted. But when he rushed downstairs to show his wife, she said: —

"That's no good. There's a hole in the front."

* * *

Legal Reform Is at Hand

The worn, old machinery of Justice is being oiled and greased

BY RICHARD LEE STROUT

IT IS the history of most great popular outcries against abuses that they do not reach their height until the movement for reform is well under way and the abuses themselves have begun to abate. In America today, outside probably of the disputed question of Prohibition, and closely related to it, there is no single issue over which more people are more indignant than lawlessness. There is a sincere and deep conviction among important elements of the community that the matter has reached the point where reform is essential to the preservation of national morale. There are plenty of people who proclaim that lawlessness must be overcome or else lawlessness will overcome the nation. Probably these people do not really believe that the country is going to the dogs, no matter what stress is put on the question for purposes of emphasis. Admitting that the matter is serious, but considering it in the light of the history of similar emergencies in Anglo-Saxon countries, it might be deduced that the pendulum has swung about as far as it will in the direction of the abuse, that the time is about ripe for the counter-thrust of gathering popular indignation and resistance, and that finally, again judging by the past, a discerning observer should be able to detect signs, about now, of reform, before the real outburst of popular clamor has reached its height.

Whatever the truth of the theory, the fact actually is that several powerful and well-directed movements for modernizing and simplifying the whole juridical process of the nation are now under way, making the outlook for improvement brighter than at any time in the past twenty-five or fifty years. The movements are converging on the same goal: a fundamental reform in the machinery of justice comparable to that in England half a century ago, which resulted in giving Englishmen what is probably the best criminal law system on earth.

THE movement in America in several respects has striking parallels with the earlier development in Great Britain, chief of these being the fact that both systems were originally the same. The thirteen Colonies left the mother country when the English legal system was at its worst. England was experiencing a chronic "crime wave," courts and enforcement officers were inadequate, and the customary desperate expedient had been taken of making up in severity what the law lacked in effectiveness. At the time of the Declaration of Independence there were 164 capital felonies provided by law. Henry Fielding told of cartloads of condemned carried to slaughter at the end of every six weeks' court term:

> They go in batches of ten, fifteen, or twenty; laughing boys, women, with children at their breasts, highwaymen decked out in gay clothes for this last scene of glory, men and women drunk, cursing, or praying. All make a halt at the hospital of St. Giles in the fields, where they are presented with a great bowl of ale to drink at their pleasure as to be their last refreshment in this life.

In 1833, according to Lord Bowen, a "poor little boy of nine who pushed a stick through a broken window, and pulled some painter's colors worth two-pence . . . was sentenced to death for burglary."

THE result of these severities was "a conspiracy of mercy." Juries refused to convict. Every legal quibble was winked at by court or counsel to avoid the bloodthirstiness of the laws. It was the era of technicalities. The thirteen Colonies revolted, took the technicality with them, took the amazingly complicated system of courts and overlapping jurisdictions, and then for the next half century proceeded to make them worse. And oddly enough, because America was a rural nation up until recent years, the courts managed to get on moderately well!

Not so in England. Back at about the time of the American civil war there started a movement against the insufferable delays and red tape and complexities of English justice. The movement was expressed in popular resentment led on by the great novelists of the period, though probably it was fundamentally the expression of an economic development, as the growing industrialism of the compact nation broke the shackles of an obsolete legal system. Many of us recall the diatribes of Charles Dickens in *Bleak House* against the "Circumlocution Office" and court delays. As early as 1851 a commission under Lord Denman began the revision of English codes of procedure; by 1873 the great Judicature Act had passed, and shortly thereafter England emerged with a modernized court system that has been followed, down to the present, by a declining crime rate that is at once the envy of Americans and the pride of Britain.

IN A word, the tendencies seen in America today are similar to those which forced legal reform in England. The movement comes fifty years later, but to a large extent that is attributable to the slower urbanization of America, which, combined with the country's size and its forty-eight separate State jurisdictions has continued a situation that only recently has been recognized as well-nigh intolerable to the social and economic life of the country. Newspapers and popular periodicals have begun in recent years to storm over court delays, ineffectual police, tardy justice, too frequent jury trial, and the like. This is the preliminary to a movement for reform. What has not been clearly recognized is the extent to which practical and far-reaching improvements have already been effected, or are now being put quietly under way.

Let us take the matter of the so-called Judicial Council as the first illustration of what is going on in the way of reform. The general public is even yet hardly aware of the meaning of this phrase. It is an adaptation to American conditions of the English principle of organized administrative power and responsibility. In most American States there has been, until recently, no single, central authority exercising a continued expert scrutiny over court conditions, ready to make recommendations to bring them quickly into harmony with the changing times. Individual courts, instead of this, have been pretty much laws to themselves.

The beginning of this movement was the creation of the Conference of Senior Court Judges, generally known as the Federal Judicial Conference. As its name indicates, it began in the Federal courts. Back in 1921, when the bill setting up the conference was pending in Congress, William Howard Taft explained the system as follows:

> It is the introduction into our judicial system of an executive principle to secure effective team-work. Heretofore each judge has paddled his own canoe and has done the best he could with his district. He has been subject to little supervision if any. Judges are men and not so keenly charged with the duty of constant labor that the stimulus of an annual inquiry into what they are doing may not be helpful. With such mild visitation he is likely to co-operate much more readily in an organized effort to get rid of business and do justice than under the go-as-you-please system of our present federal judges, which has left unemployed in easy districts a good deal of the judicial energy that may now be usefully applied elsewhere . . . This executive principle of using all the judicial force economically and at the points where most needed should be adopted in every State, and when adopted will offer a remedy to a great deal of the injustice by delay that now exists. State judges, as well as federal judges, should be interested in the adoption of this federal measure as a model for the States.

The plan instituted in the Federal courts has spread into the States, as Mr. Taft forecast; meanwhile its usefulness in the Federal system has increased. Last September, Charles Evans Hughes, in behalf of the Federal Council, asked Congress to give the body increased power so that it might recommend legislation from time to time relating to court matters. He announced likewise that two of the Federal Circuit Courts are holding their own annual conferences, with other similar organizations expected. The judicial council over which Mr. Hughes himself presides meets once a year and its members are the individual senior judges of the ten Federal Circuit Courts.

Twenty States, all told, now have some form of Judicial Council, New Jersey being the latest recruit. They have all come into being within the past seven years. Furthermore, strong movements are now under way in thirteen other States to start Councils, with the prospect that half the States of the nation will have them by the end of 1931. They are reorganizing the entire court system of some States; centralizing authority, instituting modern practices, cutting out red tape. *The New York World*, before it died, ran a series of articles describing the work of the Massachusetts' six-year old Council, and the writer decided that such an instrument in New York would have forestalled the morass of inefficiency in the lower courts, which resulted in the present magistrates' scandal.

The first report of the New Jersey Council illustrates what these bodies can do. It was made to the Governor last December, and included statistics on litigation within the State since 1920, a similar study of court congestion, and set forth a re-statement of the *Fundamental Rights of Litigants*, pointing out the direction in which litigants are now being deprived of such rights by present court delays and inefficiencies. It is significant that the "fundamental right" given first place is the right of speedy trial.

SECOND in importance only to the Judicial Council movement in the process of modernizing and simplifying America's legal system, is the newly completed model Code of Criminal Procedure prepared by the American Law Institute, backed by such jurists as Charles Evans Hughes, Elihu Root, John W. Davis, George W. Wickersham and the like. The Code took five years to prepare, runs over six hundred pages and its completion entailed multiple revisions by a brilliant voluntary group whose expenses were met by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. The Code covers the procedure of every step in a criminal trial, eliminating red tape, modernizing archaic methods, and cutting corners to simpler practices. A number of States have already adopted sections of the Code to replace outworn procedure held over from Colonial times.

One specific instance of the changes to be effected by this Code probably tells more than pages of generalities. Suppose a Chicago gangster, for example, kills a man and is arrested — he comes straightway into one of the most archaic legal systems that there is on the face of the earth. With a clever lawyer he may very well find some gap in the net of the law. Let us center attention on the single matter of the indictment — this extraordinary document, as still used in Chicago, is an instrument of many typewritten pages. A slip in any of the antique expressions may mean a mistrial — possibly escape for the murderer. Here is a fragment of the ancient verbiage, in which the Grand Jurors charge,

> . . . That one James Murphy late of the County of Cook, on the twelfth day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-three, in said County of Cook, in the State of Illinois aforesaid, in and upon the body of one Joseph White in the peace of the people of the said State of Illinois then and there being, unlawfully, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said James Murphy a certain pistol, commonly called revolver, then and there charged with gunpowder and divers leaden bullets, which said pistol he the said James Murphy in his hand then and there had and held then and there unlawfully, feloniously, wilfully and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot off, to, against, towards and upon the said Joseph White . . .

WHAT ancient nonsense! Out upon such phrases as "charged with gunpowder and divers leaden bullets!" They date back straight to Tudor times, and have no more place than matchlocks and wooden sailing ships in an airplane era! Yet the murder indictment goes on in that strain at length, and any failure to cross a "t" or to dot an "i" would bring serious consequences. The courts are dogged in their determination to uphold the ritual, and State laws have welded them to the system so that they could not bend from their rigidity, in many cases, if they would.

WHAT has this to do with the new model Code of Criminal Procedure? Simply that the latter proposes a substitute form, already in use in some jurisdictions, that turns all the foregoing rigmarole into the following, simple, single sentence:

"The grand jurors of the County of Cook accuse James Murphy of murder, and charge that on July 12, 1929 he shot Joseph White." And that is the new indictment!

England has used such an indictment for years. The simple form is successfully used in certain American jurisdictions, some of which have abolished the cumbersome machinery of Grand Jury indictment altogether, and employed an alternative form, also recommended by the model Code, of a direct "Information."

To the above simplified instrument of indictment, may be appended a brief statement of facts, including time, places and names, if necessary. Supplemental to this, the court may require a bill of particulars, that can be filed and amended as the hearing proceeds. Nothing could be simpler.

This is an example of the kind of transformation which the new Code can work and already is working. Though it was finished only within the year, it has already been held up as a yardstick against Codes of five States which have adopted sections from it, while in eight or nine other States committees are at work on proposals for change which would adopt certain simplified expedients from the new Code. All this, it must be emphasized, has come within a year, with indications that the effect of the model Code will eventually be nation-wide. Probably no State will adopt the full Code, but as time goes on, as legislatures become aware of existing inadequacies in their system of criminal trial, they will have some alternative to turn to which has been compiled and backed by the best legal talent in the nation.

BESIDES the Judicial Council and the model Code, there is now under way the first official survey ever undertaken of the whole machinery of American justice. This survey is being made by the Wickersham Commission. Ten far-reaching and correlated studies are going forward which, it must be emphasized, have nothing to do with the study of the dry law. It is the first stock-taking of the process of American justice, approached from the national standpoint, and although it is yet too early to say definitely what its ultimate effect will be, there is reason to believe that it will be of greatest importance. The general public has bracketed the Commission with the single subject of Prohibition, and has paid very little attention to this other side of its work.

These studies range all the way from an estimate of what crime costs the nation in dollars and cents, in a study being made under the direction of Judge Paul J. McCormick called "Cost of Crime", to the matter of "third degree" methods by the police, and also of court efficiency, in which latter study the Yale Law School is actively coöperating. In the final analysis it may be that the work of the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement will be more important than the other two movements for reform previously discussed, for it is laid on a broader basis, and is supplying a foundation on which all future work must be built. America, for example, is the only great nation today without an adequate system of criminal statistics. This lack will probably be filled by proposals from the National Commission. Its studies of courts, penal institutions, trial processes, police and the like will be basic, and will open new avenues of approach to the whole crime problem.

This, then, is a general picture of three broad movements simultaneously under way for the improvement of American legal processes. They are backed by competent authorities and in themselves offer great hope for the modernization of the machinery of justice. But these developments do not tell the whole story. Here and there over the country, newspapers and magazines are sending up a steady chorus of complaint over the delays and inadequacies of criminal justice. It is the expression of the popular resentment which is pushing the whole reform movement along. In many individual States independent studies are being made. The newly created Johns Hopkins Law Institute is making surveys in Maryland and Ohio. In New York a bill sponsored by Governor Roosevelt has been pending for two years for a commission to undertake a State-wide survey; and the scandal in connection with the magistrates' courts is likely to bring action on the measure shortly. Other States have undertaken, or propose, similar action.

And finally there is the economic pressure for reform which comes from the most effective force in the nation today, business. It was the business and industrial element of England which forced through the modernization of court processes there. American business is forcing through improvement in legal processes here, not on humanitarian or social grounds, but purely on the selfish, dollar-and-cents ground that it must free itself from the wasteful delays of an outworn and ridiculous system. One of the ways it is going about this reform is the simple and direct method of establishing an alternative to the court, and a substitute for the lawyer. The process has already brought wails from the legal fraternity, and more real interest in the abolition of ancient abuses from that professional group than have been manifested for many years. Work previously done by lawyers, including everything from drawing a will, collecting bad debts, transferring realty, down to organizing corporations, is now being performed by trust companies, banking corporations, title companies, adjusters, collection agencies, notaries, realtors and corporation organizers, who have shorn the licensed attorney, it is declared, "of most of his protected privileges with the possible exception of that of appearing before the courts." Leaders of the bar are warning that this is only the beginning, and that if the law is not modernized and simplified, the process may go further. Alarmed, in some States, lawyers have appealed to legislatures to restrict law practice to lawyers, and the Supreme Court of Idaho has actually held that the drawing of wills and trust agreements by corporations is in contempt of court.

Meanwhile, men like Charles A. Beardsley, president of the State Bar of California, warn fellow lawyers that "the public that gave us the exclusive right to practice law can take it away or modify it at any time; and, in the long run, we are going to retain that exclusive right only so long as we can serve the public better than anyone else." And a writer in the American Bar Association Journal points out that it was an aroused public which forced a conservative bar and Parliament to pass the English reform acts of 1873 and 1875.

"The Bar should take the lead and not be driven," says this writer, Professor Henry A. Shinn, of Mercer University Law School, speaking of legal reform. "It should assume the duty of making the machinery of justice function under the increasing activity of modern society. It should carry the fight against uncertainty, expense and delay. It should oppose the 'unlawful practice of the law' under a banner of reform, rather than under a program of prohibitive legislation, founded upon ultra-conservatism."

Wise words, whether the legal fraternity follows them or not. In any case, the experience of England in parallel circumstances shows that an indignant public can force through reforms even against the will of an obtuse Parliament and a reactionary bench and bar.

* * *

Senator Reed

By William C. Murphy, Jr.

Pennsylvania's Gift to the Nation

For those who lament the apparently incurable vulgarities of democracy, the United States Senate offers one shining consolation in the person of David Aiken Reed of Pennsylvania. That such a man should have reached the Senate at all, is cause for amazed rejoicing. But that he should have been reëlected in his most recent appeal to his constituents by the largest majority ever turned in for a Pennsylvania Senator, offers hope that the rule of a capable governing caste may be in the making after all.

Aristocracies are creatures of slow growth, but all societies produce them eventually. In the early days of the United States, power was concentrated in the landed proprietors. Their reign was cut short by the industrial revolution, which raised up the barons of steel, the dukes of oil, the princes of copper and aluminum, the railroad kings, and the other rough and ready rulers of the turn of the century. The new aristocracy, like the older ones in their beginnings, was an uncouth thing. Its members carried too many reminders of their natal log cabins, too many gold toothpicks; they considered an ornate brass spittoon in the parlor far more essential than a bathroom. But the industrial ruling class has now had time to acquire polish, and the present senior Senator from Pennsylvania is the living embodiment of that progress.

Because he is the product of this evolution Mr. Reed is at once one of the most admired and most disliked members of the Senate. To his plebeian colleagues he is a perpetual puzzle and irritant. How, they ask, can a Senator publicly characterize his constituents as a group of "dunderheads" and then be returned by increased majorities? To some of the more gullible the answer is the power of money. But the Hon. Joe Grundy has at least as much money as Mr. Reed, and certainly spends it more freely for political purposes. Yet Mr. Reed is reëlected to the Senate while Mr. Grundy in the same State goes down ignominiously before the Kingfish of the Loyal Order of Moose. The real answer must be, that the voters of Pennsylvania have decided that traditional democracy is buncombe; they recognize in Mr. Reed one born to rule and they want to keep him in the Senate.

Perhaps they choose wisely, for Mr. Reed is one of the most conscientious of lawmakers. When he becomes interested in a subject — and he is interested in many — he sets about learning all that can be known about it. That is why very few men in the Senate like to tangle with him in debate. When his cousin, James A. Reed, late a Senator from Missouri, was in the Senate, he never hesitated to take Cousin David on for a few rounds. Cousin Jim usually won the votes, but Cousin Dave was usually right and he was always better informed on details of legislation. Cousin Jim is gone from the Senate now.

The environment in which the Senator from Pennsylvania was born destined him to move forever in a rarefied atmosphere. Through the putrefaction of Pennsylvania politics he travels in a personal aura, entirely unaware of the surrounding stench. To understand this ability one must know something of his personal and family background.

DAVID A. REED appeared on earth in Pittsburgh fifty years ago; December 21, 1880, to be exact.

His father, James A. Reed, generally known as Judge Reed in Pittsburgh, was a law partner of Philander C. Knox, afterwards Senator, Secretary of State, and one of the ablest corporation lawyers in America.

Knox, the elder Reed, and Andrew W. Mellon were intimates in their youth, and they maintained that happy relationship until death broke up the triumvirate. So young David grew up in surroundings where Property was God, Mellon was His Prophet, and Judge Reed and Knox were His Apologists. It is as natural for David to think of Mellon as "Uncle Andy" as it is for Mr. Hoover to appoint commissions.

THE Reeds have been sturdy advocates of the sanctity of Property since pre-Revolutionary days. A family tradition tells of a certain Squire Reed, who was the head man in a squatter community in Pennsylvania, located on land that had been allotted to George Washington as a result of some of the latter's earlier real estate operations. George, it seems, went to Pennsylvania to assert title. He was greeted by Squire Reed, who entertained the future First President, and then a jury of squatters in a court presided over by the Squire decided that Washington's titles were no good. The ability to deal courteously with an opponent while kicking him in the pants is, apparently, a characteristic that can be inherited. Mr. Reed is always meticulously observant of the conventional amenities when dealing with *hoi polloi* in the Senate.

Naturally, young David did not attend the public schools, but was educated privately until he was old enough to enter Shadyside Academy, an institution for the nurturing of millionaires' sons. He was graduated at fifteen and entered Princeton.

It was during the Shadyside epoch that young Reed — he was twelve at the time — made an excursion into journalism, the publication of a neighborhood newspaper. Just what general success he had in this venture does not seem to have been recorded by the historians, but he got out one issue that made him famous. During the Homestead Strike, when the late H. C. Frick was battling with the laborers in his mills after the traditional manner of Pennsylvania philanthropists, Judge Reed and Knox were Frick's attorneys. But David, still very young, took the side of the strikers. One sooty day the élite of Pittsburgh were startled by a flaring headline across their neighborhood paper, reading "Frick a Murderer." From a circulation standpoint this edition was a record breaker. Every copy young David could run off on a hand press was sold. Those which had not been purchased by scandalized neighbors before Judge Reed heard the news were bought up quickly thereafter. But, strangely enough, this startling success in circulation-getting did not insure the paper's stability.

At princeton, according to his contemporaries, young Reed devoted more time to tennis and the Glee Club than to his studies, but he sailed through with flying scholastic colors. It was at Princeton that he formed an acquaintanceship with one of the professors, a Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who later became prominent himself. In fact, Dr. Wilson was attorney for the defense when David got into difficulties by throwing an orange which crashed through a neighbor's window and hit a lady who may be known here as Mary Smith. Mary had David arrested and Dr. Wilson, with grave good humor, called upon the irate lady and arranged to have the charges withdrawn on payment of damages. Then the future President escorted the future Senator to a Justice of the Peace, David having so far recovered his equanimity by that time that he pocketed the warrant for his arrest while Dr. Wilson and the J. P. were unwinding red tape. This playfulness had an embarrassing aftermath, for when David returned to Pittsburgh on vacation the warrant fell into the hands of his mother, who read with horror that her son had been arrested and charged with "assault upon the body of Mary Smith." All the resources of the embryo Senator's fine legal mind were called into play before that was straightened out.

From the gay days at Princeton to the World War was a period of crystallization. Leaving playthings behind him, young Reed entered the University of Pittsburgh, where "Uncle Andy" trains his future advocates. By this time David was old enough to appreciate the responsibilities of his station. He got down to work and led his class in Law School throughout the entire course. It is characteristic that he omits any reference to this pre-eminence in his Senatorial autobiography, where the practice of his colleagues makes modesty a rarity. Probably he sees his record as nothing more than should be expected.

Entering his father's law firm, he moved rapidly. At thirty-five he was "of counsel" for the United States Steel Corporation, when an impious Federal Government sought the dissolution of that sanctified institution. Young Reed's name on the brief may have been intended as nothing more than a generous gesture on the part of his father and others, but before the case was over he had made a name for himself. The Supreme Court manifested a most disconcerting curiosity as to technical processes in the manufacture of steel and, as it turned out, David was the only attorney for the corporation who could give enlightenment. The Government lost the case.

ONE phase of this period stands out like Bishop Cannon pontificating at High Mass. From 1912 to 1915, Reed was Chairman of the Pennsylvania Industrial Accidents Commission, and he soon became convinced that there should be an industrial compensation law. So ardently did he champion it that the law was enacted, despite howls of anguish from Mr. Grundy and other humanitarians of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association. This was Reed's only public officeholding prior to his translation to the Senate.

The Senator likes to hark back to the Pennsylvania compensation law today, when he is sometimes held up as a property-rights Senator. He can't understand why organized labor should be against him. As a matter of fact, the union leaders have difficulty explaining it themselves, since their card index system shows that his voting record is two-thirds favorable to the measures they have promoted. But he is a protégé of "Uncle Andy," and the agents of the sons of toil feel a bit uncomfortable in his company.

The Reed war record is another strategically placed burr for his envious colleagues. When the latter howl about the rich making wars for the poor to fight, they do not embarrass the Senator from Pennsylvania. The Steel Corporation, his erstwhile client, may have made money out of the war, but Reed helped fight it. He does not parade his war service; in fact his references to it are far less numerous than those of that eminent pacifist, Smith Wildman Brookhart, who likes to tell how he served as a rifle instructor.

Dodging a bomb-proof job in Washington for which he was slated by the guardian genii of Pittsburgh, Reed went abroad as an officer of the 311th Field Artillery. He got close enough to hear the guns, and one story — which he does not tell himself — has it that he acquired a touch of gas. He was an Artillery representative at the Versailles Conference, and then came home to practice law in Pittsburgh. Up to this time he had manifested no political ambitions, but the smoky gods who watch over Pennsylvania were brewing a strange mixture of events in which he was to play a leading rôle.

THE sainted Philander C. Knox died in October, 1921, worn out with the League of Nations fight and the exertions incident to electing Warren Gamaliel Harding to the Presidency. William E. Crow was appointed to fill out Knox's unexpired term until the general election of 1922. But Crow also died in August, 1922. In the meantime, David, fresh from the wars, had been rewarded by "Uncle Andy" with the Republican Senatorial nomination, the equivalent of an appointment in Pennsylvania. When Crow died, David was the logical appointee to complete the filling out process.

Then there occurred something that could not have happened outside the domain of the Mellons and Vare. Young Reed knew that his father had nursed an ambition to sit in the Senate. First, the elder Reed had been barred because of his partnership with Knox and the tradition that gives one Senatorship to the Mellons and one to Vare; now he was being blocked by his own son. So David went to the Governor and asked that the Judge be appointed to the Senate. The Judge got wind of this, and he went to the Governor to insist that the appointment go to David. For a week this family Alphonse and Gaston performance went on, until finally "Old Joe" Grundy decided it had lasted long enough. There was a tariff bill in the making in 1922, and Joe wanted Pennsylvania to have all feet in the trough at Washington. Grundy took the position that Pennsylvania Senators should be caught young, so that they could grow old in seniority and attain important committee chairmanships. David was appointed.

One of the young Senator's first assignments in Washington was to deliver the customary eulogies of Knox and also of the late Boies Penrose. On that occasion Reed struck the keynote of his Senatorial career.

Penrose, the last of the really great bosses, was too much for Reed to stomach, and the dead czar of Pennsylvania was dismissed with the statement that Reed had known him "very slightly." What he knew of Knox — all laudatory — filled several pages of *The Congressional Record* and included the self-revealing phrase that this elder statesman should be held in high esteem for his "utter absence of any effort to cater to the whim of the moment."

In this phrase there was a prophetic index to what might be termed the tragi-comedy of Reed in the Senate. A paradoxical product of the festering corruption that is Pennsylvania Republicanism, he is like a gaudy butterfly, half out of the cocoon and unable to go further — condemned forever to carry with him this homely reminder of his origin. It is a situation that irks his soul and leads to outbursts of irritation that would imperil the political future of anyone elected where the franchise is taken seriously.

There was the occasion just after the 1926 primaries, when Reed in the open Senate said the voters of Pennsylvania were "dunderheads" because Boss Vare had received the Republican Senatorial nomination over Senator George Wharton Pepper. Vare was ultimately excluded by a self-righteous Senate because some $700,000 had been spent in his primary campaign, while more than twice that amount had been expended for the Pepper ticket yet Pepper sat in the Senate nearly a year after this was known. Vare was a low-brow boss from Philadelphia, while Pepper was a polished High Church gentleman.

During most of his career in Washington, Reed has been in bad odor with the newspaper men who cover the Senate. The blame for this condition is about evenly divided, probably, although it had its origin in the Senator's apparent inability to realize that news may be something more than he may like to see published.

On one notable occasion when the Senate had been locked in secret session, wrangling over a forgotten nomination, the afternoon papers published a running story of what happened behind the guarded portals. The next day Reed called for another closed session and read a few riot acts to the Senate. He threatened expulsion for any Senator who might reveal secret business, and exclusion from the press gallery of any newspaper or press association which published such news. He emerged from this secret session to find that the papers had an account of his harangues and threats — and nothing happened.

Another time he threatened dire punishment for one of the large newsgathering agencies if its representative would not reveal the source from which he had obtained a confidential committee report dealing with an investigation of the Veterans' Bureau — and again nothing happened. The climax of his difficulties with the press came after Paul Mallon, of the United Press, obtained and published the secret roll call by which former Senator Lenroot was confirmed as a member of the Court of Customs and Patents Appeals. Spurred on by the ire of a few Senators who had been shown up as voting in secret as they would not have voted in public, the Rules Committee held a farcical *auto-da-fé* for the purpose of trying to force Mallon to tell where he got the roll call. Mr. Mallon merrily thumbed his nose at the committee, and again nothing happened. Everyone was satisfied, apparently, except Mr. Reed, who got up in the Senate and ascribed Mallon's refusal to the workings of "the so-called ethics of a so-called profession."

The reaction to this was such that on the following day a notice was posted in the Press Gallery asking the correspondents to assemble in Reed's office for a discussion of "journalistic ethics." Mr. Reed was honestly trying to find out what all the fuss was about, but the implications behind the invitation only made matters worse, and the proposed symposium was boycotted by the correspondents.

As the result of such incidents, Reed has received less than fair treatment from a large part of the press. There is a widespread inclination to classify him as one who merely carries out the orders of "Uncle Andy" Mellon. It may be true that Mellon put Reed in the Senate, and it is a very exceptional case when the two do not see eye to eye on controversial issues, but for all that, Reed is no messenger boy for the Secretary of the Treasury. They are products of the same school and see through the same kind of spectacles, generally speaking. One notable exception was the occasion when Mr. Coolidge vetoed a bill granting postal pay increases. Postal workers have many votes and the situation was close in the Senate. Mr. Coolidge enlisted the aid of Uncle Andy in an effort to make Reed vote to sustain the veto. But Reed saw things differently; he voted to override the veto; the President was defeated by a narrow margin.

The Senator from Pennsylvania comes near to embracing the whole field of political science. He is a specialist in such widely diversified fields as foreign relations, immigration, governmental finance, and military affairs.

His latest interest, in foreign affairs, probably dates from his selection as one of the delegates to Mr. Hoover's London Naval Conference. Reed came back from London with a thorough knowledge of the issues involved. He showed that by discomfiting several of the old-school Admirals who sought to convince the Senate committee that the treaty was all wrong on the proposed reduction of eight-inch gun cruisers. Whether the treaty was wrong or not, Reed made the Admirals look silly — because they made the mistake of trying to talk technically over the heads of the committee, only to find that he understood their technical language and could shoot their arguments full of holes.

His half-hour speech explaining the London treaty was by far the best bit of pro-treaty oratory during the entire debate, but he capped it with a bit of tactlessness by offering to show other Senators "in confidence" the secret correspondence having to do with the negotiations. Johnson and other anti-treaty Senators seized upon this opportunity to orate at great length about the rights of the Senate, and the Senate remained sweltering in Washington for several days longer than necessary. To Reed, however, there was no incongruity in the fact that he had access to treaty documents denied to other Senators. He was honestly puzzled by Johnson's outburst.

As Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee and a World War veteran himself, Reed speaks with authority on the national defense, albeit he frequently runs counter to the American Legion on such subjects as the bonus and compensation for injured veterans.

His insistence upon retention of the National Origins basis for computing immigration quotas — a provision of which he was the author — brought him into head-on collision with President Hoover soon after the latter's inauguration. The President wanted this law repealed or its operation deferred, but Reed said no and the Senate sustained Reed. That he won this fight with the assistance of the Ku Klux Klan and other self-anointed savers of the Republic, may have caused him to hold his nose, but it did not prevent him from accepting their help.

As for untangling the intentionally mystifying verbiage of a tariff or tax bill, Reed has no peer in the Senate. During the last tariff fight he was the only Republican who could give clear and concise answers to impertinent Democratic questions. When Reed went off to London in the middle of the battle, Chairman Smoot of the Finance Committee was left floundering with a batch of memoranda prepared by committee experts. Every time a question was asked, Smoot read a memorandum in a whisper.

But that same tariff fight showed up a flaw in Reed's political temperament; namely, a disposition to pick up his marbles when the game is going against him. Nearly eight months before the tariff bill was enacted, he was proclaiming loudly that the measure was dead and that it was useless to go on with the battle. All that had happened was that the Insurgent-Democratic coalition had won a few preliminary skirmishes and had taken a few raps at some of the sacred cows of Pennsylvania, pig iron, manganese and the like. Jim Watson, Smoot and the other elders, wise in the ways of tariff-making, sat back and waited for the coalition to shoot its bolt, which it did as soon as the coalitionists began squabbling over a division of the spoils. Then the Old Guard came back and wrote such a bill that even Mr. Hoover apologized for it when he signed it. Furthermore, Reed voted for it — after a three-days public wrestling match with his conscience during which the gullible were led to believe that he was in serious doubt as to how he would vote.

THE Vare case was unmixed gall to Reed. Having denounced his own constituents as "dunderheads" for nominating the Philadelphia czar, it then became Reed's duty to lead the fight for the seating of the dunderheads' choice. He did a nimble and conscientious job of it, but his heart was not in his work. Not that he did not believe Vare was entitled to be seated, but Boss Bill was simply not the kind of person one wants in one's club. And now Reed has "Puddler Jim" Davis for a colleague.

Reed felt the same way about Vare that he did about Penrose when he told the Senate that he had known the latter "very slightly" and let that go as a funeral oration. But, strangely enough, Reed and Penrose were in hearty accord as to objectives; they differed only in methods. There never was a more enthusiastic chaser of patronage for Pennsylvania — as to the worth-while jobs — nor was there ever a Senator from that State who sought and obtained higher protective tariffs on its products than Reed. But Penrose used the family entrance approach; he waddled to the White House and recounted Pennsylvania's gifts of votes and money to elect Republican Presidents, and then remarked, how about that vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission? Usually Penrose got what he wanted, including enough Democratic votes to put his measures through when he needed them. Perhaps Reed does not get quite as much, but neither does anyone else nowadays.

REED operates differently. When he thought Pennsylvania should have a member on the Interstate Commerce Commission, he announced publicly that he would oppose any more nominations for that body until he got what he wanted. Then, when he got it, he recommended a man so closely allied with Pennsylvania industrial interests that the Senate roared and the nomination had to be withdrawn.

Incidentally, for all this bother about a Commissionership, Reed doesn't think very much of the Commission itself.

"If I were a dictator," he is recorded as saying, probably wistfully, "I would abolish the Federal Trade Commission this morning, the Shipping Board tonight, and the Interstate Commerce Commission tomorrow. Fussy government meddling in other men's business has brought us to the plain inevitable conclusion that it is time for this country to get back to that self-reliant freedom on which Anglo-Saxons have always succeeded."

On the question of Mr. Hoover's noble experiment, Reed thinks it is what Al Smith would call boloney, but he votes for enforcement measures just the same. He even voted for the famous Jones "five and ten" law, but with mental and oral reservations that constitute a masterpiece of casuistry. As an offering on the altar of public service, Reed no longer serves liquors in his home, but he has never descended to any chest-thumping proclamations of personal aridity.

It is only occasionally that he resorts to clowning, but he can do it well when he tries. When the Daughters of the American Revolution held an annual outlet for misplaced energies in Washington, Reed was an honored speaker. Here is the first paragraph of his speech, as distributed with the imprimatur of the Daughters:

"Madame President-General, My Friends: I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to be able to come to speak to Americans (applause) — to Americans without hyphens (applause) — who know just one loyalty and are constant in that; and I am glad that my own initials are 'D. A. R.'"

Great Heat

By Bernice Kenyon

The air is full of thunder. Miles away
Off to the south I hear the great drums beating
Continuously, their heavy strokes repeating
My own hard pulses through the blazing day.
On the flagged path, and on the brown burnt grass,
Our pine trees print a thin and meagre shade.
I wait in the drowsy house. I am afraid
Of the bitter world and the even sky of brass.

In time the drums will be silent, when the light
Fades redly out across this sandy waste;
Then in the breathless air, all vague and dim,
But never dark — in the unreal white night
I shall go down to the pool, and at its brim
Drink the black water, silver to the taste.

A Pre-Phonograph Record

By Albert Payson Terhune

When "ain't" was elegant, and "tea" was "tay"

I met her in 1893. She had been born in 1810. So at the beginning of our seven-year friendship she was eighty-three and I was about twenty. I called her "Aunt Louise." It was a brevet title, as I was not so happy as to be her kinsman.

She was of ancient New York lineage. President Monroe had been her cleric father's friend and frequent guest. Aunt Louise herself had been educated far beyond the feminine standards of her day. She had even gone to school for a year in France where a relative of hers was United States Ambassador.

A few months after her sixteenth birthday an attack of scarlet fever left her almost stone deaf.

For the remaining seventy-four years of her life she could catch only the vague sense of what was bellowed into her old-fashioned ear-trumpet. Perforce, she held always to the diction and pronunciations which had been in vogue among well-bred Americans in the Nineteenth Century's first quarter.

Her lack of hearing prevented her from adjusting herself to any of the myriad gradual changes in speech which the following three-quarter century brought into being. She talked as she had been taught to talk and as all highly educated folk of her pre-deaf days had talked.

Thus, during seven years of my young manhood I was privileged to listen at first hand to the conversation of a cultured girl of 1826. It was rather more than a privilege. It was a revelation. It was as though a post-sophisticated youth of the year 1997 A.D. should listen to a colloquial phonograph record made by a college girl of 1931.

With a queer feeling of disloyalty, I used to jot down her phrases, spelling some of them phonetically and writing their modern equivalents in brackets. I wish now I had done this more fully.

Through her flow of sweetly prim conversation, words and forms of speech of glaring incongruity would crash forth as jarringly as the Venus music invades the Pilgrim's Chorus. It gave me the sensation of watching a dog fight in church.

For example:

"'Tis a plaisure to see you, dear lad, on this inclement afternoon. Take yonder cozy cheer while I ring for a dish of tay. Why, if you ain't shaven off your baird! You look monstrous well-favored without it. I protest I abhor a baird. 'Tis weeks since you were here. I began to fear me you had desarted your ancient friend. But let that pass. I am obleeged to you for coming at all."

Yes, it reads as though I were using a somewhat soggy imagination in coining that speech. But I am not coining it at all. It is a true transcription of her greeting, as I scribbled it in my notebook not an hour later.

It reads also like a bad imitation of a paragraph from Fielding, marred by a smattering of backwoods dialect words and a splash of stage Irish.

It was nothing of the kind. The speech was eminently correct, even elegant — in 1826. Thus might Aunt Louise's long-dead mother have welcomed young James Monroe or another stocked and tight-pantalooned New Year's caller, when old New York was indeed Old New York.

SHALL we tear it to pieces, this typical greeting of my brevet aunt's? Not its general trend, which can be verified from any Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austen page, but the jarring individual words that star and scar it. *Plaisure* and *tay* and *obleege* stand out most glaringly of all; except the natural use of *ain't* on those precise old lips.

In my childhood there had still been a score of aged gentlefolk who said *plaisure*, as well as *maisure* and *traisure*. My mother had told me the pronunciations were deemed ultramodern in her parents' time. As to *tay* and *obleege*, both words were taken directly from the French, a full century or more before Aunt Louise was born; and had been incorporated as solidly into correct English as have *chauffeur* and *garage*. For one instance of the former term:

And thou, great Anna, whom three realms
obey,
Wilt sometimes counsel take — and some-
times tea!

POPE was a stickler for exact rhyme. Never would he have committed such an aural crime as that of mating a double *e* with an *ay*. No, he rhymed *tea* and *obey* because in his era and long afterward *tea* did rhyme with *obey*. It was French and therefore polite. Moreover, it was easier to pronounce than most French words.

As for *obleege*, the Rev. James Naylor, arch pedant and ardent champion of verbal preciseness, railed fiercely, at various times in the 1840's, at the slovenly newfangled custom of pronouncing "the excellent French word, 'oblige'" as though it were English. My mother remembered the innovation and the hot disputes over it.

Baird, for *beard*, was an Eighteenth Century Anglicism which a few oldsters of good breeding clung to in my early boyhood and which was common in my mother's youth.

Cheer was an accepted sounding for *chair*, both here and in England, in the first part of the Nineteenth Century. Witness the snarl of the choleric old nobleman in *Trelawney of the Wells* when he saw his actress daughter-in-law sitting on his drawing room floor:

"What, have we no cheers?"

Abraham Lincoln, to his death-day, called a chair a cheer; though by that time moderns had begun to grin at the olden phrasing; even as they grinned at many another once-correct pronunciation of his.

Then *desarted:* If you are at all familiar with Tom Moore's verse you will recall that Moore had an unfailingly good ear for rhyme. Yet he wrote:

I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but him departed.

Moore would as soon have been guilty of a glaringly false rhyme in his poetry as of a glaringly false quantity. Never would he have rhymed *deserted* and *departed* had not the former word, in his day, been called, universally, *desarted*. Thackeray makes one of his ancients — Major Pendennis, I think — use the same form of *deserted*.

Sheridan's comedies of manners reflected, mirrorlike, the speech of the best people of his age. Says the "fashionable husband," Loveless, after his duel with Lord Foppington: "I hope I hain't killed the fool!"

The elegant Lydia Languish murmurs: "I wonder I ain't heard my aunt exclaim yet."

Hain'ts and *ain'ts* spatter Sheridan's society dialogues, even as they spattered educated Eighteenth Century people's conversation.

Sheridan, along with many another writer of a few decades before and after him, uses in colloquial talk the term, *you was* for *you were*; another of Aunt Louise's slipless slips of speech.

In fine, the best and most up-to-date language and custom of today becomes the backwoods jargon and boorishness of tomorrow. The cause is simple:

John Adams, let us say, came back to Braintree from his British ministry, primed with all the newest phrases and manners of King George's court. Mehitabel Fauquier came home to Roanoke Corners after spending the winter of 1843–44 in gay Richmond. Sophronisba Hancock and her brother, Mather, returned to South Framingham, after soaking themselves for six blissfully improving months in the Boston atmosphere of 1871.

All of them were primed with the newest metropolitan ways. Their rural neighbors stared and listened enviously; took copious mental notes, and set themselves to copy these latest-minute innovations.

In turn they passed them on to their even more rustic acquaintances and to their servants, who continued the neighborhood broadcasting.

So it was that the good home-stayers of Braintree, and thence country folk for miles around, learned through John Adams or through Abigail, his wife, that folk of fashion no longer blew upon their tea or coffee to cool it.

Instead (this I myself have read in an early Nineteenth Century American etiquette treatise that belonged to my grandfather), the hot beverage was to be poured into its saucer; and drunk from the saucer-edge; as the mere act of pouring was enough to cool it. Pour, don't blow. That is the latest wrinkle. What else are saucers for? They are not used when cool drinks are served. They are to sip overhot tea or coffee or cocoa from. That is logical.

The tidings spread. At once, within an ever-widening backwoods radius of Braintree, people who claim to be well-bred cease to blow their hot tea. They pour it fastidiously into their saucers and sip as noiselessly as possible from the saucer-edge.

Nobody happens along, presumably, in another decade or so, to tell the farthermost recipients of this news that the saucer is no longer used as a sipping station. So moderns laugh or sneer at the tall timber custom of drinking from saucers; and they wonder how such an outlandishly disgusting trick was acquired.

Back from Richmond and from Boston, Mehitabel Fauquier and the Hancocks bore *obleege* and *cheer* and *desarted* and a host of other bright new pronunciations. The neighbors listened and learned and carried the torch of up-to-dateness still further into the wilderness.

Today we descendants of the Richmond and Boston exponents use those words to lend color to backwoods dialect yarns.

Gay British officers in Colonial days said *ain't* and *hain't* and *you was*, which were parts of London's smart talk. Offshoots of their hearers and copyists are branded as illiterate because their forebears aped slavishly the imported terms.

THE old-time fork had but two tines. A two-tined fork makes sadly heavy weather in the eating of peas and corn and hash and many another non-cohesive form of diet. To relieve this (after eating with the fingers began to be frowned on as archaic and smeary), a wonderful new table knife was invented and was imported into some of the wealthier and more cultured homes in the American Colonies.

Toward the new knife's tip the blade swelled out gracefully into a widely oval platform. Vegetables and hash could be shoveled onto these flat surfaces and thence be lifted to the mouth.

True, the use of the queer utensil required a bit of practice just at first. But it was easily mastered. Children, beginning their dinner-table careers with the use of the platform-tipped knife became experts at its handling and passed the art along to their own progeny.

IN TIME, of course, city folk learned to use the four-tined present-day fork. The dictum went forth that it was no longer needful, nor indeed decent, to shovel food into the mouth with a knife-blade.

But the once novel habit hung on in the backwoods. Urban grandchildren of the colonial knife-wielders sickened at sight of rural descendants of those same colonials using the modern narrow-bladed table-knife as a fork. Once, such deftness in eating with the knife would have stamped the eater as a person of fashionable modernity.

(By the way, at the Choate Museum, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and in several other repositories for colonial relics, you will find plenty of those platform-bladed knives; — and you will wonder at your ancestors' marvelous dexterity in not starving to death in their efforts to eat with them.)

Among other words which the *haute monde's* visitors passed along to their homebody friends — and with which Aunt Louise used to bedeck her high-bred speech — was that good old dialect standby, *darter* or *da'ter* for *daughter*. It has been the joy of many a writer of rustic tales. Yet it was wholly correct, in the mid-eighteenth century. Witness:

> Lament, ye dames and daughters
> For faithful Mary Ann
> Who hanged herself with her garters
> For the love of a young man!

When that dolorous classic was written, *daughter* rhymed with *garter* quite as perfectly as *Ann* rhymed with *man*.

The antique gentlewoman in *Pickwick Papers* spices her talk with obsolescent terms. She bewails the elopement of her elderly *da'ter*, as might a Tennessee mountaineer.

A FEW more past-age pronunciations from my scrawled notes on Aunt Louise: *Floridy*, *Arizony*, *asafœtidy*, *zeebray*, *gi-raffe*, *crame* (for *cream*).

My mother told me her own grandparents and all their generation changed the final *a* in most long proper names to *y* and that doctors of that day spoke always of *asafœtidy*. (They used to make their patients wear bags of the unwinsome stuff around their necks, too, to ward off infections. The wearers must have been popular table-companions.)

Zeebray and *gi-raffe* were in use by old Jerseymen of good class in my own childhood. Which reminds me that *Jarsey* was another of Aunt Louise's words.

Brander Matthews said in one of his lectures that *Jarsey* was the accepted way of pronouncing the name, in Colonial days; both here and in England. It is a hoarded and hoary term of the modern dialect writer — another instance where a fashionable pronunciation was carried far afield and left to sprout and bourgeon there, while it fell into decay in its native soil.

Crame, of course, comes under the same category as *tay*. Both were taken from the French; and verbal stylists sowed them through the wilderness.

It was the same with *vartue*, in Aunt Louise's vocabulary. English imitators of the French had tried with poor success to give the word a Gallic accent. I can recall more than one old person of fairly good education who still used that term some half-century ago.

Naturally, Aunt Louise had begun life too late and too decently to use her knife for food-stoking. Also, though she was deaf, she had good eyes and knew how to use them. So she did not drink tea from her saucer in the days when I knew her.

Indeed, her manners were as statelily beautiful as was her speech; and without that speech's smatter of outworn words — or rather of words which had long since been relegated to the illiterate.

BUT one or two of those queer words were not passed on to the illiterate or to the rustic. For some reason they had become obsolete in this country, before my time. One of them was *nesh*. Often she used it, apparently to express daintiness or fragility.

I did not bother to look up *nesh*, but contented myself with writing it in my notes. I fancied it was slang of some bygone decade or that she had invented it. Thirty years later, my English superintendent, here, at Sunnybank, said to me concerning a delicate dog of mine which was a bad feeder:

"Treve is nesh. That's what's the matter with him. He's nesh."

That sent me to the dictionary. There I read:

"Nesh: — Easily broken . . . tender or soft; also delicate, weak."

Apparently it was a foursquare and sound word. Apparently, too, it was in common use here in Aunt Louise's early youth and it still works for its living in provincial England.

HAVE you noticed that cast-off words live for generation after generation in the country and never in the city? Apart from *ain't*, there is not a single odd pronunciation among those I have set down here, which is in use in New York or in Boston or in any other metropolis.

Desarted, *darter*, *baird*, *obleege*, *Floridy*, *Arizony*, *Jarsey*, and the rest — in fifty rural districts, to-day, they flourish. You will hunt long before you hear one of them in town.

In the cities, as fast as the old forms were replaced by new, the new forms were passed along through one circle after another; and the old were discarded. It took longer — much longer — for the change to spread, in the more distant rural regions. Some of them it never has reached.

Within five miles of Sunnybank — within forty miles of New York City, as the crow flies (or as he would fly if ever he visited New York, which he does not) — a race of mountaineers live in the hinterland of the Ramapos. They are known as the Jackson Whites.

They are as primitive as are any Kentucky hillbillies of fiction. They keep to themselves, when they are out of jail. Their talk is much as it was when they drifted to those hills and far beyond reach of the colony laws, some two centuries ago. Every now and then a Sunday paper prints a feature story about them.

As a boy I used to hunt in their territory; and often I fell into talk with them as I went past their cabins. Several of the older Jackson Whites in those days used *housen* as plural for *house* and *hosen* for *hose*; and other suffixes which were pure Elizabethan. Their ancestors had brought this once-modern speech from the old country. Lack of grinding contact with the outer world had preserved it intact.

I MET one of the Jackson Whites on a mountain trail at dusk. He was exceeding drunk and he was singing. Over and over he sang the same verse. It ran:

If life was a thing that money could buy
The rich would live and the poor would die.

I had read that couplet, word for word, in the Columbia Library, not a month earlier. It was in a book dealing with John Skelton, an English poet who lived from 1460 to 1529.

And, in the 1890's, a totally illiterate American mountaineer was carolling those identical words on a Ramapo trail!

When one considers how *hosen* and *housen* and a Fifteenth Century socialistic verse have survived intact, in the backwoods, it seems supremely natural that the cast-off elegant words and pronunciations of the seventeen hundreds and early-and-mid-eighteen hundreds should live undimmed in rustic dialect; and that they should have come to me in pristine freshness from a woman who had been deaf since 1826.

So it has been, doubtless, from the beginning of the world. The Hittites of the hills carried on the outworn pronunciation of Jerusalem, for perhaps a century after the capital had forgotten it.

Either the Hittites or a like band paid with their lives for mispronouncing the word, *Shibboleth*. Probably, in calling it *Sibboleth*, they followed a once-fashionable custom of the metropolis.

Yes, so it has been from the beginning of the world. But so it will be no longer. Today and forevermore, the radio and its successors will carry to every remote hamlet and farm the year-by-year changes of accent and of wording. The shepherd in the back reaches of Saskatchewan can learn thereby to keep up-to-date in his English.

Especially if radio announcers can be taught to speak such English.

* * *

The Russian Market

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

Is It Worth Cultivating?

COLONEL HUGH L. COOPER, head of the consulting engineering firm in charge of the $110,000,000 Dnieper River hydroelectric power development, said recently that American business men are neglecting the greatest potential market in the world. A modest estimate would, in his opinion, indicate the possibility of annual exports to Soviet Russia of not less than $1,000,000,000. Curtain!

Next scene: Secretary Stimson reiterated a few months ago that the United States will not recognize Russia before that country acknowledges its debts to the United States, gives assurance that it will make proper indemnification for confiscated American property and ceases to agitate the overthrow by revolution of the American Government; the last of these points being considered the most important. Curtain!

Third Act: Chairman William E. Borah, of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "The Russian trade is there. Someone is bound to enjoy it. In spite of anything we may do the Russian trade will go on, the only thing we may accomplish is to turn it into other channels than those of the United States. We may succeed in sending it to other countries, but we can not destroy the market itself." (An interview with the United Press.)

Fourth Act: The American Iron and Steel Institute filed, on December sixth, with the Customs Bureau a brief in support of its contention that there should be no finding of "dumping" in connection with importation of manganese ore from Soviet Russia.

Fifth Act: Replying to this brief, the American Manganese Producers' Association insisted that Russian ore should be barred.

AND so on *ad infinitum.* From the report of the "Fish Committee" with its findings about the use of forced labor, about the application of dumping methods and other unpleasant factors in Russian trade policy, down the line to the vigorous protest by American manufacturers against withheld recognition of the Soviet Government by the Hoover régime, the Russian problem offers an aspect as complex as it is confusing, of which the above glances give a typical though very much abbreviated impression.

Of course, there are two sides to

this issue, just as there are two sides to anything and everything that happens in life and in business. Unemployment is viewed from different angles by employer and employe. The stockholder looks at the organization in which he is interested from a different point of view from that of the workman with his 70- or 80-cents-per-hour wage. A war is as hotly welcomed and condemned as a horse race, Prohibition as savagely contested as the tariff issue. No wonder the Russian oracle challenges the wisdom of two continents!

THE participants in this large-scale debate have only one thing in common: that the issue can not go unsolved any length of time. The Russians put forward that theirs is a population of more than 160,000,000; that they are in possession of truly gigantic natural resources; that they can turn out goods much more cheaply than any other country since the resources are in the hands of the Government while the workers are paid in cheap paper rubles; that they don't have to bother with labor unions but can employ and send the workers wherever need be, and so on.

"Why not build up an economic empire which not only can compare with that of the United States but excel it?" This is the Soviet hypothesis.

The American onlooker has only a sympathetic smile for such "arrogance." How can they name Russia and the United States in the same breath? Does not this country represent the most powerful economic unit there is in the world today? Is not Russia only starting, her Five Year Plan being scarcely more than two years old and showing only here and there the very beginnings of a domestic industry? Can the Russian worker's wages by any stretch of the imagination be compared with American standards? And how about housing and transportation, mining, welfare and the thousand and one things that make for economic strength and nation-wide prosperity?

The enormous difference in the economic development of the two nations seems to imply that their business policies must necessarily steer in different directions; that the position of the United States is so superior that the latter can well afford to pass with a shrug and a nonchalant gesture over the Russian impudence; that the two nations can nicely get along without each other, one developing and exploiting her strong position on the world market while the other confines her efforts to domestic affairs where plenty of work is waiting.

IS THIS the true situation? By no means! It may seem plausible to a shopkeeper in Alabama, a clerk in Minneapolis or an actor in Hollywood that the United States should leave her hands off "that Red menace" and rest content with the position she has gained in world trade. But it is not possible and does not seem plausible at all to the business man who is looking for more sales of his products abroad. Up steps Sir Henry Deterding, Managing Director of the Royal Dutch Shell group of oil companies, and has this to say, in a special statement: "The whole world is suffering not from overproduction but from underconsumption, not only of oil but of all commodities. . . . The world's underconsumption is due to a world-wide stagnation of industry and commerce. Almost forty per cent of the world's population has not been able to keep pace with the standard of living of the rest of the world. As a matter of fact, most of them have been reduced to a state of semi-starvation. This is immediately corroborated by the examination of the conditions to which the Communist régime of Russia has brought its 160,000,000."

WHICH brings us about to the bottom of it all. This great nation can not live from the work of office employes, nor are the clerks or the shopkeepers, in the last analysis, responsible for the wealth of the United States. Industry is, and industry will continue to be, responsible for a maintained, an increased or a reduced state of prosperity. It is therefore to industry that we have to look for a solution of the Russian problem. This industry is well-oiled (which is not the important thing); its modernization and its mechanization are making rapid progress (this is not the issue, either); through the replacement of human labor by machines it is possible to produce things cheaper; but at the same time more people are crowded out of jobs and fewer people can afford to buy as much as they used to. And this is the cross-road at which we arrive: manufacturers are turning to the right, while retailers and professional people, mechanics and office workers and men and women of a hundred other branches not directly linked with production and world market problems, are turning to the left.

No matter what the reason may be for the present business depression in the United States, one thing seems by now to be a well-established fact: production is *not* responsible for it. The manufacturers, in their way, have done the very best to improve things, turning out better products and cheaper merchandise, increasing standards of living and making payments as easy as possible.

What more could they have done? If the producer was not to blame, it must have been the consumer; hence the talk of underconsumption. If it is not sufficient to manufacture goods, if they have to be sold in order to make the whole procedure of manufacture and distribution remunerative, then we might as well admit that the selling angle is more important than the productive side — a fact which has long been recognized by economists but which only now, in the last year or so, has proven its all-important significance.

SO LONG as industry is progressing and its output increasing, there will be no need to worry about the country's future. But let us glance at the production and trade figures in the United States for 1930: rayon production declined 58 per cent (from the 1929 figure), automobiles (passenger cars) 41, trucks 30, wool consumption 26, boots and shoes 15 per cent and so on. If industry wants to maintain its present capacity, let alone increase its output, it has to look around for selling possibilities. Naturally, it turns to the world market. Indeed, it has taken up foreign trade for quite a few years because, even in times of prosperity, approximately ten per cent beyond the selling possibilities in the domestic market is produced in the United States. The need for exports in a time of depression such as this is naturally much greater.

It is at this point that Russia comes in. Not because she is Russia, but because there are 160,000,000 people living in that country who are in need of the most essential things or, as Sir Henry Deterding puts it, "who are in a state of semi-starvation." India and China are just as important markets but they are not in quite as favorable a position as Russia because of revolutions, the predominance of British politics, boycotts and many other factors.

So AMERICAN industry has gone about the task of developing a worthwhile trade with Russia. There are now more than 2,000 firms doing business with the Soviet Union, 44 of which have contracts to render technical assistance to Soviet organizations. During the fiscal year ending September 30, 1930, the Russian trade organization in the United States, the Amtorg, alone placed orders with some 1,650 firms. Whereas the United States is exporting well over $100,000,000 a year in goods to Russia, a figure which is increasing by leaps and bounds, Russia is sending to the United States goods valued at less than $20,000,000 a year; all of which augurs well for the immediate future of Russian-American trade relations.

Or at least it would speak well for future trade-relations with the Soviet Union, were it not for the fact that the economic considerations which guide finance, commerce and industry, unfortunately run second to politics. They are therefore subordinated to whatever the Government and the political representatives of the people have to say. While manufacturers, exporters and financiers do not care much whether their goods, loans or drafts are paid for in francs, rubles, belgas or pesetas, their outlook being distinctly international, the position of those who steer the ship of state and who represent the people's interests, is, and to a certain extent, must be, dictated by purely national considerations.

So, IF Stalin wants to destroy the capitalistic system by the simple procedure of swamping the world market with cheap goods so that private industry can not succeed any longer with its profit-making scheme, the Government and political leaders of the United States protest against such propaganda. But industry says: "Why, surely, if they want the machines, we can furnish them; if they want credits, they can have them; if they want experts, we will send them!"—A weapon that will turn in due time against the very interests of the American industry? Probably! But then, American finance came to the rescue of German industry right after the war and the subsequent inflation period, enabled it to modernize its plants and factories, to install new and highly efficient machinery and to "rationalize" its production methods. As a result, today this same German industry is one of the most powerful competitors of American manufacturers on the world market.

Would it be downright foolishness for American industry, commerce and finance, to go ahead and help Russia? Perhaps it would. Yet, what else could they do? If they withdraw their support and coöperation, other countries will get the business. Russia will continue its march toward industrial independence and so many million dollars worth of American goods will remain unsold, so many American factories will have to cut down their production, so many thousands of American workers will be left with less work or even without any.

We have seen above that increased exports of goods as well as of dollars are a necessity without which prosperity, let alone greater wealth, is impossible. Prosperity hinges upon the wheels and pistons in plants and factories, and greater industrial activity can — under the circumstances — come only out of increased business abroad. If American financiers will turn to the Far East, they will help the Japanese, the Chinese, the British-Indian industries to develop and expand. To protect their young industries, tariff walls will be drawn around these areas. And the generous American investment will hit back twofold: first, in increased competition on the world market; second, in the elimination of large consuming areas through tariff walls and through the presence of a strong domestic industry.

When American capital exports turn to South America as they are actually doing, the South American countries invest the dollar-millions into their large agricultural enterprises. Production increases; the surplus of agricultural products further crowds the world market, and the farmer out in Kansas and Mississippi feels the effect in lower prices, fewer exports and larger stocks. Or let the American banker turn to Europe, and automatically European production rises, with more competition on the world's market, with cut prices and with a tremendous offering of all kinds of goods against a limited demand.

So, why not Russia?

This is, and necessarily must be, the stand of American business. The lever that moves business, the factor which governs business policies, may be called, as simply as aptly, profits. If Russia offers possibilities, business, quite naturally, will favor trade resumption.

Politics, however, judges the issue by a different standard. The Government asks: "How can one dare to help rebuild a country whose very first policy is the destruction of the one helping her?" It is undoubtedly true that the final aim of Moscow is to tear down the Capitalistic system thoughout the world and to replace it by the rule of Communism. Stalin and his associates have admitted that much, if not in interviews with foreign correspondents, at least in their own papers.

But it is also true that the intensity of Communist propaganda in foreign countries has noticeably decreased during recent years. There are three main reasons for this: First, it costs too much to carry on, year in and year out, expensive propaganda schemes abroad, especially since such campaigns, to be effective, have to be launched simultaneously throughout the world. Moscow has found a better way to further the cause of Bolshevism, namely the Five Year Plan. What is more simple than to beat the arch-enemy, Capitalism, with its own weapons? Hence the enormous pressure with which the Plan is pushed ahead, with which the 160,000,000 people are deprived of the most essential commodities, with which the exportation of goods is forced — to show the world what a strong Russian industry could do.

Besides, the Communist parties in non-Russian countries have grown so that they can stand on their own feet and can easily dispense with the support of the "Third International." And, last but by no means least, the economic depression reigning all over the world, has come to the help of Communism. It is safe to say that more people are moved, out of despair, hopelessness and lost confidence in our present economic system, to join the cause of Marx and Lenin than could ever be convinced by Moscow's most attractive campaign system.

WHILE these developments are favoring Communism, it is worthwhile to note in which way the actual decrease in foreign propaganda of the Russian government makes itself felt. "Significant of the revised attitude on propaganda abroad," declares the Associated Press, "is the closing of the Sun Yat Sen University, which frankly was a school for the training of Communist missionaries to China. The Stalin University, whose purpose was the education of all foreign students in the tenets of Marx and Lenin, also has been closed, and it is not believed that the Communist party is spending much money on propaganda abroad."

MOSCOW chooses rather to play safe and catch two flies in one stroke, — first, to develop its own country so that, in the not too distant future, it will be self-contained and quite independent from outside help; and, second, to swamp the world market with such an avalanche of goods of all sorts that prices will fall rapidly. Then, Moscow hopes, the manufacturers in the five continents will not be able to make any profit at all and will be forced to discharge labor in ever greater numbers, with the result that eventually the workers, no longer able to stand the strain, will openly revolt against their governments. This, in the end (so figures Moscow), will lead to the triumph of the Communist cause throughout the whole world.

American business has found it profitable to do business with Russia. Thousands of American firms have definitely decided the issue as far as they are concerned. Other thousands, no doubt, will follow. In the past it has been shown that business somehow breaks through, no matter what the obstacles or what the stand of either government or political parties. The instances proving this theory are as numerous as they are convincing.

Political America certainly was not interested in the quick resurrection of German industry with the generous support of American bankers; yet, the latter went straight ahead without looking either to right or left. Neither does Washington so enormously care for American business expansion in Europe, but American branch plants, American investments, American business coöperation are spreading rapidly and steadily. And so with South America and the Far East, with Africa as well as Australia.

It may be true that the Government should clear the path of American business abroad. Heretofore, however, the procedure has been exactly the reverse: business has gone its way unconcerned about the cares and worries of governmental or party policies. One is therefore justified in prophesying that Russian-American trade relations will follow the same trend. Sometime in the future the political representatives of the country will recognize the precedent established by business interests, and act accordingly.

Prelude

By Conrad Aiken

This biped botanist, this man of eyes,
This microscope with legs, who turns the seasons
Under his lens, one grassblade to another,
Pursuing god from leaf to spore, and seed
To calyx, all his world become a world
Of chlorophil as green as any greenfly —

With daffodils, mad footnotes for the spring,
And asters purple asterisks for autumn —
Reads the vast page of *idems* and *quem vides*,
Confers, collects, collates, compares, concludes;
And one day walks, his pocket full of seeds,
Into the forcing-bed prepared for him.

Where, like a bulb, he swells, and grows, and thrusts
Inquiry upward and inquiry downward,
To find if light is lighter than the dark,
Or dark less dark than light; to watch the worm
Crawl on small hands and knees between the rootlets;
Or see the sun unfold his flower at dawn.

O peeping god, what secret would you have?
Here on spring's margin sings the daffodil
Such precious nonsense as no god foresaw.
Pick it, dissect and analyze its root:
It is your heart; then laugh, with fool's delight,
That heavenly folly made this world so bright.

The Last Friend

By M. C. Blackman

A Story

Above the gentle rumble of well-oiled machinery rose the sound of banging at the tightly closed power-house door. Ed Burns opened the door and peered at the bulky figure indistinctly outlined by the gray light of dawn.

"That you, Joe? Come on in here where it's warm."

"Howdy, Ed. It is kind of sharp this morning."

"Set down over there by No. 2, Joe, and thaw yourself out. I'll be with you in a minute."

Ed shuffled off to busy himself around the dynamo a few minutes. He was a spare little man with slightly stooped shoulders and a thin face. He wore overalls and a greasy cap. A tear in the overalls revealed blue serge trousers underneath. He came back presently and sat down beside Joe.

"You didn't have no trouble getting in, did you, Joe?"

"Not a bit. The warden passed me right in without any argument."

"I figured it would be all right. Guess I got as much right as anybody to take care of my friends."

"Seems like," Joe agreed.

"Trouble is," Ed said dispassionately, "I ain't got any friends. You're about the only friend I got left, Joe."

"Aw, now, Ed, I wouldn't say that."

"I don't kid myself no more," Ed continued, his lean face impassive. "I used to think maybe I could hold down this job and still be like other folks, but I soon found out different. I quit here one time, thinking maybe people would fergit and treat me like a human again."

"I recollect when you quit," said Joe.

"But it didn't do no good. People treated me awful polite, but they was cold and offish, and didn't fool me none. I knew how they was thinking. They was thinking, 'There goes that feller Burns who used to be executioner. I guess it's all right, because somebody's got to do it, but they must be something wrong with a guy that'll take money for killing people.' And they'd pretend like they didn't see me. And if they couldn't get out of passing the time of day, they'd say, 'Howdy, Burns,' and walk on off like they was in a hurry to get somewhere on business."

Joe shifted uncomfortably and looked up at the big boiler.

"And I couldn't get me a job," the man in overalls went on in the same dull voice. "They was always some excuse, but I knew the real reason, and it kind of got me down. I got work tending the light plant up at home, but it didn't pay nothing to speak of. So I thought, 'What the hell,' and come back here next time they needed me."

"I don't blame you."

"You're O.K., Joe. We always been friends, and I figure we can stay that way. But you're the only one."

"Sure, we're friends," Joe vowed. "I guess I ain't narrer minded. I figure a man's got a right to turn a honest dollar any way he can find to do it."

"I'm glad you come out early, so we can set around and talk some. I got so I don't push in where I ain't wanted, and I git kind of lonesome sometimes. A man ain't got any kith nor kin, and his friends go back on him, he don't have much chance to be sociable . . . Wait a minute, Joe; I got to look at this engine. I'll be right back."

He hurried away, and the visitor sat watching him with a curious expression on his stolid face. When Ed came back, Joe asked:

"How you feel, Ed?"

"Me? I feel fine."

"No; I mean, how do you feel about — about this morning? Don't you feel nervous, or nothing?"

Ed laughed. "I don't let it bother me none. It's just business with me, Joe. I got work to do in here to get ready, and then I go in there, and when the Doc gives me the word, I pull the switch and give him the amount of juice I think he needs. And that's all they is to it. I've done my duty, and I figure I've earned my hundred bucks."

"Just like that, huh?" said Joe, making a gesture with one hand.

"Yeah. I ain't like old man Benson. He was the feller had this job before me. It got so he couldn't sleep nights. Said they'd come and sit at the foot of his bed. Niggers, they were. He never pulled the switch on a white man."

"Niggers," said Joe, "they wouldn't be so bad."

"No, I don't mind niggers."

"But this'n is a white man, Ed."

"Yeah, he's white. It don't make no difference to me."

"I hear you're acquainted with this feller. That just talk?"

"I expect you been hearing plenty of talk," Ed commented, "but it's true I know Charlie Stark, all right."

Joe picked his teeth with a match and said nothing.

"Ain't no love lost between me and Charlie," Ed continued.

"How's that?"

"Well, him and me was friends. That is, I thought we was. We kind of grew up together up there at Hilton. But when I got this job, he turned out like all the rest. He got so he wouldn't hardly speak. And he said things struck me as uncalled for. Remarks about my name. Said my name was fitten for the business I was in. I heard he was calling me 'Hot Seat Burns.' You can see how I didn't like that much.

"But I don't hold it personal against him now," he added. "I hate to see Charlie go like this. Like I hate to see anybody get executed. But I don't aim to let it bother me. I got it fixed in my mind he's just a number, and I'm going to do my duty just like always."

With that he shuffled away to attend to his machinery again. He was gone so long that Joe arose and followed him. Ed wiped his hands on a piece of waste.

"Got her charging just about right now," he said. He looked at his watch. "Only about three-quarters of an hour now until sun-up. That's the time."

"Say, Ed, do you figure Stark done it?"

"He was convicted, wasn't he?" Ed retorted somewhat sharply.

"Yeah, but it was a funny sort of case. I hear they was some politics mixed up in it."

"I reckon they was some politics in it," Ed agreed. "Bud Johnson was a pretty powerful man in Carter county, and Charlie was always pretty much of a heller. The prosecutor had plenty of reason to work for a conviction.

"STILL and all, Joe," he went on, studying his friend shrewdly, "you got to admit it was a pretty clear case for the jury. There was this fight they had and Charlie got licked. And he was popping off about what he'd do to Bud next time. And Charlie was seen coming from towards Bud's house a little while before Mrs. Johnson found the body when she come home from prayer meeting. And then it was Charlie's gun he got killed with."

"Yeah, but the papers said the defense showed Stark left the gun at Johnson's house one time when he was dickering for a trade."

"The defense *claimed* that," Ed corrected. "They never did prove it was so."

"Them lawyers of Stark's didn't cook up much of a case," Joe admitted.

ED CACKLED mirthlessly. "Wasn't enough money in it." He looked at his watch again. "Pretty big crowd out there?"

"They was coming in pretty fast," Joe said. "The warden was keeping 'em all in his office until time for the execution. He let me through, on account of me knowing you."

"Always a big crowd for a white man," Ed said. "Niggers don't draw so many. If you want to, Joe, you can wait and go through the inside door with me and get a place up front."

"Much obliged, Ed," Joe said quickly, "but I'd just as lief go 'round front with the crowd."

"I get you," Ed said without emotion. "Wouldn't look any too well to be hobnobbing with the executioner."

"It ain't that," Joe protested. "I just—"

"Never mind. It wouldn't make me sore if you did feel that way. I ain't sensitive, thank God."

Ed went to a locker and slipped out of his overalls. From a peg he took a blue serge coat and slipped it on. The effect was funereal, and the executioner's friend stared.

"Everybody sort of dresses up for these things," Ed explained. "Even the condemned man gets a black suit. Dying's bad enough without making a man dress for his own funeral.

"We might as well set down, I guess. Plenty of time yet."

They sat down before the boiler.

"Listen, Ed," said Joe; "what was that fight about they had before the murder?"

"Well, people said it was a quarrel over politics, but I happen to know different."

Joe sat forward in his chair. "That so?"

"Yeah. It was about a woman."

"A woman! Who?"

"You needn't go repeating this, but it was Mrs. Johnson."

"Johnson's wife?"

"Johnson's wife. She ain't any better than she should be, and Bud was beginning to find it out."

"I'll be damned! How do you know, Ed?"

"I know," Ed said mysteriously.

"Funny nothing came out about it in the trial."

"People didn't know about it, and Charlie and Mrs. Johnson wasn't going around telling it."

"But you knew about it, Ed."

"Yeah, I knew about it, but it wasn't none of my business. I ain't telling all I know when I ain't asked."

ED LOOKED over his shoulder at a window high in the wall. "Getting toward sun-up, all right," he commented. "That's the time it comes off. At sun-up. Sometimes we're late when there's a crowd."

Joe listened impatiently to this digression.

"Ed, I thought they was something funny about that case. Stark shutting up like a clam, after saying he didn't do it. Wouldn't even take the stand, and didn't offer no alibi. They was something kept secret about that case," he concluded excitedly.

Ed said nothing, and Joe went on.

"You know, Ed, I'd kind of hate to pull the switch on a man if I wasn't sure he was guilty."

For the first time Ed showed emotion. "Hell's fire, Joe, I can't be judge and jury and everything else. They send a feller here and say, 'Electrocute him,' and I do it. That's what I'm for."

"But a guy you used to know —" Joe shook his head.

"LISTEN, Joe; I could a helped Charlie and I offered to do it. I went to him in jail up at home and I said, 'Charlie, I can help you out of this fix, if you want me to help you.' And what do you reckon he said? He was already sore about something, and he said to me, 'Get the hell out of here, Ed Burns. All you're waiting for is for 'em to send me up so you can burn me and collect a hundred dollars.' So I said, 'If that's the way you feel about it, you can go to hell.' And he said, 'That's where I'm going, Hot Seat.' That's the way he acted after me overlooking the way he had treated me and offering to help him."

Joe's excitement was growing. "You say you could a helped him. How?"

Ed stood up and clasped his hands behind him.

"Listen, Joe," he said solemnly. "I'm going to tell you something I ain't told another soul. I ain't got any folks to talk to, and I got so I don't try to talk to people any more, on account of the way I know they look at me. But it's been bothering me some, and I'd like to get it off my mind."

"You can tell me, Ed," Joe said eagerly. "I'm your friend."

"Well, in the first place," Ed began, "I figure Bud Johnson killed his own self. That wife of his wasn't much better than a common slut, but he was crazy about her. And when he began to suspicion her and Charlie, he just couldn't stand it. And then he'd lost a lot of money in that sawmill, and it worked on his mind. And it don't stand to reason a murderer would throw down a gun people knew was his, right by the body. The gun was Charlie's all right, but he had left it at Bud's place, like his lawyers said."

"Then you don't think Charlie done it?"

"No," said Ed. "I know he didn't."

"You know it!"

"Yeah. He had a alibi, all right, but he couldn't use it, on account of the person he was with at the time Bud was shot."

"Who was he with? Who?"

"He was with Mrs. Johnson."

"Johnson's wife?"

"YEAH. And that was why he acted so funny. He was waiting for her to come to the front and give him a alibi. But she didn't, and Charlie kept quiet. Charlie's proud, and then I guess he figured she'd deny it. He was playing her in secret, because he's got a eye for pretty women, but he knew how common she was. I bet she's got herself another man already. No, Charlie was either too proud or too smart to count on her helping him."

"How do you know he was with her?" Joe demanded. "How do you know?"

"I seen 'em together," said Ed.

"You did!"

"Yeah. I was coming home from the light plant. I had kept it going half a hour late on account of it being prayer meeting night. I passed by Bud Johnson's front yard, and saw the house was dark. I knew Bud was supposed to be out of town, and I thought Mrs. Johnson was in bed. She'd had time to get home from prayer meeting and go to bed.

"ABOUT a hundred yards past Bud's place," Ed went on, his voice dull again, "I heard voices, talking low. I got so I didn't like to meet people when I didn't have to because of how they always spoke so cool and offish. So I stepped to one side of the road to let whoever it was pass. They didn't pass. They stopped, and I saw it was Charlie and Mrs. Johnson.

"They stood there talking a minute, and then he kissed her. I could see 'em plain. And she went on towards home and Charlie turned back towards town. She always walked home by herself from prayer meeting, and Charlie had been meeting her on the sly . . .

"I stood there a few minutes to let Charlie get a good start on me. While I was waiting, I heard Mrs. Johnson scream. She had found Bud's body. Before I could decide if I ought to go back and see what was the matter, she come flying past me on the run to town. Reason she didn't overtake Charlie was that he turned off at the end of the lane . . . It was there the Harkness boy seen him . . . So Charlie didn't hear about Bud being killed until the sheriff come and got him next morning."

Joe sat with his mouth open and stared at Ed. He gulped twice.

"And you been knowing this all the time?"

"Yeah. That was what I was going to tell Charlie that time in jail until he treated me like he did. Maybe him being sore at her was the reason he was so short with me. But I didn't feel like forcing no help on him."

Ed consulted his watch again and shuffled his feet in a fidgety manner. "Getting along about that time . . . Going, Joe?"

Joe stood up with determination. "You dam' right I'm going. I'm going get the warden and call up the Governor and stop this execution."

He strode to the door, where he paused an instant.

"And I just want to tell you one thing, Ed Burns. You ain't no better than a cold-blooded murderer. Getting ready to execute a innocent man when you know your own self he ain't guilty. A murderer, that's what you are, and I ain't wanting to have nothing more to do with you."

He walked rapidly away, leaving the door open. Ed closed it, and walked slowly over to his locker. He removed his blue serge suit, hung it carefully on a peg, and put on the overalls again. Then he lighted his pipe and puffed it contentedly.

"They'll be hell a-popping in a minute," he told the softly humming dynamo. He turned a wheel a couple of times. "It cost me the last friend I got," he said ruefully. Then his lean face twisted into the semblance of a smile. "And a hundred bucks," he added thoughtfully.

The Yankee's Place in the Sun

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Has New England Lost Its Political Prestige?

"Our New England prosperity and importance are passing away." These words have a strangely familiar ring. More than one lugubrious commentator of the present day might have uttered them. Yet the man who thus unbosomed himself was no contemporary of those who now so glibly deliver funeral orations over the prostrate body of New England, for these words came from Daniel Webster in the third decade of the Nineteenth Century.

But he who uttered this expression of opinion a hundred years ago, as well as the lugubrious commentators of modern times, err in one particular. They compare in a general way the present day New England to what it was in the days of the Founding Fathers.

Yet, whether or not New England shines by that comparison, the truth remains that politically she did get in on the ground floor as far as representation in national politics is concerned. Of the original thirteen States, New England as a group contributed four: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut; and each of the four had two Senators to stand watch over its interests in the national Capital.

Here then we come to the great advantage which is New England's birthright. Although forty-eight States now make up the Union, twelve men still represent New England in the United States Senate, the most powerful upper chamber in the world.

To put it in another way, they constitute twelve and a half per cent of the membership of the Senate, though the population of the States for which these Senators speak is only about seven per cent of our total population. The twelve will be retained no matter how greatly the relative tide of population may have set against New England. She got in on the ground floor, and there she will stay.

The political influence which still belongs to New England is not alone to be explained by the fact that it has twelve spokesmen in the Senate. The character of the representation in Congress has its bearing, too, and there is nothing to be gained by trying to compare their stature with that of their predecessors of old. The soil is not one that produces a George Norris or a LaFollette. It is the Prohibition issue that has split the Republican party wide open in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and not an insurgent movement of the kind that has brought from the West a troop of "wild jackasses" to worry and torment the Old Guard. Prohibition, after all, is a respectable fight; even in the Republican party, "gentlemen" may be found on either side of it. It is as unthinkable that the voters of Maine or Vermont, New Hampshire or Connecticut, would send a Heflin, a Blaine, a Caraway, or a Burton K. Wheeler to the Senate, as to suppose that Harvard would select as a successor to President Lowell an Alabama Methodist. New England's taste and preference is for men of a solid and conservative kidney, very often of learning and scholarship. Demagogues, it is true, may be found in New England, especially in city politics, as they will be wherever the corralling of votes is necessary if a politician wants to remain in office, but for the practice of the art in the grand manner, we naturally look to other parts of the country.

On the great economic issues, furthermore, — the main bones of contention between New England, and the South and West — the few Democrats in Congress are apt to vote pretty much as the Republicans do. David I. Walsh was the first Democrat sent to the Senate by the voters of Massachusetts since the Civil War. Yet Walsh has more than once deserted his party to vote with the Republicans on an issue affecting the economic interests of his corner of the country. Walsh voted against the tariff bill, it is true, but on all the schedules affecting New England industries, he was a powerful and indefatigable worker. Loyalty to section may transcend that to the party.

In the House, again, the New England group certainly suffers nothing by comparison with those sent by other sections. It has more than its share of men of education, and of scholarship, like Robert Luce and Frederick Dallinger of Massachusetts, both authors of standard treatises on various phases of politics. New England, more noticeably perhaps than other sections, has a habit of sending men to Congress who previously have served an apprenticeship in State legislatures, giving evidence by so doing of its belief that politics after all is a pretty serious business. College diplomas are common among them — Yale, Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, Bowdoin and others. The New England voter shares the conservatism inherent in the section. New men do not appeal to him overmuch; he prefers, where available, a candidate experienced in practical politics. Calvin Coolidge climbed the ladder to the Governor's chair, starting his public career as a councilman in Northampton. His career is typical of the region.

Just as in Boston a stranger at first finds it hard to make friends, but once forged he will find the bonds of friendship lifelong, so the New England voter is pretty apt to stick to his Congressmen, once they have won his allegiance. A case in point may be cited. Connecticut and Massachusetts both elected Democratic Governors in 1930, yet the Republican House members from these two States were returned, except the veteran Schuyler Merritt of Connecticut, who was beaten largely because of discontent over present business conditions, and George Stobbs of Massachusetts, who decided not to be a candidate again. The man who took the latter's place, also a Republican, was elected, so Stobbs would almost certainly have been sent back to Congress had he wanted to make the race.

PRIMARY fights in New England, as a rule, are not the herculean contests so often staged elsewhere in the country. Members of the Lower House usually have their districts pretty well under control; an upstart rarely makes his get-away. In 1930, the Massachusetts Senatorial primary saw a bitter fight, with Prohibition the main issue on the Republican side. The sitting Senator, Frederick Gillett, however, was not involved, having decided to quit public life when his term expired on March 4 this year. Under the placid skies of New England, primary upsets such as those which sent into private life Deneen of Illinois, and the veteran Simmons of North Carolina, seldom occur. It is the direct primary, more than any other factor, that makes so precarious today the seat of the average Congressman, for the ambitious newcomer, if well-endowed with money, can often turn the flank of the sitting member. Primary upsets occur in New England, but its electorate, still conservative in the main, supports the man in office more consistently than it does in many places elsewhere.

Thus the habit of New England's voter of returning the man in office pushes up his Representatives to the committee posts that are the chief rewards of seniority. This is no small advantage. Both in the House and Senate, the committee room is the real legislative workshop, and by virtue of the same rule of seniority, the chairman is much more than *primus inter pares*. Unless he is a hopeless nincompoop, he runs the show, playing the rôle both of engineer and umpire, and comes pretty near to determining what bills shall be reported to the House.

With seven per cent of the population of the United States, New England holds a far greater number of committee chairmanships in both branches of Congress than the population percentage would lead us to suppose. The House has forty-seven committees, large and small, important or inconsequential. In the last session of the 71st Congress, New England held seven chairmanships. In the Senate, the showing was even better, for there her Senators headed seven committees out of 33. New England, it may be said, would go to the bottom of the heap, if the Democrats succeed in organizing the next Congress, for then Tammany and the South would come into the saddle.

FOR years the West and the South have carried a chip on their shoulders against the section which bred Webster, the Adamses, Lodge, Platt, Aldrich, Murray Crane and many another notable figure in our political history. Behind many a chaffing remark and pleasantry, one can sense a note of bitterness, if not hostility. The roots of the prejudices are ancient ones, and they are not difficult to understand. The New England industrialist of a couple of generations ago, rich, thrifty and a bit superior, was apt to lord it over his poorer colleagues from the newer sections of the United States. Not only that, but the West and South regarded the high tariff as a sort of government subsidy for these industrialists, a subsidy which the rest of the country paid out of its hard-earned money. The Southerner, for his part, has never forgiven New England for its support of the Reconstruction policy of the Radicals, a policy which was nothing more than political racketeering, the thugs and gunmen of that day being turned loose to rule the broken South. Democrats south of the Mason and Dixon Line have not altogether lost that old hatred of the Yankee. It matters not that Reconstruction is part of history, and that those who occupy the seats of Crane and Aldrich are no richer, and represent no bigger interests than those from many other sections. The Westerner still fulminates against New England plutocracy, and the Southerner still remembers the wounds of the Reconstruction Days. As a result New England has to fight for everything she gets, and as she fights, cohesion and combativeness increase also.

DIGRESSING for a moment into another field, we find that New England's influence on public affairs does not end with the work of her representatives in Congress. Through her colleges, universities and law schools, she sets her stamp on many who rise to high places in the National Government. A century and more ago, New England was the schoolmistress of the nation, and her sons, and later her daughters, went forth into the western communities, as writers, educators, reformers and political leaders. Even then, her children wielded an influence far out of proportion to her population. Today, with a population proportionately less, New England's institutions have trained a surprisingly large number of those who conduct the nation's business, and shape its policies. Harvard is the *alma mater* of Speaker Longworth, and Majority Leader Tilson is a loyal son of Yale, and in the two Houses, there are dozens of men whose academic or professional training were received either in these two universities, or their smaller sisters. Such influence may be intangible, and it may not be susceptible of measurement, but it is there, an impress comparable to that which Oxford has set on her sons, Oxford the "home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties." The great Puritan colleges still draw men from all parts of the country, and train them for national service.

OUR hasty survey continues: four members of the Cabinet were educated, in whole or in part, in New England institutions — Stimson, Mitchell, Adams and Brown — four out of nine. On the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Hughes received his bachelor's degree at Brown; Holmes, Brandeis and Stone, again four out of nine, have New England sheepskins. Other New Englanders, or men trained there, hold high places in the Government service: Cotton, White and Castle, three of Secretary Stimson's four principal assistants; the Undersecretary of the Treasury, Ogden Mills; the two Assistant Secretaries of War, Payne and Davison; Solicitor-General Thatcher; Assistant Secretary of Labor Husband; Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ingalls; Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress; C. G. Abbott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute; Eugene Meyer, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board; Samuel Winslow, Chairman of the Board of Mediation; Commissioner Plummer of the Shipping Board; Sanford Bates, Administrator of Prisons, and George Otis Smith, Chairman of the New Federal Power Commission, and many others.

Of the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission, four out of nine have had a New England training; President Ada Comstock of Radcliffe; Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard; Judge Grubb, of Alabama, Yale '83, and Monte M. Lemann, of New Orleans, graduate of Harvard and its Law School. Looking abroad, the colors of Harvard, Yale, or their neighboring institutions fly over the American Embassies in the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Germany, Japan, Spain and Turkey, eight out of fifteen.

ALIKE though they are in conservatism and restraint, New Englanders in Congress are by no means cast in a common mold. About many of them there is a rugged individualism, the exemplification of a frame of mind that nowhere has more strikingly manifested itself than in the revolt of such States as Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island against the Prohibition Amendment. The election of the scholarly Wilbur Cross as Democratic Governor of Connecticut is a sign and symbol of that revolt. Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island have risen against the Prohibition Amendment in much the same spirit with which the Minute Men took up arms in 1776 in defense of freedom, and local self-government. It is a fight for personal liberty.

THE New Englander has lost none of his individualism with the passing of time, and it is this individualism that has caused thousands of Republicans, born and bred to the party, to desert that party, and vote for a wet Democrat, solely on the Prohibition issue. In Congress, the section boasts such individualists as George Moses, the mercurial and brilliant Senator from New Hampshire, coiner of the phrase "wild jackasses"; and in the House, George Holden Tinkham, who has been against the Eighteenth Amendment since its ratification, a decade or so ahead of most of his Republican colleagues.

Because as a whole it clings so strongly to the old-fashioned principles of American government, New England's influence in Congress is pretty solidly cast against the Socialistic and Bureaucratic drift of so much of the legislation of the hour. Its face is set against the excesses of government. Through its representatives, it fights Federal doles, subsidies for the farmers, the $25,000,000 food appropriation for the Red

Cross, and bills so strongly pushed by other sections to get the Federal Government to contribute to projects on a fifty-fifty basis with the States, such as the building of roads. In line with a trend so marked in that section, Massachusetts rejected the benefits to which it was entitled under the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill, holding that the care of mothers and infants was the proper work of the individual State. One explanation of this stubborn resistance to Federal encroachments may lie in the fact that New England is more thrifty and industrious than other sections, judged by such a yardstick as per capita savings, and because, therefore, it would have to contribute more than its share to subsidize less thrifty and industrious regions. Massachusetts, with but four per cent of the population of the country, pays about five and one-half per cent of the Federal income tax payments. That does not explain it all, nevertheless. Quite as important is the rugged individualism of the New England character, the vitality of State and local spirit, and the general desire to defend the States from the steadily expanding power of the Central Government, and the expansion of the Federal bureaucracy which goes with it.

Curiously enough, though the South fought the Civil War to defend what it thought were the rights of the States, the balance has now shifted, and the South, in alliance with the agrarian West, seeks all the favors and help it can get from the Federal Treasury. New England, in turn, emerges as the defender of the States against Federal encroachments, as champion of the traditional principles of our Government. One Western Senator admitted as much in private conversation with a Bay Stater, a few weeks ago. "You fellows, after all," he said, "are about the only ones left who are willing to fight the paternalistic trend in government." An exaggeration, perhaps, but more than one grain of truth lay in the remark.

Thus New England carries on its traditions of political leadership, and it is a restraining hand which she places on a ship of state that threatens to cut loose from its ancient moorings. Even without a bloc of their own, — such an organization would really serve no useful purpose, might indeed cause opponents to draw together more closely — the eight and a quarter millions of New England play a part in national affairs greater, it would seem, than that of any other eight or nine million Americans. The Yankee is still very much in the running, too much so to render in order funeral services over his political demise.

* * *

Usquebaugh

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

Some Thoughts on Preparedness

THE most frequent comment now heard among many intellectuals, publicists and leaders of thought concerning Prohibition is that they are sick of the subject, which has been exhausted and worked to death. Recent events in the political field make it worth our while to analyze this opinion, with a view to revealing its fundamental fallacy. It would be possible to show, with a fair amount of plausibility, that the American people have been systematically bamboozled into discussing Prohibition solely in terms of morality, political expediency, church policy and personal liberty. It was a common spectacle a few years ago to see citizens holding forth on their inalienable rights, while grasping in their wavering hands glasses of fruit juice and industrial alcohol, or tossing down potions of synthetic "Scotch" which a Scotchman would not allow to defile his kitchen sink. To the contemplative foreigner there was something almost horrifying in the disparity between the lofty idealism of the drinkers and the dreadful muck they were drinking. And perhaps the American passion for championship records attained its most grotesque and melancholy distinction when Mr. Heywood Broun, after admitting the unfortunate nature of American home-made drinks, bragged that "we lead the world in labels."

THE drift of these reflections is towards an examination of our attitude to a problem which has become almost as much of an abstraction as the Stiggins figure in the cartoons symbolizing Prohibition. The American public has become intoxicated, not so much with alcohol as with a vicious blend of an inferio-superiority complex, which has resulted in an almost total blindness as to the basic elements of the dilemma. Desire has outrun knowledge, and ideals have distracted us from any consideration of the future. Rigorous search through the official statements of wet and dry leaders has failed to disclose one simple constructive suggestion for dealing with an ineradicable human appetite. The drys evidently assume the appetite for liquor to be ineradicable or they would not demand Prohibition in perpetuity. Wet leaders, on the other hand, are hypocritical to the last confines of one's patience. If there be one American type more perplexing to the European observer than any other, it is the distinguished creature who is "a leader of thought," an advocate of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, an eloquent panegyrist of personal liberty, states' rights and the futility of sumptuary legislation, but who insists that he personally has no use for alcohol and has never taken a drink in his life.

THE effect of this lofty, patronizing attitude, on the part of our articulate public men, has been to give an air of insincerity to the whole discussion. What would we say of a public man pleading for a fresh-air fund for poor people if he emphasized the fact that he himself never felt the slightest need of ozone? What conviction would we feel on reading the opinions of a legislator on traffic problems if he had spent his life in a hospital chair? The man who pleads for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, or an equivalent of repeal, on the grounds that human liberty, or some other abstraction, is at stake, has lost touch with the earth. He belongs, not in a world of real men with digestive tracts and mundane appetites, but in some Valhalla of synthetic legislators, forever passing inane laws for hypothetical majorities.

It is an extraordinary feature of the present state of our discontents that no leader in favor of repeal has pointed out that a modification of the liquor law will be entirely futile, so far as human welfare is concerned, unless it be accompanied by a drastic reformation in the drinking ideals of the public. It is idle to deny that a generation is growing up in the United States which has practically no palate but an impregnable faith in labels. Industrial alcohol has destroyed the former, and national advertising, by subtle inference, has inculcated the latter. In a country which has accepted the proprietary trade-name and label as a guarantee of quality, it is the easiest thing in the world to believe that a bottle, duly sealed and bearing a familiar label, shall contain an authenticated, though illegal, spirit. Even the fact that the distillery which issued a certain label went out of business years ago and therefore the contents must be spurious, is of no avail in this modern age of faith in the printed word. It is no exaggeration to say that the average American's enjoyment of a highball is advanced enormously by the sight, on the tray, of a trick-shaped bottle, with a glamorous Scotch label indicating that the contents are "of great age," though the liquor he is drinking may have come from a column-still erected on a lonely Long Island farm, and may consist of nothing more recondite than raw industrial alcohol mixed with some cut Canadian Scotch and Croton water.

EDUCATION, theoretical in the sense of discriminating between good liquor and bad, practical in being able to distinguish between different kinds of good liquor, is an absolute crying necessity if the American public is ever to achieve an equality with the drinking nations. The object of the present essay is to point out, more in sorrow than in anger, the grievous errors into which the American nation has fallen in regard to the genesis and functions of certain liquors. In the days to come, when the bootlegger and the alcohol-cooker have gone the way of the leper and the springless ox-cart, this wisdom will be found of inestimable value. We may some day discover Americans who know the difference between ale and beer, who are aware of the peculiar bouquet of Dublin Irish, and who are worthy of a generous three-fingered modicum of the real Glenlivet.

AMERICAN writers with a bias in favor of alcoholic beverages have been singularly unfortunate in their attitude towards the subject. If our legislators and leaders of thought have been fanatically eager to emphasize their own personal dryness, our wits and essayists have concealed their ignorance of genuine spirits and wines by somewhat appalling facetiousness. They have proclaimed a curious gospel that after all it does not really matter what a man drinks. They and our novelists make a loud to-do over old vintages, but it might be a sad error to offer them Johannisberger 1921 in a plain bottle. They are the priests of a religion which believes that gin made in a bathtub is no worse than gin made in Holland, and rum made from molasses in a tin boiler in the back yard is equal to the produce of Cuba's finest distilleries. Grape juices, fermenting in little barrels on roll-top desks in private offices, are seriously offered as adequate substitutes for the matured wines of France and Italy. Drinks manufactured from wild fruits, from dandelions, and from green tomatoes, are solemnly passed round and pronounced "quite good." The destruction of the national palate has proceeded so rapidly that many men and even more women are quite unable to distinguish between Scotch and Irish whiskey except by the label, and prefer a stiff dose of apple-jack, which is simply pure alcohol, to either.

NO POSSIBLE change of heart can take place until this mania for a mere alcoholic kick, which reduces the drinker to a condition of maudlin vacuity in five minutes, has been exorcised from the American people. This leads inevitably to a consideration of what may be called America's contribution to drinking — the cocktail. At the risk of incurring the serious opposition of nearly all the wet forces, it must be stated that the habit of drinking mixtures of sharp fruit juices and industrial alcohol on an empty stomach is so idiotic, so prolific of digestive disorganizations, that no possible excuses can be formulated for it. In England, where young men are tutored by their elders in drinking habits, the first rule inculcated is never to touch alcohol before a meal. A tankard of ale with food, or a half-bottle of wine with one's dinner, is not reckoned drinking in an intoxicating sense. The point is that a gentleman, or an artisan, who is a gentleman when he is enjoying himself, should always start the festivities with a good solid meal. He can then carry his liquor with some semblance of dignity. He can enjoy both food and drink. The American custom, of stimulating the appetite artificially, so that more food is taken than is natural, with a resulting dyspeptic reaction, can have no standing with civilized people. It contributes neither to the sum of human happiness nor to national health. The look of uneasy preoccupation which is visible on the faces of many passengers who have overeaten of European food after two, three or four vicious Bronx cocktails or nearly half a pint of gin and lemon juice, is due to the inevitable gastric turmoil which those drinks have evoked. The regular reply of such gentry, when invited to enjoy a glass of good spirit, is "Too soon after dinner." But it will always be too soon for the drinkers of cocktails. There is no hope for them. They have bartered their birthright for a mess of industrial alcohol.

THE problem before us, then, is not human liberty or the ethics of sumptuary legislation, but the simple self-revealed ignorance of the public concerning what to drink. Assuming for the purposes of argument that Repeal took place tomorrow, it would find the American nation as pitiably unprepared for amenities as it was for hostilities in 1917. We shall be as completely deluded by the label-printer as we are by the gentleman who has something "just off the ship." There is a story of a janitor who had obligingly supplied some gin to a party on the seventh floor of his building. When a number of hospital cases resulted, he professed incredulity. "Why it was aged!" he protested, "I aged it myself, for a whole week." The statements of distant distilleries will not need to be very subtle to fool that janitor's customers.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, a well-known advocate of wine and ale, once offered a rule for drinkers — never drink anything invented since the Reformation. This, he argued, ruled out whiskey, gin and liqueurs of recent concoction. Unfortunately for his thesis, history shows that whiskey, that is, liquor distilled from grain, is probably as ancient as wine fermented from grape or ale brewed from malt. Julian the Apostate encountered, during his northern wars, "wine made from barley." In early Gaelic the words "*uis gebeatha*," which mean "water of life," were corrupted into "usquebaugh" and latterly into the more familiar word "whiskey." So far from whiskey having come into use since the Reformation, in very early times the Scottish chiefs enacted a rough liquor control in the western islands to reduce the poverty caused by excessive drunkenness. No whiskey was allowed to be exported to those isles, but each man might distill what he wished for his own needs.

IN THE Eighteen Century an English exciseman stationed in the Highlands commented upon the excellent health of the drinkers of whiskey. It gave them "a ruddy complexion, nimbleness and strength, and served both for victual and drink." A chaplain of the Stuart armies before Culloden, lacking wine for the Eucharist, administered it with an oat-cake and whiskey. In fact we may attribute the well-known drunkenness in Scotland, in the Eighteenth Century, not to whiskey but to claret. Judges took their claret bottles with them to the bench. Whiskey in more recent years has been abused to a serious extent in its native land. Rigorous control, facilitated and amplified by the liquor interests themselves, has become necessary to protect the public. One distillery which has its own retail stores in Glasgow provides no chairs or tables, and the barmen are strong enough to throw out any persistent drunks. Only three drinks are permitted to any customer at one time. Years ago on Saturday nights a whole family, father, mother and children, might often be seen wavering gently along the Glasgow streets to their home. Getting tight was a community affair in the closes of Scotland's cities.

It can not be too emphatically laid down that all such folk, including even the poet Burns, have no conception of the true enjoyments of a fine blended whiskey. Burns, indeed, was remarkably like the gin-and-orange-juice gentry of 1931 New York. All he wanted was a sudden savage kick into an inebriated unconsciousness. He was not, in the true connoisseur's sense, a drinker at all. He was a soak, with a farmhand's craving for the fiery Kilbagie of the Lowland stills.

Modern whiskey, as we know it, or would like to know it, dates from 1823, when an act was passed in London legalizing all stills over 40 gallons, and imposing a duty of two shillings and threepence per gallon of proof spirit. Home distilling was abolished, though it continued to produce "poteen" in the bogs of Ireland. Smuggling, which had assumed dimensions as large, comparatively, as in the United States today, practically vanished. Expert distillers took up their trade in regions proved by experience to produce the best whiskey. Chief among the requisite ingredients is the water employed.

Here we may mention that the word "liquor" as used in America is entirely unprofessional. To the brewer and distiller, "liquor" is the water he uses in his business. In their early stages the manufacture of Scotch whiskey and English ale is identical. Both require barley malt, germinated on a malt house floor, so that the starch has been partially converted into sugar. It is then dried in the kiln. Here we come upon the first mystery of the whiskey craft. A genuine Highland whiskey has its malt kiln-dried with a peat fire, which gives it a mellow smoky flavor unattainable in any other way. There are fanatics who maintain that whiskey is improved by having a peat fire under the pot still as well, and there is the undoubted fact that the slow equable heat generated by such a fire will produce a more gentle and regular flow of vapor through the worm condenser.

After the malt is dried it is milled and mixed with warm water from the burn outside. A burn on one side of a Scotch glen will give a poor whiskey, while that on the other will become celebrated. This is not a fanciful fiction, but a commercial fact. Distilleries have been completely moved to take advantage of certain waters. And the great breweries of England are ranged along the Trent at Burton solely because of the incomparable qualities of Trent water. Beer made in London breweries, which draw their water from wells sunk into the chalk below London clay, is a harsh, thin "bitter" compared with the full-bodied ales of Hertfordshire and Suffolk.

Whiskey is distilled twice, but in

different stills. These vessels are made of copper and their shape is of paramount importance in producing a good spirit. The second operation results in actual whiskey by specific gravity, and a portion called "feints" which is returned to be added to the next batch of "low wines" from the wash-still.

Scotch whiskey, thus produced, is a colorless fluid. The genuine article is now stored in sherry casks, whose wine-saturated staves not only give whiskey its color, but also absorb many of the insoluble impurities. In those casks it should remain at least eight years. The word insoluble should be emphasized because it is quite otherwise with the soluble impurities. On these latter the qualities of good whiskey depend. It is they which distinguish a genuine pot-still malt whiskey from the product of a patent still.

What is known as a patent or column still was invented by an Irishman, one Mr. Aeneas Coffey, to speed up the production of cheap whiskey. The barley malt liquor passes down through the first column over a series of perforated plates. A rising jet of steam carries the alcohol over into the second column, where it descends over cold plates and collects at the bottom as alcohol. This is the accepted method of producing commercial alcohol. It is the method by which "whiskey" is manufactured for American consumption, colored by caramel matter and bottled immediately. The most credulous consumer may pause next time he examines a suspiciously ornate bottle with its greased cork and shiny label, and wonder whether he is competent to pass on the merits of whiskeys when he is so easily confused by the "genuine" article. Simple souls have been discovered "aging" whiskey in bottles, which has no effect upon it whatever. Indeed, whiskey left in the casks over fourteen years is probably hopelessly spoilt. It becomes, in trade phraseology, "slimey."

The point about industrial alcohol made in column stills is, that like most things scientifically manufactured by quantity production, it is all the same. There is nothing to hope from it save the inevitable befuddlement and headache. It cannot be blended any more than cleaning fluid can be blended. The coldly chemical nature of its genesis has given it no character at all. As the Scotch say, it is sexless. We have therefore to dismiss it as not suitable in itself for human consumption. Until the American drinker stipulates the elimination of industrial alcohol from his beverage philosophy, he can never hope to understand the true delights of whiskey. Indeed, he may just as well remain under Prohibition, because repeal without legislation to control spirituous manufacture would merely flood the country with an ocean, where now we have rivers, of the industrial fluid.

At the present time the distilleries in Scotland number about one hundred and thirty. Yet there are nearly four thousand proprietary brands on the market. This apparent paradox derives from the art of blending. Practically no whiskey is bottled unblended and all the rarer bouquets and aromas can be traced to the expert blender. It will be seen, therefore, how long and perilous is the path by which good whiskey is obtained. Granted that the best Scotch barley has been used and all malting skill employed in preparing it for the mash, and assuming that the still-man is a past master of his craft and knows exactly the moment to cease drawing from the worm, we have no guarantee that our whiskey will prove a mellow and gratifying beverage. We have to depend upon the integrity of the blender.

By blending must be understood the mixing of different "single" whiskeys into a form more suitable for distant markets. Previous to the introduction of blending was the vatting process. Many Americans may wonder just what the words "old vatted Glenlivet" mean on a label, and if they hazard a guess they will probably be completely wrong. To begin with, the word "Glenlivet" is geographical rather than proprietary. Twenty-six distilleries use the word in some form or other to describe their product. A map of Scotland with the distilleries marked shows a thick cluster of them in Banffshire, where Cairngorms looks down upon the Glen of Livet, which runs into the Avon, a tributary of the glorious River Spey. And a vatted whiskey is produced by mixing the whiskeys which have been distilled in the same distillery at different seasons of the year. The purity of the water, the age of the malt, and the atmospheric conditions all modify the resulting spirit.

Blending, on the other hand, consists of uniting the virtues of different stills, and the connoisseur may produce for his own pleasure the blend that suits his palate. A small gallon cask made from wood impregnated with sherry, fitted with a spigot so that it is never more than half empty, may be employed by one who has the patience, the knowledge, and the opportunity to practise this hobby. But for most mortals it will be necessary to trust a reputable house.

It is doubtful whether any American palate has ever taken kindly to the unblended malt-whiskeys of the Highlands. The surprise on first encountering such a beverage in the cellar of a tavern in Aberdeenshire, remains one of the present writer's most vivid memories. The peat smoke flavor is unmistakable. There is a full-bodied vigor, a strongly masculine authority, about such a drink which seems to account for much of Scotland's history. The decadent English constitution requires something less robust for daily use. Perhaps the most satisfactory blend of all is one based on a Glenlivet with Lowland malts and smoothed by a slight infusion of grain whiskey. This last has no sex, no character of its own. As Aeneas MacDonald in his masterly treatise on the subject remarks, the Lowland malts are catalysts to form a union between the pungent Highland produce and the sexless, neutral grain whiskeys. Professor Saintsbury declares that grain (patent-still) whiskey is only fit for drunkards and for blending, but he will find few with the fortitude to follow him.

The education of the American public to believe that the only object in drinking is to get drunk has been very thorough. Legislation directed towards improving the beverages available has been non-existent. "Bourbon-oil," at one time added to rye whiskey to improve its appearance, consisted of fusel-oil, potassium acetate and sulphuric acid. Moreover, the national vice of standing at a bar and tossing down neat spirit at one swallow was fatal to any just appreciation of a fine spirit. The very word "shot" has passed into the language as meaning a drink, as if there were some sinister parallel between refreshment and suicide. As a matter of fact, murder has been done upon the drinker's palate by this uncivilized custom. At the risk of antagonizing the wets once more, it must be insisted that only ale should be quaffed. Wines, spirits and liqueurs are to be sipped and savored. Mr. Aeneas MacDonald, in his work already mentioned, gives an admirable description of the behavior of a connoisseur in the presence of a new and untried whiskey.

"TAKING a small wine glass, preferably one with a generous belly and a narrow rim, let him warm it slightly with his hand and then pour in a little of the whiskey. Having assisted the process of evaporation with a gentle rocking motion of the glass, let him snuff the vapor at the rim. It should be mild and yet potent, round and 'warm,' with no trace of the objectionable acridity of raw spirit. Then he should take a sip — only a drop or two — and allow it to remain in the mouth for a few moments. There ought to be no harshness in the liquor's assault upon the palate; 'kick' only indicates a young or badly-mannered spirit. It should be gentle, with nothing of that 'mineral' taste about it which causes all but hardened and careless drinkers to shudder a little and contract the facial muscles; and it ought to possess a smooth, elusive and varied flavor in which it is difficult to distinguish a dominant constituent. Having performed this operation, the experimenter should add some soft water to the remainder of the spirit and drink thoughtfully. . ."

THESE are wise words. Added to what he calls "the selective, ennobling processes of time and absorptive wood," such discrimination on the part of the drinker results eventually in augmenting the sum of human happiness. It will also aid him in discovering for himself the essential qualities of his future purchases. He will no longer gaze with uneducated awe upon elaborate labels bearing vague misinformation. He will know that a bottle bearing the name of one distillery only on the label is almost certain to be a fake because no whiskeys are bottled without blending. He will insist on knowing the age of the youngest element in the blend. He will ignore "fine liqueur whiskeys," because the phrase means little beyond a higher percentage of alcohol, which has no bearing upon its beverage quality. And he will prefer a cork to a patent top because that material absorbs the last of the irrelevant alcohols left over from the cask. And he will be aware that whiskey, unlike wine, cannot mature in bottle.

Enough has been said to show how tragically inadequate are the average citizen's ideas upon the subject. It is a theme essentially æsthetic rather than moral or political. As our younger generation emerges from the intellectual stupor which seems to have afflicted it since 1920 and which distinguishes the Synthetic Decade, its curiosity is bound to awake. It may suddenly sound the tocsins and raise the banner of revolt against the chemical abominations of our time. And in the event of a return, in the future, to the principle of personal responsibility in the arts of life, an enlightened public opinion will demand, as the sinister figures of the bootlegger and alcohol-cooker fade from view, some guarantee of intelligent integrity from their successors.

In These Places

By Anne Zuker

There is a place of white sands
Faintly ridged by the drift of winds.
There we may watch
The timeless undulation of waves,
Ceaseless and more enduring
Than our own heart beats.

There is a little hollow in the hills,
The brown hills
Patched with yellow mustard,
With love-in-a-mist and blue sage:
There, bedded in wild barley,
We may listen
To the soft blethering of the wind
As the cloud flocks pass over us.
We are steeped in the sun and the wind.

There is a forest of silver firs
Whose branches rise in whorls to form
A green and dripping umbrella
To shelter us from summer rain.
The fragrance of firs
And the dripping of the rain!

The slow movement of earth
Tides through our bodies,
In these places we may find escape.

Wood-Folk

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Two of the three great carnivora, whom our forefathers feared and fought, the panther and the wolf, are practically extinct in our Eastern States. Yet in 1697 the General Assembly of West Jersey enacted a law under which a bounty of twenty shillings was to be paid to "whatsoever Christian shall kill and bring the head of a panther before any magistrate of any county of this Province." Negroes, Indians and Atheists received only half that sum.

The panther, cougar, puma or mountain-lion, for they are all one and the same animal, has an uncanny habit of following humans, apparently more from curiosity than with any idea of making an attack. One of my friends, who was born in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, remembers that his father was followed by a panther as he was driving home late one night. The great cat screamed at him from the underbrush close to the road and frightened his horse so that the latter ran away, whereupon the puma followed him for some distance, crashing through the brush with long, swift leaps.

The bay lynx or wild cat and the fox will also follow humans, and at times come quite close to them. I remember once when walking through a bit of wooded lowland, I suddenly turned quickly to follow the flight of a bird and made a red fox who was stealing after me not six feet away, run for his life. Another friend of mine, while walking through Seven Mountains, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, suddenly became conscious that he was being followed by something or somebody. Doubling on his trail he hid behind a big pine and found that he was being shadowed by a big bay lynx, which dived into a thicket and disappeared when he found that he was discovered.

I REMEMBER once when a boy — it was several years ago — that I was positive that I had encountered a panther. I was coming home past the Half Moon Lot on the family farm in the northwestern corner of Connecticut. Suddenly from over by Boundary Elm, a vast tree which marked the corners of four farms, I heard an appalling screech which I instantly diagnosed as the scream of a panther, having carefully studied such great authorities on wild-life as James Fenimore Cooper, Mayne Reid and Harry Castlemon.

Not having with me a rifle, a tomahawk, nor even the long, keen hunting knife with which all the heroes of the above writers were invariably armed, I was somewhat at a disadvantage. However, I did not lose my presence of mind. Realizing instantly that flight was what the situation required, I flew — at least I do not remember touching the ground until I crossed the bridge over the brook a quarter of a mile away. At the time I considered that I had had a very narrow escape. Later on, however, I learned that what I had heard was the screech of a red fox.

Twice or thrice in a lifetime one may hear that scream, undoubtedly one of the most sinister and unearthly of all wild animal notes. The sound is as rare and dreadful as that screech of the wounded horse which frightened even Hawkeye and Chingachguch. Not long ago a naturalist friend of mine in the Berkshires told me that one night a fox screamed and all the neighbors in his little hamlet locked and barred their doors and windows and spent most of the night on guard against the unknown terror which had visited their village.

THE last time that I heard a red fox was on a fall night while several of us were camping in the wilderness on a botanical expedition. One evening a friend and myself followed a dim path through the woods to a bluff above the stream which showed a dusky silver among the shadows. The white mist rose up to meet us like a ghost, and below we could hear the faint splashing of a deer crossing the stream. Then, so distant that it seemed like a pinpoint of sound pricked through the stillness, came the hoot of a great-horned owl with its doubled second note, as he hunted here and there for rabbits among the clearings.

Suddenly the silence was broken by an appalling scream. Although I recognized it instantly — how could any one ever forget it? — my muscles jerked and twitched at the sound, and my friend, although a veteran naturalist, gripped me so tightly that his finger-prints showed black on my arm the next morning.

The howl of the wolf, the screech of a bay lynx, and the shriek which a horned owl sometimes gives, are all weird sounds, but none of them can surpass the scream of a dog fox.

THE scream of a real panther, however, equals it, as I learned last year, when exploring the Okefinokee Swamp, which covers six hundred square miles between Georgia and Florida. The week before I entered the Swamp, a seven-foot panther had been shot on the far side of the great marsh and I had been warned that its mate was probably prowling among the numerous islands which are hidden in its depths. One evening while coming back from the far end of the island on which I was camping, I suddenly heard a high, wailing cry, far down the trail along which I had come. Then the sound dropped to a lower pitch with a gurgling note running through it, rose again to a mad screech, and died away in a rasping, snarling note of stark menace.

"Like a woman having her throat cut with a dull knife," was the way one of my guides afterwards described the sound.

When the scream was repeated for

the second time, although it was much nearer, I assured myself that there was absolutely no danger and that it would be the height of folly for me to run. My reasoning convinced my head absolutely, but my ignorant and emotional legs sprinted down the trail at a record breaking clip for a middle-aged man, and it was with a sense of great relief that I reached the camp without having any closer acquaintance with that "painter," the name of the great cat in the Swamp.

LIKE the panther, the wolf is gone forever from most of our Eastern States, yet every village has some legend of that long-time enemy of man. Only recently I found in my great-grandfather's journal a record of hearing a wolf howl over in Black Swamp near Litchfield, Connecticut, while every summer on my way to Cornwall Hollow in that same State I pass Wolf Rock, a vast granite boulder beside the road, beneath which is an arched hollow bedded with dry leaves where the Indians used to sleep when following the hundred mile trail which passed close to the rock. On the top of the boulder is a flat space covered with polypody fern. It was there in the twilight that my great-great-grandmother once saw a gray wolf seated with his head on his forepaws looking down at her as she passed by on the road to the Hollow.

That other member of the trio of fierce beasts with which our pioneer ancestors contended, the black bear, still lingers in the East. Not so wise as the wolf nor so fierce as the panther, yet he has outlived them both because of his caution.

"When in doubt — run," is the motto of the wise black bear. As for the unwise — they are dead.

A bear can hear a hunter a quarter of a mile away and scent one for over a mile if the wind be right. He may weigh three hundred pounds and be over two feet wide, yet he will slip like a shadow through tangled underbrush without a sound. He will dig up and eat the bulbs of the jack-in-the-pulpit, which affects a human tongue — I speak from experience — like a mixture of nitric acid and powdered glass. Moreover, the black bear and the black cat or fisher, are the only two mammals which can devour the porcupine without being killed by its quills. The dog, the Canada lynx and the wolf have all tried — and died.

The first flurries of snow mean bedtime for the bear. He is not afraid of the cold, for he wears a coat of fur four inches thick over a vest of fat of the same thickness. He has found, however, that rent is cheaper than board.

ONE of the rarest adventures in woodcraft is the finding of a bear hole where a bear sleeps safe from cold until spring. The last one of which I have heard was found in the Pocono Mountains. Some friends of mine were shooting there in November when their dogs started up a bear on a wooded slope, which popped into a hole under an overhanging rock. As it thrust its head out of the aperture, I regret to say, my friends shot it. Then they explored the hole which it was preparing for winter quarters. The place was beautifully constructed. The entrance was under an overhanging bank shielded by bushes, and it seemed incredible that so large an animal could have forced its shoulders through so small an opening. The burrow was jug-shaped, widening and sloping up beneath the ground, with a dry shelf dug in one side which was covered with layers of dry leaves and a big blanket of withered grass. In the top of the bank a tiny hole had been dug, which opened out in some thick bushes and was probably an air hole.

Just outside of the entrance the bear had piled an armful of dry sticks, evidently intending, when it had finally entered the hole, to pull them over the entrance and entirely hide it.

One of the Connecticut bear stories which I heard as a boy had to do with the exploits of great-uncle Jake, who fought through the Revolution. It was Uncle Jake who made General Putnam get off his horse into the mud and give the countersign. It was Uncle Jake who shot the Hessian who used to stand on the earthworks and make insulting gestures toward the Continental camp. Again it was Uncle Jake who broke his way out of the Hulks one stormy night, swam ashore, and made his way back to Cornwall, bearing the news of the death of his best friend to the latter's widow, whom he afterwards married. After the war was over he settled down in Cornwall and took up hunting as a hobby, and killed an unbelievable number of bears among the twenty-seven named hills which are to be found in Cornwall Township.

One day in early March, when he was coming down Pond Hill through the snow, he suddenly sank to his waist in a drift, and as his feet went through a layer of leaves he stepped on something soft which began to rise beneath him. The next moment Uncle Jake found himself rushing down Pond Hill astride a big black bear — riding bear-back, as it were. The situation had its difficulties, for he did not want to stay on nor yet, on the other hand, did he care to get off. Finally, however, being a man of great resource, he managed to draw his hunting-knife and kill the bear with one dextrous stab through the spine at the base of its head. This anecdote illustrates the danger of investigating bear holes during the winter season.

Curiously, one of the wood-folk which was practically extinct throughout southern New England has come back. Neither my father nor my grandfather ever saw a wild deer in the northwestern part of Connecticut, yet during the past ten years I have met at least a score of the northern variety of the Virginia deer in and about Cornwall.

One morning at sunrise, from an early train, I saw as we swung around a sudden curve a magnificent buck surprised while drinking at the Housatonic River. With one bound he reached the bank and then stood and watched with pricked-up ears the rumbling train go by, a picture that stayed in my mind through many a stifling day in the city that summer.

Another time I was walking on the top of Pond Hill with a little girl of mine, who was taking her first pilgrimage there. Anything may happen on Pond Hill. There is the white oak tree where my father shot his first wild pigeon, nor dreamed that the time would come when the flocks of that glorious bird would no longer darken our skies. On this slope I first found growing side by side those beautiful orchids, the purple-pink calopogon and the rose-pink pogonia. Near its summit I saw my first fox and found my first hummingbird's nest, that little jewel casket which is thatched with lichen, lined with thistledown and bound together with cobwebs. There, until a few years ago, stood Hen's Pine, a great tree which old Hen, the slave who ruled my grandfather's farm with a rod of iron, had saved from the wood-cutters. At its base he planned to be buried, with his fiddle, his ax and his whip at his side. On that hill was Apple Tree Spring, where little shells bubbled up under a wild apple tree, and White Birch Spring, guarded by a ghost. One always expects adventures on Pond Hill.

On that day we crossed Sheep's Head, the pasture on the crest of the hill, and my companion climbed up on Tipping Rock, a balanced boulder which always looks as if it were going to roll into Cream Pond a mile below, but it never does. Leaving her there, I went bird's nesting in a patch of near-by woods, and was hardly out of sight when in the far side of the grove a great buck came out. With head and horns proudly erect, he drifted down the hillside like a shadow and passed within six feet of my little girl, who was high enough above the ground to be above the air currents on which a deer depends largely for his safety. It was not until she stretched out her hands caressingly towards the soft nose that his liquid brown eyes caught sight of her. The visitor snorted doubtfully, and then stopped, and the deer and the child looked into each other's eyes until the buck heard me coming out of the woods. Then down the hill he went, clearing bushes and boulders with great, easy bounds, with the white flag of his tail waving behind him. All her life long that little girl will remember that meeting with her wild brother of the woods.

Thirty miles from Philadelphia, near my cabin in the pine barrens of New Jersey, I find everywhere the tracks of the Southern Virginia deer, which have finer horns and teeth than their Northern brethren, and which wear red coats all winter instead of changing to gray when cold weather comes. Two of them had made round beds in the long, soft, yellow marsh-grass not fifty yards from my cabin last winter.

One picture of this deer always stands out in my memory. I was travelling through the Plains, that curious tract some twenty-five miles wide in the southern part of New Jersey, where all the trees are dwarfed like those in a Japanese tea-garden. Three of us had travelled through dark cedar swamps and along forgotten roads past Mary Ann's Forge, where many of the cannon used in the Revolution were made out of bog iron. Where once had been the roar of furnaces, there was now only the sound of the wind through the low pitch pine trees. We passed a mansion house mouldering away in the woods, where once had been great glass works, and the two vast post oaks at Ong's Hat where in the 'Forties had stood a notorious tavern. Only a hollow in the sand showed where it had stood.

Our road began to climb toward a distant ridge of trees, and suddenly in place of a forest of pines, cedars and oaks, before us stretched a rolling plain covered with what looked like bushes but which were really tiny trees. There we found the corema, the Conrad's crowberry, named after its discoverer in 1810 and then lost to New Jersey botanists until found again in recent years in the Plains. We ate blueberries by the quart, and hunted vainly for the heath hen, that lost Eastern variety of the prairie chicken, which we had hoped might still breed somewhere in the depths of the Plains. On the way back at twilight, as our car was careening along a lonely wood road, two red-brown deer sprang up suddenly in the brush not twenty-five yards away. One was a buck with a fine set of horns. He was in such a hurry to get away that he tripped and fell to his knees, while his mate, a wide-eyed doe, stopped to wait for him. Then they both started off again at full speed, only to stop once more and look at the strange, puffing, rattling thing which had aroused them from their thicket. We stopped our car and for a long minute human folk and wild folk stared at each other across the Plains.

Up at Groton, Massachusetts, a friend of mine watched a pair of hounds hunt a doe and two spotted fawns through a great stretch of wooded pasture. The hounds followed by scent alone, and the doe kept the fawns well ahead of her, and whenever they would tire she would hide them in the bushes and circle toward the dogs and double so that it took them a long time to unravel the tangled trail. As the sun rose higher, it seemed to burn away the scent, for it took the dogs longer and longer each time to trace out her tracks. At last, when the little fawns were so tired that they tottered and staggered as they moved, the doe hid them in a high clump of thick fern. Then making a wide double she joined them by a roundabout route. With her beautiful head just showing above the green fronds she watched the puzzled dogs circle back and forth and finally give up the chase.

My last sight of wild deer was on the slope of Cream Hill in Cornwall, Connecticut. Returning home from a long trip, I motored past Half Moon Lot, all misty under a waning moon, and suddenly saw in the lane of light made through the fog by our headlights, three pairs of eyes gleaming green through the mist like incandescent emeralds. I stopped the car and followed the lane through the field, taking care not to step outside of it, until I came within six feet of a doe with twin fawns on either side of her, all three fascinated by the bright headlights. For fully a minute we faced each other before the spell was broken, and my last memory of Connecticut for that year was of their wild, beautiful faces.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE Landscaper and a good many others have recently enjoyed a respite from the troubles of the times through the presence in New York of Florence Ayscough, who, with Amy Lowell, did the translations of many Chinese poems for *Fir-Flower Tablets*. Mrs. Ayscough, who knows China and the Chinese language and history as few Occidentals can hope to know these things, has also written a charming book called *A Chinese Mirror*, and has done a biography of Tu Fu, one of the great poets of the famous Eighth Century, which was also the period of Li Po. These two were among the Eight Immortals of the Wine-Cup; Li Po is said by some to have met his death by falling out of a boat while reaching for the reflection of the moon, the intimation being that he had been drinking. Mrs. Ayscough has made extraordinarily interesting translations of Tu Fu's poems, using a different method for the Englishing of the complicated ideographs from those of Arthur Waley, Shigiyoshi Obata and other sinologues. Her books are published in this country by Houghton Mifflin, and they are not to be overlooked by any one who feels the pull of the Chinese spirit. Despite the terrific difficulties that face the translator, there is much beauty in Chinese poetry, much of the universal spirit, and much of the reflection of a civilization as far apart from ours in its aims and ends as the sun from the moon.

Mrs. Ayscough manages great scholarly attainments without allowing them to weigh down her spirit; there is a freshness and vitality about her personality that makes her stand out in a world where not many people seem especially grateful for the gift of life. She has been known to interrupt a reading of her translations of Tu Fu's verse to run to the window for a look at passing fire engines; Eighth Century China and Twentieth Century New York. . . . What an odd combination, to be sure, and yet if we will go back to Tu Fu, he will be disclosed as concerned with most of the same problems that face us today. Read Tu Fu and Li Po, even if you do not care to pursue the Chinese poets further; they have something to give every civilized person that is not to be had elsewhere.

A Chinese Farm Novel

Oddly enough, one of the most discussed novels of the moment is also concerned with China, but the China of the present. This is Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth* (John Day, $2.50), a long, solidly wrought and sympathetically done story of a Chinese farmer, Wang Lung, who was a lover of the soil, but who had to contend with the usual calamities that beset the paths of men who match themselves against nature. This is fundamentally a good novel of the attachment between men and earth, for Wang Lung easily attains a universal appeal, but it is also a fine picture of every-day China, painted by a shrewd observer who has no prejudices to interfere with her clarity of vision. The Landscaper was much impressed with Mrs. Buck's first novel, *East Wind, West Wind*, published last year; she has grown steadily since then, and the present book is one of genuine importance. If there doesn't happen to be time to read it this minute, lay it safely away for a little more leisure; it is too good to miss, and too real to lose any of its value merely because it is put aside for a few weeks or months. This is a good place perhaps to mention another book on the Orient, which while it is not fiction, reads as interestingly as a novel, and has the additional advantage of factual truth. This is *The Grass Roof* by Younghill Kang (Scribner, $3.50), the life story of a Korean, a delightful book, filled with the rich stuff of life that transcends all national or racial boundaries. The contrast between East and West is unusually well done and interesting.

No Lack of Variety

What other novels are there to be read, leaving the alluring subject of the Orient for a moment? The range, as usual, is wide; one may learn of the intimate life of Eskimos, or read about Russia before the Revolution, or study the Old South through the eyes of one of its sons, or follow the fortunes of a modern girl. The variety is really almost endless, even if there do not seem to be any masterpieces among the current output. Peter Freuchen, who is a Dane by birth, has written a long novel called *Eskimo* (Liveright, $3), which is the saga of a dying race, the familiar story of a primitive people in contact with civilization and unable to withstand the impact. Freuchen has lived among the Eskimos for years; his first wife was an Eskimo, and he declares she was the noblest spirit he has ever met. There are many harrowing physical details in the novel, and it is undoubtedly longer than it needed to be, but it has dignity and importance, which it attains to some extent through the obvious sincerity of the author. A. Paul Maerker has done the translation and there is a foreword by Rockwell Kent. It is a strange thing, this blighting effect of an alien civilization upon peoples who have worked out a wholly satisfactory pattern of life; one often wonders what we have to offer them in exchange for what we take away.

Novels About Russia

Three new novels on Russia are at hand, and there is also much talk about Boris Pilnyak's visit to this country, Pilnyak being one of the Russians signed up by Ray Long, editor of the *Cosmopolitan* during a recent visit to the land of the Soviets. Two of Pilnyak's books have been published in this country, a collection of short stories dating back several years, and a novel called *The Naked Year*. He is a realist; just what Mr. Hearst's readers will make of his work, unless he changes his manner, remains to be seen. One would hardly pick him as a popular author for America. Of the Russian novels mentioned, one is concerned with the contemporary scene, Panteleimon Romanof's *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings* (Scribner, $2.50), a stirring discussion of the plight of gentlefolk under Soviet Rule. A couple is set down in the midst of a crowded apartment house; their struggle to retain the decencies of life make the story. The title is from the cynical remark of a Russian engineer, to the effect that the price of any woman in the country is three pairs of silk stockings. Romanof has also written a remarkable volume of short stories of contemporary Russia called *Without Cherry Blossom*, which has not yet been brought out in this country. It was published last year in England, where the Landscaper had the pleasure of reading it. Of the remaining two novels, Nikolai Gubsky's *City of White Night* (Norton, $2.50), is a story of St. Petersburg in 1910, and concerns itself with one Kanshin's love for two women, Lydia and Katya. It was written in English, Gubsky having taken refuge in England and mastered the language, and it will appeal to those who know and like Russian classical literature; its greatest similarity is with the works of Gogol, since it is filled with humor. It retains the true Russian flavor, and has won high praise from many distinguished English critics. The other Russian novel is Ivan Nazhivin's *The Dogs* (Lippincott, $2.50), which is a story of life on a great estate before and during the Revolution, the break-up of a civilization is told in terms of the fate of dogs of different breeds. Nazhivin is another refugee, a distinguished author in the older tradition of Russian literature.

The Domestic Product

HAVING made these widespread excursions, let us see what there is to be read about our own country. Gertrude Atherton's *The Sophisticates* (Liveright, $2), is a successful take-off on some of our fads and fancies, not a great piece of literary work, but a highly entertaining novel, with a good many shrewd hits. Howard W. Odum's *Cold Blue Moon* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), continues the story of the Black Ulysses of *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and *Wings on My Feet*, although in the new book Left Wing Gordon is the narrator, rather than the principal actor. Wing tells the tale of an old Southern house, Big House Hall, to a group of laborers with whom he is repairing the place for Northern purchasers; he revives ghosts, sings a few songs, and runs on and on in his curious monologue. The book contains some astonishingly vivid pictures of the ante-bellum South, and the literary method continues to be interesting, but somehow the thing doesn't quite "jell"; there is a mixture of sociology that does not hit it off with the poetical content of the volume. One suspects that it should have remained a bit longer in the author's mind for clarification and crystallization.

The Landscaper has so often expressed his enthusiasm for the work of Robert Nathan that it may not be necessary to say much about Mr. Nathan's new novel, *The Orchid* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2), except to advise its immediate reading. *The Orchid* is the story of springtime in New York — particularly in Central Park — and its effect upon a small group of people, several of them artists of one kind or another. The artists prove themselves practical, and the business people utterly impractical, which is the point of the story, and typical of Mr. Nathan's gently ironical way of looking at life. Of Mr. Nathan's art, it may be said that his reach never exceeds his grasp; he knows exactly what he wishes to do, and does it perfectly. The result has been a series of small masterpieces, such as *Jonah*, *The Bishop's Wife*, and the present volume, not to mention others. His work is not for every one, but those who can enjoy it will be thankful that it is being done in their lifetimes. *The Orchid* is a beautiful book, with the beauty of a well-cut cameo, and the comparison is no sooner made than one realizes the futility of it, for the book has life.

The Seamier Side

It is a far cry from the attitude of Mr. Nathan, who can gird at the faults of our civilization without raising his voice, to the hard-boiled point of view of such grim realists as John Held, Jr., William R. Lipman, and Donald Henderson Clarke. Mr. Held's *Women Are Necessary* (Vanguard, $2), is the bitter story of a girl who falls in love with an artist and eventually becomes a prostitute, a stripped, bare narrative that has power, although it is faulty in its portrayal of character. Mr. Lipman's *The Night is Long* (Washburn, $2), tells the tale of Sylvia Carlotta, a night-club entertainer, beginning with her success on Broadway and pursuing her career backward, a sordid novel, but one that displays no small knowledge of the world in which it is set; the talk sounds authentic, and there is no dirt for dirt's sake, so far as the Landscaper can discover. Mr. Clarke, who started the red-haired *Millie* on her way some months ago, has written another best-seller in *Impatient Virgin* (Vanguard), which is mentioned here for two reasons, first because it contains significant information concerning the attitude of a good many girls of the present day toward sexual promiscuity, and second, because it shows how far we have progressed in treating certain intimate matters with complete frankness. Notice has just been served that several classics are now to be admitted to this country; it would have been too ridiculous to keep Boccaccio out with *Impatient Virgins* being produced at home. There has been a flood of somewhat pornographic novels this spring; apparently some publishers, beset by hard times, have returned to what seems an infallible formula. . . .

Good Short Stories, Too

Other novels of the American scene that are not altogether flattering to our vanity are Frances Ogilvie's *Green Bondage* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), a good first novel of the tobacco country in Kentucky, which shows a thorough knowledge of the situation; and *Lumber* by Louis Colman (Little, Brown, $2), another good first novel, this time of the lumber worker in the Northwest, and his efforts to make a living for himself and his wife. There are also some volumes of American short stories at hand, including Pernet Patterson's *The Road to Canaan* (Minton, Balch, $2), which contains "Buttin' Blood," one of the best of recent tales of Negro life, along with a number of others of high quality. Mr. Patterson died last Autumn at the outset of his career; he had shown a splendid grasp of the life of the Southern Negro, and would almost certainly have had something to say in novels if he had lived. Octavus Roy Cohen's *Lillies of the Alley* (Appleton, $2), is another collection of stories in the familiar Cohen vein, purely formula stuff, in which punning titles play a large part, and bearing no relation whatever to Negro life or character. The Cohen book is worth looking at for the sake of the rhapsodies on the jacket in which Mr. Cohen is hailed as the great depictor of Negro character, praise which he would probably be the first to scorn. He is a highly successful manufacturer of what the public wants in the way of Negro stories, and is about as deeply imbued with knowledge of the race as Amos 'n' Andy.

A Novel of the Gypsies

THOSE readers who enjoyed Lady Eleanor Smith's *Red Wagon* last year will find her *Flamenco* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), an even better novel. Lady Eleanor, who is the daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead, has two principal interests in life, circuses and gypsies. Her first novel was about a circus, her second is about gypsies, *flamenco* being the Spanish word that means gypsy-like — of or pertaining to gypsies. If an aside may be permitted, the word has a curious history, for, as might be suspected, it is connected with Flemish. When the Spanish armies were finally driven from the Netherlands, they broke and scattered, many of the soldiers becoming idlers and wanderers, living, in other words, like gypsies. They were those who had been among the Flemings; *flamenco* was first applied to them and to their ways, and later to the gypsies. Lady Eleanor's new novel tells the story of Camila, a *gitana* from Andalusia, the daughter of Lobo, a gypsy chieftain. Camila is sold to Richard Lovell, an Englishman, and eventually becomes the storm-center of the family, the cyclone of passion involving Lovell himself and two sons. The story itself is excellent, the characters well-drawn, and the gypsy-lore authentic; altogether a distinguished and interesting novel, and a further revelation of a considerable new talent in English fiction. And a fit companion for it is *Fay's Circus* by Katharine Susannah Prichard (Norton, $2), the story of a small travelling circus in Australia done with fidelity and readability. Miss Prichard wrote *Coonardoo* a season or so ago.

This does not exhaust the available supply of fiction, but other matters must be attended to. It may be well to note that George Moore's latest novel, *Aphrodite in Aulis*, is now available in an unlimited edition at $2.50, under the Brentano imprint; it is hardly the best thing its author has ever done, this story of classic Greece, but its beauty of style will comfort those who enjoy a mastery of words.

Conditions in America

An unusually large number of books with direct bearing upon the existing state of affairs in this country is available just now and many more are in prospect. This is to be expected, for even when we were sailing along with every inch of canvas set and drawing back in 1928–29, there were those who did not think all was well and hesitated not to say so. Now that we are hard aground, it is natural enough for the Jeremiahs to get busy. An optimistic book, on the whole, however, is *The Quest for Social Justice, 1898–1914* by Harold Underwood Faulkner (Macmillan, $4), which is the latest addition to a splendid History of American Life. There are to be twelve volumes when the set is finished; seven are now available, although the chronological order has not been followed, Mr. Faulkner's book being Volume XI. It is a history of the struggle for social justice in all its phases, a struggle that has not been without its important victories; at least, we have come a long way from the time when materialism seemed likely to swamp us altogether. This volume, like its predecessors, is history from the human interest angle; it may be read with pleasure, or used as a textbook. Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox are the general editors of the series of which it is a part.

Cheers for Marx

Norman Thomas's *America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy* (Macmillan, $2.50), is a Socialist's plan for this country to find its way out of existing difficulties. The answer, in brief, is, according to Mr. Thomas, a planned economic order, somewhat along the lines of the Russian scheme. Consumers must be organized, producing masses must be organized, citizens must be organized politically, and everyone inspired with Marxian ideals. A large order, it would seem, but Mr. Thomas is worth reading; he seems far more important to some of us as a human being than the principles he advocates. There are those, the Landscaper among them, who shudder at the thought of more organization, more mass action — what the country really seems to need is a lot of first-class hermits. The thoroughly Thorovian notion that the individual is the beginning- point of all reforms cannot be overlooked; an honest society can only be made up of honest individuals, and honesty begins at home.

In case Mr. Thomas's book isn't enough to send your blood-pressure soaring, read Louis Adamic's *Dynamite*, published by the Viking Press, and a history of industrial violence in this country, written by a man who has collected much of his material at first hand as an itinerant worker. Mr. Adamic believes that American workmen are turning to Communism, leaving Socialism completely out of the picture. He prophesies serious labor troubles in the United States during the next decade unless Capitalism produces men capable of dealing fairly with the situation. His principal remedies are a twenty-five hour week and higher wages. There is a lot of good stuff in this book, disagree with some of it as we will; it would not do any harm if every large employer of labor in the country read it and pondered it.

More Praise for Socialism

ANOTHER volume on somewhat the same general subject, which advocates Socialism as a relief for our ailments, is *Your Job and Your Pay*, by Katherine H. Pollak and Tom Tippett (Vanguard, $2), both authors being teachers in the Brookwood Labor College and trained social workers as well. Of course, there are many people who are without jobs or pay just now, but paradoxically enough, this merely heightens the importance of the book. One of the most disturbing books of this kind that has appeared lately is Clinch Calkins's *Some People Won't Work* (Harcourt, Brace), and any one who cares to pursue these matters further would do well to read it. Also for those who are interested in the people who do the work of the world is *The Black Worker* by Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris (Columbia University Press, $4.50), a full and detailed study of the present situation of the Negro in American industry, of especial importance because it covers the period of the great shift from Southern farms to Northern and Western mills and factories, a change that has already had a profound effect upon the whole racial question. This is a good time to estimate the effects of the exodus, now temporarily, at least, at an end, because of the depression.

Americans as Anti-Semites

STILL another phase of life in America is covered in *Christians Only* by Heywood Broun and George Britt (Vanguard, $2.50), a study of Anti-Semitism in all its phases that may well be read by both Jew and Gentile. *Big Town* by Philip McKee, with a preface by Sherwood Anderson (John Day), is an impressionistic picture of an American city, more or less typical, and not done in many rosy colors, but recognizably faithful. These "big towns" are a peculiarly American product, and therefore especially interesting. Sociologists may learn something from Mr. McKee's book, a sketchier *Middletown;* intelligent readers will certainly find it worth perusing. Most of the books mentioned in this section of the Landscape are critical of our civilization; perhaps it would be well to sound at least one optimistic note by saying a word or two about a volume called *Mr. Justice Holmes*, edited by Felix Frankfurter and published by Coward-McCann. It contains articles by Benjamin N. Cardozo, Mr. Frankfurter, Morris Cohen, Learned Hand, Walter Lippmann, Harold J. Laski and others, in praise of the work of our most distinguished member of the Supreme Bench. No country that can produce a Holmes need despair, but it would help us to find out how to speed up production; unfortunately Henry Fords are helpless when it comes to such really vital problems.

Mr. Seabrook Is Back

THOSE who have had enough of such serious and immediate matters as labor problems in the United

States do not lack for choice literature of escape at present. The redoubtable William Seabrook is again with us; this time the book is *Jungle Ways* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), the account of Mr. Seabrook's explorations in Africa, including his investigation of primitive magic and sorcery there. In 1929, Mr. Seabrook went to the Ivory Coast, where he spent some months. Later he went to live among the Gueré cannibals. He also investigated life in Timbuctoo, and among the Habbe, a cliff-dwelling and phallus-worshipping people to the east. There are many excellent illustrations and the text is as exciting as usual; Mr. Seabrook has a way with him when it comes to primitive people, and manages to see much that would be hidden from the eye of the ordinary traveller.

Sea-lovers will find a great deal to interest them in Alan J. Villiers' *Vanished Fleets* (Holt, $3.50), which is, in effect, a maritime history of Tasmania in the very early days, with chapters on whaling, convict ships, Hobart-built clippers, and many other interesting topics, including sketches of some of the outstanding personalities in the island's history. Mr. Villiers can write, as those who recall his *Falmouth for Orders* and *By Way of Cape Horn* already know; in *Vanished Fleets* he has found sympathetic material and he has done an invaluable bit of sea history just in time to save the material from everlasting oblivion. *Atlantic Circle: Around the Ocean With the Winds and Tides* by Leonard Outhwaite (Scribner, $3.50), is another book for lovers of the sea. It describes a 14,000-mile journey in a small schooner.

Travelling on Foot

A REALLY unusual travel book is Marcel Aurousseau's *Highway Into Spain* (Alfred King, $3.50), which the Landscaper read in manuscript some months ago. Mr. Aurousseau is not French, as his name would indicate, but Australian. His book is an account of a walking trip with a friend from Paris through the heart of France and into Spain as far as Madrid. The two men were fifty-two days on the road. They took the luck of the road so far as accommodations were concerned, and they did not "bone up" the countries they visited, their notion being to get fresh impressions, in which they were successful. Walking, one has time to observe and to cogitate, so there is a right Borrovian quality to *Highway Into Spain.* One will learn less about Spain from it than from other books, but a good deal about people, and particularly about the author. This is a long book, and not to be swallowed whole, perhaps, but there is much good and thoughtful reading in it, and the mere fact that the journey was taken is heartening — there is some one left in the world willing to use the two feet God gave him to move himself from one place to another. Other forms of transportation are unsatisfactory substitutes; there is the same difference in walking over a country and riding over it as there is between carving something out of a piece of wood with one's hands and running a machine to do the same thing. The spirit simply refuses to accept the substitute at its face value.

In Silver Seas and Golden Cities (Liveright, $3.50), Frances Parkinson Keyes has written an agreeably chatty and informative book about Portugal, Spain, and the South American countries. Her style is easy and unpretentious, and she is the sort of romantic traveller many people enjoy reading. In Spain she saw Alfonso, whom she admired; she had the necessary number of adventures on the long journey, and knew how to make literary use of them. The Landscaper shares her admiration of Alfonso, although he runs the risk of losing some Republican friends in Spain in making such a brash statement. It isn't the King that is the matter with Spain; the trouble strikes far deeper and would not be cured by a change in the form of government, certainly not a change that implied a control by the intellectuals of the nation, who are just as charming and just as ineffectual as the intellectuals of any other nation.

Essays About Mexico

WITH A steadily rising interest in Mexico, the publication of a volume of admirable essays called *The Genius of Mexico* by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin-America, should interest many intelligent Americans. The volume is made up of lectures delivered at the Fifth Seminar in Mexico City in 1930, and covers the broadest possible field. Hubert C. Herring and Katherine Terrill are the editors. The book should prove itself indispensable for prospective visitors to the country who really wish to know something about it.

A recent work of a biographical nature that has the widest possible general interest is *My Story* by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), which will have been discussed from one end of the country to the other by the time these words reach print. Mrs. Rinehart has had a remarkable career; she has made a tremendous lot of money out of her writing without neglecting her home and her husband; and two of her sons are among the rising young publishers of America, while a third is giving all his time to writing after several years of experience in publishing. She has worked with enormous energy all these years and has had honors and thrilling experiences without end. Her story is told simply, honestly and candidly and should prove entertaining as well as inspiring reading to almost any one.

A Poet's Love-Affair

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY of an altogether different sort is *World Without End* by Helen Thomas (Harper), the strangely moving account of her life with Edward Thomas, the English poet who was killed at Gallipoli. The first part of the book appeared in 1927. It was called *As It Was*, and signed simply "H. T." Many people were shocked by its frankness, although it had the quality of a pagan idyll, and could have distressed no one except those unfortunates who can not look upon a nude statue without ardently desiring to clothe it. *As it Was* is reprinted here in its entirety, and the rest of the story is told. It is a beautiful love story, and worthy to be read for long years to come.

Another autobiography that required no small amount of honesty and self-forgetfulness to write is *The Recovery of Myself* by Marion King (Yale University Press, $2), which has an introduction by Dr. Adolf Meyer of Johns Hopkins University. Miss King was taken to a sanitarium for nervous and mental diseases after she had swallowed an overdose of veronal, and her book recounts her struggle back into sanity. It is different from most narratives of this kind in that Miss King was in good hands from the first and was helped along the right path; this makes for less dramatic interest than is to be found in such books as Clifford Whittingham Beers's *The Mind That Found Itself*, but it is no less important for this reason. Psychiatry's hardest fight has been to persuade the public to regard nervous and mental disease calmly, and to realize that psychic upsets contain no reproach, but are as much a part of life as broken legs or common colds. Miss King's honest book should help other sufferers toward a sound attitude. Its interest to the profession goes without saying, as any first-hand document of the sort is sure of a welcome.

And Many Biographies

Among more formal biographies are to be found lives of Schopenhauer, Wordsworth, Abraham Cowley, Light Horse Harry Lee, and others. V. J. McGill, who wrote *August Strindberg, the Bedevilled Viking*, is responsible for the lively portrait of Schopenhauer, which is subtitled *Pagan and Pessimist* (Brentano, $4). This is Schopenhauer, the witty man of the world, as well as the pessimistic philosopher who created a far-flung system of thought. Herbert Read's *Wordsworth* (Cape and Smith, $3), is a biography and critical study combined, in which Mr. Read argues that the Wordsworthian nature-worship was all wrong, but that the purely aesthetic qualities of the poetry give it enduring value. *Abraham Cowley: The Muse's Hannibal*, is the work of Arthur H. Nethercroft (Oxford University Press, $4.25). Cowley, it seems, was one of those universal men, and is here written of as much more than a metaphysical poet, for he was also playwright, Royalist spy, physician, scientist, and so on. Thomas Boyd has done a fine book in his *Light Horse Harry Lee* (Scribner, $3.50). This Lee was the father of Robert E. Lee; he was one of the most brilliant figures of Colonial days, a soldier and politician, who had long years of success when the world seemed to smile upon him, but who ended his days under a shadow of disappointment and failure. He has been painted by Mr. Boyd against an excellent panorama of the times.

Gamaliel Bradford has done a whole book of psychographs in *The Quick and the Dead* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). His subjects range from Lenin to Roosevelt, and include, besides these two, Coolidge, Ford, Edison, Mussolini, and Wilson. It is a little too much to expect of any one man that he should entirely comprehend the genius of such a widely assorted group, but Mr. Bradford has the uncanny faculty of hitting off good sketches, and the worst that may be said for this lot is that some of them may furnish material for argument.

A Master of Tammany

The current interest in Tammany Hall's activities gives special point to the publication of *Master of Manhattan: The Life Story of Richard*

Croker (Longmans, Green, $3.50); this is a good piece of work, and one wishes that every New Yorker would read it and think about it — this would leave the city in the hands of the Tiger, however, for the Tiger's hold is on people who neither read nor think and on people who have much money and wish to avoid the complications that might ensue if a reform administration came into power. This remark may seem cynical, and perhaps it is, but the Landscaper is of the firm opinion that political organizations such as Tammany are kept in power because they systematize matters; at worst, one knows to whom to pay the graft, and is reasonably sure of not being double-crossed.

It is an accident that one of the most exciting books of recent months has wandered off to the end of the biography section. This is *Savage Messiah* (Knopf, $5), by H. S. Ede, the life story of the sculptor, Gaudier-Brzeska and his companion, Sophie Brzeska, whose name he added to his own. Henri Gaudier was all artist; he was many years younger than Brzeska when they began living together. They spent a life of tremendous emotional content, explosions and reconciliations, and all that, and Mr. Ede, treating the whole matter with commendable objectivity, offers a rare study of the artistic temperament at close range and also of the eternal clash between male and female, intensified in the case of artists. This is a remarkable book, and will well repay reading.

New Keys to the Riddle

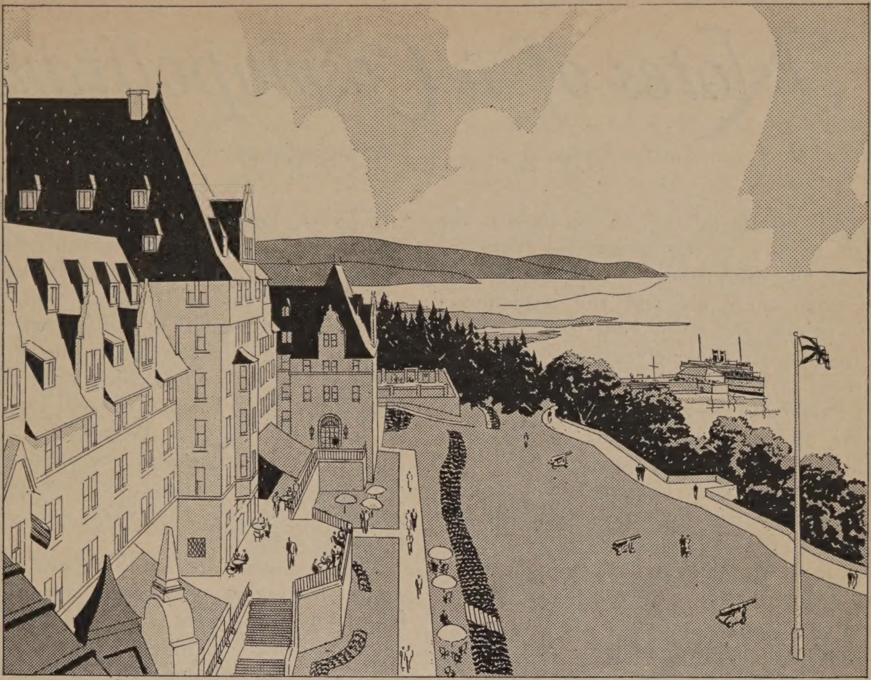
PSYCHOLOGISTS continue to do their bit toward helping us to find answers to the Great Riddle. H. A. Overstreet, one of the most popular of the higher grade writers in this field, offers a thought-provoking volume in *The Enduring Quest: A Search for a Philosophy of Life* (Norton, $3), which is an attempt to work out a philosophy that takes into full account all the recent revelations of science. How successful the attempt is depends too much upon the individual for the Landscaper to try to pass judgment. *God Helps Those . . .* by Dr. Fritz Kunkel (Washburn, $3), exponent of the Adlerian theories, is a book on psychology and the development of character that seems refreshingly common-sense. *A Primer for Mothers* by Dr. William Stekel (Macaulay, $3.50), is made up of a series of letters to a mother, giving rules for the psychological care of the child from earliest infancy to maturity. Dr. Stekel is an eminent psychoanalyst, who has put the fruits of his long experience into the present volume, which, while it is directed primarily to German and Austrian mothers, contains much that should be of service anywhere. Complex-free children ought to be possible with this guidance. *Sin and Sex* by Robert Briffault, author of the huge two-volume work on *The Mothers*, is also published by Macaulay, and treats of the curiously world-wide association of the two nouns used in his title. There is no ground-breaking here, for most of us know by this time that moral conventions differ very widely in different countries and different periods, and that Man is highly illogical about the exercise of the sexual functions. What to do to improve matters is something else again; *mores* are *mores* and they are not changed by taking thought.

At the other extreme from these volumes, since its author thinks we must discard Science as a guide to human conduct, or at least curb its sweeping claims to omniscience, is Arnold Lunn's *The Flight from Reason* (Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, $3.50), which is subtitled: *An Examination of the Victorian Heresy.* "It," says the blurb, "sounds the requiem for dogmatic materialism." Somebody is forever sounding the requiem for such disagreeable things as dogmatic materialism, but the corpse refuses to remain buried.

Space grows short and there are several important books still to be mentioned, including *Enter the Actress* by Rosamond Gilder (Houghton Mifflin, $5), the history of acting from the female point of view, and a fascinating study, with plenty of emphasis upon personalities, and many good illustrations. There is also a nonsense history of England called *1066 And All That,* by W. C. Sellars and R. J. Yeatman (Dutton, $1.75), which has been highly praised by F. P. A., Alexander Woollcott, and others, and which is genuinely funny; and there is a book of good light verse called *Manhattans, Bronxes and Queens,* by Wilfred J. Funk (McBride) — Mr. Funk being the head of the publishing house of Funk and Wagnalls.

* * *

An Old-World Atmosphere in a Gorgeous Mountain Setting



MANOIR RICHELIEU

at Murray Bay, Province of Quebec

WAKING at dawn with the scent of balsam and the tang of the sea filling your bedroom, you may watch the serene light of the sunrise transforming the vast reaches of the St. Lawrence River. That gilded, becalmed schooner might be Jacques Cartier's "*La Grande Hermine*" lying-to in the bay—the thought belied by the faint plume of smoke from a distant ocean greyhound headed for Quebec.

At the breakfast table—the river you caught sleeping now defiantly blue, its waters dancing beneath the opened casements—you plan your day. A round on the famous Manoir links, high up in the hills, or a few sets of tennis on wonderful *en-tous-cas* courts, followed by a plunge in the large outdoor swimming pool where at noon-day fashionable Murray Bay foregathers. In the afternoon, perhaps a drive in the picturesque countryside or a gallop through wooded bridle paths before dressing for dinner. Later, dancing, and a stroll on the terrace beneath the stars and the pale flicker of the northern lights.

We would like to send you an illustrated booklet describing the beauty and a little of the history of this northern paradise in French-Canada. A pamphlet entitled "*Freedom from Hay-Fever at Murray Bay*" may also interest you or a friend. Both will be mailed gladly on request.

CANADA · STEAMSHIP · LINES

715 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL, QUE.

OPERATING A FLEET OF LUXURIOUS PASSENGER
STEAMERS FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO THE SAGUENAY

MR202

Agents in the Leading Cities of Canada and the United States . . . or your own Tourist Agent

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

There is no use talking. If you have never been to any of our wonderful National Parks, you cannot begin to appreciate how many of them there are and the tremendous amount of beauty and enjoyment that has been reserved in them for your recreation. One key to all this stored up treasure may be said to be the Northern Pacific Railway, which carries you to these parks of yours, and another is found in those famous Dude Ranches that you have read about, that your friends have told you about, and that someday without doubt you will discover for yourself. They spot the Greater Yellowstone country in Montana and Wyoming as thick as the polka dots that once decked the sunbonnet of the women pioneers, and offer you that refuge from the conventional mode of living that usually haunts your travels, because, if you choose to throw your lot with them you are expected to follow that simple way of living that the West has always lived. It is a life filled from sun-up to starshine with the freshness and inspiration of the great out-doors. You may hike, hunt, fish, ride, or just "sit and think, but mostly sit" if you feel like it, and the pines and the mountains and the streams will just go on about their business and not even notice that you are there. This may surprise you at first, for you will seem quite important when you arrive, but when you leave you will be glad that you were allowed just to sit around and look at them.

Life on a Dude Ranch

Living on a Dude Ranch, you will agree after you have been there, is a great experience. These ranches do not accommodate a great many people — anywhere from eight or ten to fifty as a general thing — and many of them allow their guests the opportunity of entering right into the activities of normal ranch life — branding cattle, roping and driving them, and even stacking hay if they want to swing a wicked pitchfork. And of course everybody rides from dawn to dusk. Sometimes the ranches are composed of a main camp with smaller log cabins clustering about like so many timid, small chicks round their mother, or there may be tent cottages. Again there is just one large ranch house, but the astonishing thing about them is that they have all been made so comfortable, for many of them have baths, electric lights, heat and all modern conveniences. This seems the more remarkable because the surroundings are so very wild and untamed.

Even the names of these ranches read like a romantic encyclopedia of the old west. Absaroka, for that virile tribe of redmen who were at home there so long before ourselves, Lazy Bar, Double Bar, Dot S Dot, Elephant Head, Hell's Canyon, all kinds of triangles, Wigwam, Trapper, Red Rim, Seven Up. The only one missing, I believe, is Bloody Gulch. But even so they paint a vivid picture of the days that were, and you will like them the better for it.

These ranches are found tucked away in the mountains and woods, beside streams and quiet lakes in what is known as the Greater Yellowstone country, which includes Yellowstone National Park and parts of the great national parks that border them: the Absaroka and Beartooth in Montana and Wyoming on the north and east and the Shoshone and Teton in Wyoming and Idaho on the south.

Along the Cody Road

Through the Shoshone country runs Cody Road. It is named for Buffalo Bill, and even if you never watched that picturesque old ranger in his Wild West Show pop off glass balls that were thrown in the air as he rode his little mustang at full tilt, you will gather a very satisfactory impression of his background from travelling over this unique road, which is becoming almost as famous as its namesake. This road starts at Cody, Buffalo Bill's home town, where there is a Buffalo Bill Museum, then winds on up to the mountains along the Shoshone river. When you think there is no possible way to pass the solid mountains all about, the Shoshone River, clever as the old Indians for whom it was named, finds a way and seems to have hewn itself a course from solid granite. Along this tortuous canyon the Cody Road runs, making hairpin turns, diving through tunnels bored through the rock and seeming to hang by sheer tenacity to the cliffs above the roaring stream. After five miles of this climbing, the big government irrigation dam affords a few moments' respite, but on and on winds the Cody Road through the Shoshone National Forest to Yellowstone Lake, where this ninety miles of remarkable scenery finally draws to an end.

Where Cow-boys Still Punch Cattle

If you prefer a vacation in the more open plains country, that section of southeastern Montana and the Custer National Forest often referred to as the "Big Horn Country" because once the domain of countless buffalo and antelope, offers any number of up-to-date Dude Ranches which combine the business of raising cattle and sheep with the more gentle art of entertaining summer visitors — and the two seem to get along together famously.

Six national forests grace the Gallatin-Madison Country, which with its streams and game and mountains lends zest to this vast vacation land. In this section too, lies a huge petrified forest with its hundreds of trees turned to stone. The Helena Country in Montana with its picturesque ghost towns of mining days, Big Snowy Mountains, and Ice Cave, as well as the Bitter Root Country with its French and Indian names, and the Swan Lake Country — all are simply honeycombed with Dude Ranches, each one offering its particular attractions.

When you visit a Dude Ranch you open the door to new and inspiring experiences, for life on a ranch is spontaneous and interesting, and no one can find himself on friendly terms with the natural wonder and beauty of our national parks, which the Dude Ranches make pleasantly accessible, without benefiting immeasurably.

Tintagel — A Romantic Bit of England

It is not easy to settle on that place which most of all means England to you even after you have spent ever so much time searching it out to your satisfaction, but there are always certain places which fix themselves in your memory as meaning something very much in particular to you. One of these places, in my experience, clings fast to the shelving rocks of the Cornish coast — Tintagel. As we drove out to this veritable land's end, our usually agreeable English chauffeur set up a fearful grumbling. Whatever was bringing us out to this God-forsaken spot was beyond him. Now there was Clovelly, just a run further on that was "quaint" as you might call it, and everybody wanted to go there, but Tintagel! He almost snorted. When we drew up before the austere looking hotel with a handful of people rattling round in its great huge rooms, and found that if a window was opened so much as a crack the wind nearly carried you away, we began to wonder a little ourselves as to why we had come. We turned our backs on the hotel. Through a small aperture in a low wall we walked briskly, then came to a

Single room with bath from $4.00
Double " " " " 5.00
European Plan
Excellent garage adjacent
Management of
WILLIAM P. LYLE

HOTEL SOMERSET

400 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

● In the quiet Back Bay District. Central location, homelike atmosphere, especially attractive to ladies traveling alone. Within seven minutes of business and shopping centers. Large airy rooms with ample closet space and bath overlook Fenway Park and Charles River.

By Way of Introduction

Chester T. Crowell (*Measuring in Millionths*), whose name is familiar to most readers of magazines, was once a newspaper editor.

Ralph Aiken (*More Machines*) has operated many different kinds of machines from lawn mowers and baby carriages to turret lathes and linotypes.

James Noble Gifford (*The Man with a Bullet Hole in His Hat*) has contributed articles recently to this magazine.

Richard L. Strout (*Legal Reform Is at Hand*), a graduate of Harvard, has done newspaper work in England, and now writes for the *Christian Science Monitor.* In addition he studies America's efforts to cope with crime.

William C. Murphy, Jr. (*Senator Reed*), a contributor to a variety of magazines, was in the Washington Bureau of the *New York World* until "that ship was scuttled."

Albert Payson Terhune (*A Pre-Phonograph Record*) writes novels, short stories, verse, and magazine articles, as everyone knows.

Gerhard Hirschfeld (*Russia*), an American correspondent for many European publications, is an economist and a pianist.

M. C. Blackman (*The Last Friend*) is on the staff of the *Arkansas Gazette*, besides writing stories for the magazines.

Oliver McKee, Jr. (*The Yankee's Place in the Sun*), a newspaper man in contact with public life for some years, does not wish to give up the advantages of an independent newspaper observer for the glory of political office.

William McFee (*Usquebaugh*) is a novelist, once a sea-going engineer.

Samuel Scoville, Jr. (*Wood-Folk*) is a lawyer, author, and lecturer.

sudden halt. Below us dropped a sheer depth of so many feet that it took my breath and courage away all at once and I sat down and clutched the long grass to keep from fleeing. Down there in the valley below — a valley cleft as though by the mighty Excalibur itself — a wild sea fumed into a narrow inlet and swirled hungrily into the blackness of what is known as Merlin's Cave. Here in the dimness of legend King Arthur as a baby was found by the old magician.

King Arthur's Castle

On the rugged rocks rising high against the sky across the narrow valley, we saw the crenelated ruins of the walls of King Arthur's Castle, etched black against the sunset. Here the Knights of the Round Table were wont to gather, and in its courts many a brave lance was splintered in the joust. Here, mid all this ruin, Tennyson found inspiration for his *Idylls of the King*, and fancy still clothes the rock and its age-old ruins in a mystic glamor.

The key to the castle, which you reach by toiling up through the valley to a sketchy little bridge, is given you by a little old woman, who lives in a white cottage on the outskirts of all this grandeur, and bolsters up your courage by selling you lemonade. Clutching the key you go on up steps made for giants cut out of the rock and finally find yourself alone in the ruins of King Arthur's splendor. Only you are not alone. The air swarms with gulls — gray, dove, white and silver — screaming, wheeling, swooping and screaming again wildly and dismally until, intruder that you are, you creep meekly and with dispatch back to the little white cottage, surrender the key, and allow that, after all, you are still only a mortal.

In the Modern Manner

There are those who hold that moderns upset the scheme of things by going to extremes, but in one respect they have achieved an astonishingly even balance in bringing together the amenities of luxurious living and the simplicity of outdoor life and sport. There was a time when to gain the wisdom of the woods, one had to live like a Thoreau hidden away in the woods. There seemed no link between the primitive and the sophisticated. Marie Antoinette tried to bridge the gap when she tired of court life by playing at being a dairy maid deep in the cool green forest at Versailles, but without much success. In those days a life of elegance and ease was quite divorced from an outdoor life and one could combine the two only by some strange chance or adventure.

Happily for us the luxuries of life are available today not only in cities but in surroundings that are often of almost primeval vastness. We find this engaging combination exemplified for our pleasure in that historic spot some ninety miles east of Quebec where the copper-green turrets of the Manoir Richelieu proclaim themselves against the clear blue skies of Murray Bay.

Canadian Hospitality at Manoir Richelieu

HERE modern ingenuity has conspired with old-world grace to attain an ideal achievement. Manoir Richelieu, in its magnificent setting against the blue Laurentian hills on the banks of the broad St. Lawrence, offers the utmost in comfort and elegance. It is famed for its cuisine, and for its rare collection of Canadian pictures (lithographs, etchings, engravings and aquatints) which sketch with vivid strokes the vision of a notable historic background and satisfy a keener hunger. Music in the evening when the blue-black sky is strangely swept by the quivering sheen of the Aurora — dancing, cards, the crackle of birch logs in a cavernous French fireplace, soft laughter, the murmuring rise and fall of quiet conversation — these indoors.

But abroad in the freshness and sparkle of a Canadian summer morning you have at your disposal such an array of outdoor sports as to stir even the sluggard and set the sport-lover on the pinnacle of some seventh heaven. Swimming in a marvelous sunny salt-water pool, galloping off into the hills over pine-bordered trails, fishing for the unsuspecting trout, exploring the countryside and the quaint customs of the habitants who live as simply as their pioneer ancestors, golfing on a spectacular eighteen-hole course where silver birches line the fairways, tennis on championship courts — these and as many more diversions as you may invent to please yourself are some of the avenues which moderns follow to enjoy a well-rounded sense of life, balancing luxury indoors with simplicity in the open.

Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay may be reached by the large white ships of the Canada Steamship Company which sail through the Great Lakes from as far west as Duluth, making numerous stops enroute; by through trains from New York, Boston, Washington and Philadelphia; or, if you would go by motor, over a fine ninety mile stretch of road from Quebec.

That Sublime Spectacle — The Grand Canyon

NATURE has repeated so many of her wonders in different parts of the world that if we have seen one mighty snow-capped mountain, for

DOWN

to the sea

WHERE the wind blows free. Breathe deep the clean fresh air. Relax in the friendly hospitality and comfort of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. The children can amuse themselves in Sandy Cove . . . their very own playroom. You can snooze in the sun, or indulge in your favorite amusements, content in the knowledge of their contentment, for Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is as delightful to children as it is to grown-ups. Send the whole family down to the sea for a healthy and zestful vacation. Write for further information.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

Sometimes WE *are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it . . . This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests . . . would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner . . . and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation *(without surprise)*, no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*	The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH.	The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS.	The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J.	The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J.	The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J.	The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA.	The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y.	The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.	The Niagara
ERIE, PA.	The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO	The Portage
FLINT, MICH.	The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO.	The President
TUCSON, ARIZ.	El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA.	The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.	The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.	The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.	The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.	The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

instance, one stupendous waterfall, or one stretch of primeval jungle, we have a pretty fair idea of what the others we may see are going to look like. But Nature has carved one masterwork which exists alone in its strange and austere perfection, that may be seen in but one place in all the world — and that is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona.

When first you approach its rim and gaze deep into its depths or across to its farther side, you are utterly incredulous. You have never approached anything like its weird formations and glorious colors, even in imagination. They quite defy description. And yet there is one thing that as a child I thought extremely beautiful, that I was reminded of when I saw the Grand Canyon. When I was small we used to play in a pile of soft white sand, and when we could filch a little blueing from the kitchen or get hold of a package of dye that might have been left from coloring Easter eggs, we would dye dozens of little piles of sand in as many shades and colors. Then we poured the sand in bottles in layers, vying with each other to produce an effect most like the rainbow. When I saw the Grand Canyon, I thought of our precious rainbow sand bottles, and marvelled again at one color melting softly, imperceptibly into another.

Facts tell us that the Grand Canyon is more than a mile deep, ten to thirteen miles wide and two hundred miles long. Government circulars declare it "the greatest example of erosion ever discovered, and the most sublime spectacle in the world." Those who have seen much of the world and the Grand Canyon too, do not, in this instance, gainsay the government. It has been drawn into the magic circle of our National Parks, has the particular advantage of being open the whole year round, and a Santa Fe Pullman on the Grand Canyon Limited carries you to the very rim of the Canyon daily. Many people travel the southern route across the continent for the express purpose of stopping off for a day or two, at least, at the Grand Canyon, and those who do never regret it. Different climatic and atmospheric conditions change the whole panorama of the Canyon and lend an enchantment to the spectacle which never fades.

We Go into the Mysterious Black Forest

WHENEVER you plan an extended visit to Germany, you will probably begin by poring over a map and in a moment or two you will ask, "But where is the Black Forest?" It is inevitable. Everyone wishes to visit this enchanted spot. There is a certain fairy-like mystery associated with it and an undeniable attraction. Why should a forest be black, to begin with, you wonder. But in spite of its gloomy name, this great stretch of 2,500 square miles is as sunny and its people as cheery and happy as any you are likely to find. It actually begins about where the Rhine starts to flow west, a little above Lake Zurich, and it extends almost as far as Stuttgart. It is not so much its size, however, as its variety of aspect which enchants the visitor. Valleys, glacial lakes, and towering mountains seem to clamor for attention all at once. The gaze is bewildered with a plethora of beauty. Gradually though, the whole begins to take form as separate entities. You become aware of charming villas tucked away in quiet seclusion. Towards the south you trace on the hills the result of the patient labor of centuries in countless rows of terraced vineyards. Trees, instead of being one mass of dark green foliage, take on their individual entities, and you discern stately cypresses marching over the hills in company with the less regal nut trees, with chestnuts and even Japanese gringoes which grow in the valleys. Towns and cities, villages and people appear.

Here in the Black Forest you may stumble all unsuspecting on some little mountain village dating back to the third century when the German tribe of the Alemans broke through the wall of the Roman frontier and established itself in the Rhine valley and on the mountains of the Black Forest. Here you may see that intensely typical and picturesque habitation, the Black Forest house with its low-hanging, steep straw roof. This benevolent shelter covers not only the peasant's quarters but the hay supply for the cattle and the water wheel of the mill as well, just as it did some 2,500 years ago when the Celts and the Germans waged their successful argument with the Romans.

Our Friends the Cuckoo Clocks

PEOPLE in these parts are kindly and friendly. Many of them follow the calling of their ancestors and are lumberjacks. Others, those indefatigable craftsmen, are the carvers of cuckoo clocks. What would the world of children, and grown-ups as well for that matter, have done without these ingenious and cheerful reminders of passing hours? The world has been accustomed to many things made in Germany, but few articles have been more enjoyed and more prodigally broadcast than those carefully carved little brown clocks with their gay and unsuspected cuckoos which come from the Black Forest. Costumes worn by the peasants are quaint, as may be imagined, and they are topped off, in the case of the women, with gorgeous headgear.

Baden-Baden — An American Habit

MOST Americans who visit the Black Forest make straight for Baden-Baden. It is one of those indescribably delightful places whose normal population is in the neighborhood of 25,000, but whose guests between June and September are four times that number. Baden-Baden becomes a habit. Those who enjoy its luxury — and it has much that is glamorous to offer — go and stay for weeks at a time. It boasts an excellent eighteen-hole golf course. Tennis. A continuous round of entertainment at its gorgeous Kurhaus. Horse-races occupy its attention in August and the early part of September and draw a continuous procession of notables to its hotels. And sometimes those who go first to Baden-Baden discover the Black Forest. But each one to his taste.

On the Black Forest Railroad

WITH their usual systematic precision the government agencies and local travel clubs have made travel through this part of Germany exceedingly comfortable and pleasant. This is augmented by the friendliness of the people themselves, many of whom depend for their livelihood on tourist travel. One of the principal adjuncts to the accessibility of the Black Forest is the Black Forest Railroad. This follows the very highway which the Romans built across the mountains two thousand years ago, and may be traced by many of the ancient milestones. And so that you may penetrate its most remote districts, comfortable motor coaches covering these parts are operated also.

BY MOTOR THRU EUROPE
ALL EXPENSES $365
Price includes round trip ocean passage, motor transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, E 169. **THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.**
180 N. Michigan, Chicago 521 5th Ave. New York

HARRIS TWEED
The cream of Scotch Homespuns and aristocrat of all sports wear. Direct from the makers. Suit-lengths cut to order and sent postage paid. Patterns free on stating shade desired.
James St. Tweed Depot, 591 Stornoway, Scotland

In the June North American Review
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE FUTURE
by H. Carter Davidson
SUSPICION
by Ellis Parker Butler

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

Stories Without Women. By *Donn Byrne.* New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

Laid in various localities throughout the world, these episodes are dramatic and thrilling. That they are "without women" does not seem borne out by the text.

Up the Ladder of Gold. By *E. Phillips Oppenheim.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.00.

The novel, which has a rich man for its main character, deals mostly with individual power and gain as motives.

A Knight Comes Flying. By *Eustace L. Adams.* New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $2.00.

A young aviator turns to romance with a Florida setting.

Sunset Pass. By *Zane Grey.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

Not unlike *Lorna Doone* in its sweeping force and the sinister shadows that veil the activities of the Preston family.

Coronado's Children. By *J. Frank Dobie.* Dallas: The Southwest Press. $3.00.

A book nicely gotten up which describes the lost mines and buried treasures of the Southwest, including famous legends of New Mexico, Arizona and other places.

N by E. By *Rockwell Kent.* New York: Brewer and Warren. $3.50.

The record of the trip of the well-known artist in the direction of Greenland, with its near tragedy and high drama.

Seeing France. By *E. M. Newman.* New York: Funk and Wagnalls. $5.00.

The illustrations, the maps, and the tidy arrangement of this travel book by its conscientious author leave no doubt that it is a useful book for the would-be voyager.

Cross Roads in Ireland. By *Padraic Colum.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

The opening pages of this book, in bringing to light the background of Dean Swift's friendship for Stella, promise further interest and absorption in the book.

Successful Speculation in Common Stocks. By *William Law.* New York: Whittlesey House. $3.50.

A book which takes the position that it is the right of sensible people in the general run to want to invest in common stocks as an aid to expanding industry.

Rand McNally's World Atlas. Chicago: Rand McNally and Company. $2.50.

This is the newest handy atlas, based upon the 1930 United States census figures and upon the most recent authentic sources for foreign populations.

(*Continued from page VII*)

extremes of sentiment to which the bulls-at-the-top, bears-at-the-bottom traders go. Suppose, he said, that after the spring and summer we should decide there would be no more winter, and plant second crops in the fall after the first were harvested, using up all our seed. Suppose that after the winter we should decide there would be no more spring and summer, and fail to plant when the warm days came because we considered them temporary phenomena. It is common knowledge that many inexperienced persons do succeed, with triumphant ineptness, in handling their savings in just that exaggerated and disastrous fashion. On the other hand, many able men have conserved and added to their capital largely by recognizing these major cyclical swings and handling their funds accordingly; they have most of their money in government bonds when stocks are at the peak, and return to a larger proportion of speculative investments when they are at bottom.

Investment Trusts

IN LINE with the interest in buying for the upswing of the cycle, several specialized short-term investment trusts have been formed to appeal to investors. The purpose of these trusts is to accumulate securities now, and to sell out and dissolve at a stated date in the future when, they believe, substantial profits will have been made and the peak of the upswing will be at hand. The duration of such trusts may be from one to four or five years; two and three years are probably the favorite terms among the organizers. These trusts are offering participation in a speculation in the business cycle; to those who wish to participate they give management and diversification, in return of course for a fee. Their appeal is directed at those who either do not trust their own judgment or who are not satisfied with the degree of diversification they can obtain with their own funds. As a specialized field of speculation, they will doubtless appeal to a limited clientele, and perform their function properly where they are honestly and ably connected. However, participation in them is a poor substitute for genuine study and application of investment principles.

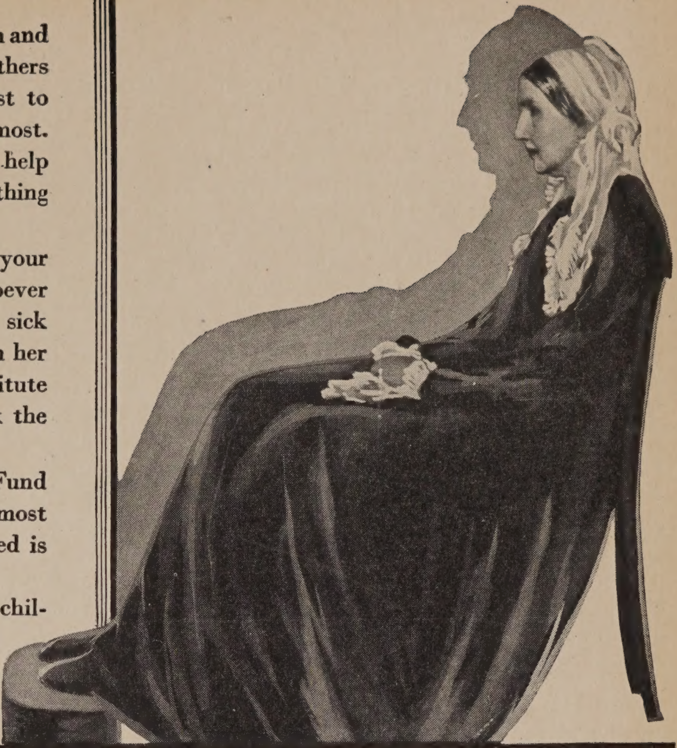
RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N. H.

IN times of financial depression and unemployment, widowed mothers and orphaned children are first to suffer—and silently, they suffer most. Thousands of them today need help —money help—for food and clothing and creature comforts.

It is for them that we ask your help this Mothers' Day. Whatsoever your mother would do for a sick neighbor or hungry child, do in her name for unemployed and destitute mothers and children who lack the comforts and necessities of life.

The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund will be distributed through the most efficient agencies where the need is most acute.

Give for mothers—for their children—the gift that will make them happiest.



A "GOLDEN RULE" MOTHERS' DAY

National Committee, Golden Rule Mothers' Fund

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt............*Honorary Chairman*
Mrs. John H. Finley............................*Chairman*
Mrs. Edgerton Parsons..........................*Secretary*

Miss Jane Addams
Mrs. J. G. Agar
Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth
Mrs. Clifford W. Barnes
Commander Evangeline Booth
Mrs. S. Parkes Cadman
Hon. Arthur Capper
Gov. Norman S. Case
Hon. James J. Davis
Mr. Robert W. DeForest
Gov. Joseph P. Ely
Gov. Louis L. Emmerson
Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr.
Mrs. Charles W. Gilkey
Mrs. Henry V. Gillmore
Mrs. Walter W. Head
Mrs. Charles S. Macfarland
Mrs. Walter H. Mallory
Mrs. M. C. Migel
Mr. William B. Millar
Mrs. William H. Moore
Major General John F. O'Ryan
Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen
Miss Ellen F. Pendleton
Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker
Mrs. Daniel A. Poling
Mr. William A. Prendergast
Mr. Frank Presbrey
Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr.
Mrs. William Gorham Rice
Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin
Mrs. J. T. Rourke
Mr. Oliver J. Sands
Mrs. Albert Shaw
Mrs. Robert E. Speer
Mrs. William Dick Sporborg
Mrs. Silas H. Strawn
Mrs. Henry A. Strong
Mrs. Arthur H. Sulzberger
Miss Lillian D. Wald
Mrs. J. P. Weyerhaeuser
Gov. George White
Hon. Ray Lyman Wilbur
Miss Mary E. Woolley

IN HONOR OF MOTHER—HELP OTHER MOTHERS

To The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund Committee
Lincoln Building, 60 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

I hereby subscribe______________________________Dollars to the GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND, to be applied by the Committee where most needed, unless specifically designated below.

*Signed*____

*Address*____

This gift is to be recorded in the name of__________________

and used for____

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION MARKED FOR "GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND"

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED
BY THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

WHAT A GLORIOUS TIME YOUNG FOLKS HAVE RANCHING!

Out West

When you want to get away from things that distort the lilt of life, cramp your style or just simply irk you—

You'll be welcome in Dude Ranch circles (informal) in the Montana-Wyoming Rockies.

Our book titled "Ranches"—please request your copy—will help you select the place to go and the Northern Pacific will take you there luxuriously.

This Album Free, on request.

Write or call our New York office, 560 Fifth Ave.,
'Phone Bryant 9-5490 or address E. E. Nelson, 440
Northern Pacific Railway, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

186-A

North Coast Limited

Newest of Transcontinental Trains

Res.

North American Review

June

B P L
MAY 21 1931

THESE PREGNANT THIRTIES
Struthers Burt on the Present Generation

Suspicion *A Story* . . . . Ellis Parker Butler
The Pension Racket . . . . Orland Kay Armstrong
Homes for the Asking . . . . William R. Draper
The University of the Future . . . . Carter Davidson

A SYMPOSIUM
on the opportunities in business and the professions
for this year's college graduates

Franklin Escher on Brokerage . . . Silas H. Strawn on Law . . . Samuel W. Reyburn on Merchandizing . . . Ralph Walker on Architecture . . . James G. Harbord on Radio . . . Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., on the Automobile Industry . . . Sigmund Spaeth on Music . . . Richard F. Hoyt on Aviation . . . Roy S. Durstine on Advertising . . . T. Swann Harding on Research . . . Brock Pemberton on the Theatre . . . Carl W. Ackerman on Journalism . . . Samuel W. Lambert on Medicine . . . F. D. Farrell on Farming . . . J. A. L. Waddell on Engineering . . . L. Seton Lindsay on Life Insurance . . . and Charles Jefferson on the Ministry

Departments by W. A. D., Barbara E. Scott,
John Pell *and* Herschel Brickell

FORTY CENTS A COPY *Founded in the year 1815* FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

THE UNSEEN

COURIERS

OF THE SPOKEN WORD

THE FAMILIAR TELEPHONE that stands upon your desk at the office or in your home is only a very small part of the great communication system that enables you to talk across the miles with such surprising ease.

Behind it are complicated exchanges, a carefully trained organization of more than four hundred thousand men and women and eighty million miles of wire. These are the forces that make efficient telephone service possible. These are the unseen couriers of the spoken word.

Tirelessly, day or night, without rest or sleep, the Bell System awaits but the lifting of the receiver to carry your voice to any one of thirty-two million other telephone users in this country and abroad, and on ships at sea. It is done so quickly and with so little trouble that few people stop to consider what goes on between the giving of the number and the completion of the call.

Some time every day—perhaps many times a day—you use some part of a telephone system that has taken fifty years and more than four thousand million dollars to build. The simple words "long distance," which you speak so casually into your telephone, place millions of dollars of equipment at your disposal. Yet the cost of a call from New York to Chicago is only three dollars and but a fraction of that for lesser distances.

Equipment of comparable cost is also needed to connect your home with the thousands or hundreds of thousands of other telephones in your town or city. Yet the charge for local service is only a few cents a day.

In relation to service rendered, the cost of the telephone is one of the smallest items in the monthly business and family budget. Few things purchased are of such real, constant and increasing value.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

WILLIAM ALTON DEWITT
Managing Editor

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

Volume 231 *June 1931* Number 6

Apéritif . . . . . . *W. A. D.* 481
These Pregnant Thirties . . . . . . *Struthers Burt* 484
Suspicion (Story) . . . . . . *Ellis Parker Butler* 492
I Pray (Poem) . . . . . . *Theda Kenyon* 500
The Pension Racket . . . . . . *Orland Kay Armstrong* 501
Homes for the Asking . . . . . . *William R. Draper* 508
The University of the Future . . . . . . *Carter Davidson* 513
A Symposium
  Brokerage . . . . . . *Franklin Escher* 519
  Law . . . . . . *Silas H. Strawn* 522
  Merchandizing . . . . . . *Samuel W. Reyburn* 524
  Architecture . . . . . . *Ralph Walker* 528
  Radio . . . . . . *James G. Harbord* 531
  The Automobile Industry . . . . . . *Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.* 534
  Music . . . . . . *Sigmund Spaeth* 536
  Aviation . . . . . . *Richard F. Hoyt* 539
  Advertising . . . . . . *Roy S. Durstine* 542
  Research . . . . . . *T. Swann Harding* 545
  Theatre . . . . . . *Brock Pemberton* 549
  Journalism . . . . . . *Carl W. Ackerman* 551
  Medicine . . . . . . *Samuel W. Lambert* 553
  Farming . . . . . . *F. D. Farrell* 557
  Engineering . . . . . . *J. A. L. Waddell* 560
  Life Insurance . . . . . . *L. Seton Lindsay* 562
  Ministry . . . . . . *Charles Edward Jefferson* 565
The Literary Landscape . . . . . . *Herschel Brickell* 568

Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
I. DAVIS, *Assistant Treasurer*

The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

Title registered U. S. Patent Office. The contents of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW are copyrighted. Republication is permissible only upon special request in each instance.

The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Prologue

The study of economics was begun several thousand years after the discovery of geometry, which partly accounts for the fact that the former is still far from being an exact science. There is another element of difference, however, the importance of which can not be overestimated. Geometric statistics are fixed and inelastic: even the rate of change in the motions of the celestial bodies is relatively constant. Business statistics, on the other hand are variable and often incalculable. Unlike the orbit of the moon, each new business cycle is different from all others which have gone before.

The failure to recognize this aspect of economics has contributed to the severity of the current depression. The post-war decade will come to be known as the chart era. Even the walls of our nurseries were cluttered with charts. We charted every moment of the past and notably failed to calculate the future. We placed our whole faith in balance sheets and earnings trends, forgetting that these figures only represented the results of the judgment of the men who formed the management of our industrial enterprises.

In view of the general overemphasis on statistics, I am going to attempt to devote this column very largely to certain aspects of the business scene which have little to do with statistics. It is, after all, the uncertainty of the future which has created a demand for financial forecasting.

The Business Cycle

For the past eighteen months we have been looking for the bottom of the cyclical depression. Not a week has passed but some financial prophet has predicted that the nadir was at hand. Each one has been disappointed. Setting aside statistical yardsticks, there is an interesting and illuminating analogy. Almost exactly a decade before th beginning of the current depression, anothe depression began. It is universally referred t as the depression of 1921.

The financial press has almost totall ignored one of the most important effec of the current depression. It has supplie what apparently a majority of our industri executives lacked — business educatio More attention is being paid to technic and mechanical improvement than fo many years past. Budgeting is being pra tised more than ever before. There is not a executive in the country but who ha profited immeasurably from the experienc of the past few months.

Like most of our troubles, depressions a based, very largely, on misconception Everybody is talking about the lack o business. As a matter of fact, it is not th lack of business which is hurting our corporations, but the lack of profits. I know th head of a sizable company who is actuall turning business away. He reasons that th more business you do at a loss the greater th loss will be.

The selling price of commodities has falle steadily since the summer of 1929, whi production costs have remained almo static. Before there is a return to prospe ity, either commodity prices will have to ri or production costs — wages — will have t fall. In the end there will be a combinatio of the two. Meanwhile financial prophe and speculators for the rise are exhibitin terror at the prospect of wage reduction As a matter of fact, if all salaries were c ten percent tomorrow, the return to pro perity would be inevitably hastened. Th current prominence of wage-cut rumou is in fact an indication that the depression reaching its culminating stages. In the lon run a given quantity and kind of service wi be remunerated with a given quantity commodities.

From The New Republic Dollar Series

PIATILETKA RUSSIA'S 5-Year Plan

by MICHAEL FARBMAN

"The work is one of the most impressive studies of Soviet economic affairs published abroad."
Soviet Union Review.

"A most informing and useful book on a burning question. It is commended to western statesmen, legislators and captains of industry."
Chicago News.

"He has produced an amazingly thorough and many sided estimate of the Soviet Union."
New York Sun.

"Mr. Farbman is an economist with the aloof poise of a scholar, and nothing of the propagandist."
Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"A picture both brief and comprehensive."
New York Evening Post.

"Mr. Farbman's little book is admirably fitted to meet the needs both of those to whom the Five Year Plan has only the vaguest meaning and those who require the latest information and figures." *New York Herald Tribune Books.*

TO THE NEW REPUBLIC, Inc., 421 West 21st Street, N. Y. C.

For the attached $1 send me "Piatiletka" post-paid

$1

Name..........

Address..........

in full..........

NAR-6

INVESTMENT TRUSTS Gone Wrong!

by JOHN T. FLYNN

"Mr. Flynn has a gift for the salty epithet, and he lays on with uncompromising vigor. But what gives the book its real force is not its prose style, nor even the clarity of its expression, but the bald facts it has to record."
Henry Hazlitt in the Nation.

"Should be of assistance to every security buyer in formulating his future investment program."
Portland Evening News.

"Valid, unfailingly lively and readable criticism of the trusts and the maze of subsidiaries they created."
New York Herald Tribune Books.

"A book every investor will find interesting and enlightening."
Business Economic Digest.

"The book is a severe arraignment of those trusts which exploit the investor and aim at the eventual control of industry."
Barron's Financial Weekly.

"It is spicy reading."
The Nation's Business.

TO THE NEW REPUBLIC, Inc., 421 West 21st Street, N. Y. C.

$1

For the attached $1 send me "Investment Trusts" post-paid

..........Name

..........Address

..........in full

NAR-6

As a matter of fact, the very phrase "business cycle," while it is used every day in financial conversations, is pretty generally misunderstood, and the underlying causes of the gyrations of the economic pendulum have hardly begun to be discovered. In my opinion, the closest approach to a solution of this important mystery was made by the late George H. Hull in a book entitled *Industrial Depressions*, published in 1911, reprinted in 1922.

As Mr. Hull pointed out, our economic views are often based on misconceptions. It is common, for example, to confuse "capital" with "money." The latter, except in the bi-metallic countries, can never mean anything but gold or a substitute for it, based on some form of credit. Capital, on the other hand, means factories, railroads, ships, etc., the tangible properties which have been created and are operated by men in the hope of deriving profits therefrom.

With the exception of real estate, forests, mines, waterfalls, etc., placed at our disposal by nature, the capital or wealth of a nation is the result of a vast series of construction enterprises, animated by the desire for gain. This gives us a clue to the fundamental cause of business prosperity and depression. As a matter of fact, the construction industry is responsible for nearly seventy per cent of all industrial production, and the manufacture of furniture, carpets, utensils, ornaments, etc., directly resulting from new construction enterprises takes care of a considerable part of the remaining thirty per cent of industrial activity. Why, then, is there a periodic falling off of new construction?

Here there is another commonly believed fallacy, namely that from time to time the country becomes overbuilt, that there is a falling off of demand for new construction. On the contrary, there is always a demand for houses of the latest type, faster and more luxurious ships and trains, more efficient factories. It is the old-fashioned apartment houses, office buildings, ships, etc., which suffer in a depression. Demand is constant, rents, fares, etc., are relatively stable. The profit derivable from a construction enterprise is largely dependent on the original cost. When the price of steel, cement, lumber, etc., and the cost of labor, are high, the profits that can be gained from the production of new capital are restricted, and there is a falling off of new construction. Depression follows, prices and wages fall until costs are again low enough to make profit possibilities attractive, when speculative builders recommence activity, new construction contracts rise, and prosperity returns.

Mr. Hull's theory has been borne out by the experience of the last decade in this country. Contracts for new construction reached their cyclical low in 1920. In 1921, the trough of the depression, new construction contracts totalled approximately $2,300,000,000. By 1928 this figure had risen to $6,600,000,000, but at the same time construction costs had risen enormously. Throughout 1929 there was a falling off of new construction. In 1930 contracts totalled only $4,500,000,000, roughly two-thirds of the figure for two years before. Meanwhile the price of building materials has fallen precipitately. If this, without a corresponding reduction of labor costs, is enough to stimulate speculative building, the total of new construction contracts for this year will run ahead of last, and it may be assumed that 1932 will see a return to something like normal prosperity. If, on the other hand, new construction figures for this year run behind those for last, wages will have to be deflated, the return to prosperity will be delayed, and the attempt of this Administration to peg wages will go down as one of the colossal blunders of American history.

It is of the greatest importance to study new construction figures during the next few months, and to be guided by them in planning investment campaigns.

Stocks

After the greatest bull market in history it is logical to expect the greatest bear market in history. Fulfilment of such an expectation is being helped along by the very disappointing first quarter earnings and by widespread dividend cuts. The fall in the percentage of the averages has already exceeded that of any bear market since averages have been kept, but the yields of prime stocks are not at their highest and the time elapsed is not the longest. On the other hand, the technical position of the market, as

FOR THOSE WHO DO THEIR OWN THINKING

●

Read the Outlook . . . It's being edited for readers who want facts and opinions that will be of assistance to them. ℂ It believes in no political party as the saviour of the nation, or even the producer of prosperity. It views political parties as the servants of the public and the agents of those of us who desire social problems solved by political action. ℂ It aims to present in as unprejudiced a manner as possible all the facts it can ascertain which have any bearing on the problems in which modern society is vitally interested — and to state its own conclusions as a matter of common honesty; not propaganda. Use the coupon below. One dollar will bring Outlook to you for seventeen weeks.

> **"I want to say how much I enjoy reading the Outlook. In the words of the street you are getting out a swell journal."**
>
> —*says John Dewey*

- -

OUTLOOK *and* INDEPENDENT — *120 East 16th Street* — NEW YORK

Gentlemen:

I should like to read the Outlook for seventeen weeks. Please find enclosed one dollar.

NAME AND ADDRESS . . . .

. . . .

evidenced by the deflation of collateral loans, is very strong, and the public, after a year and a half of schooling, has learned the technique of short selling. Second quarter earnings, in most lines, will show little if any improvement over the first quarter, but the bad news has to a considerable extent been discounted. It is my opinion that far-sighted investors have begun to accumulate common stocks on a scale down in the expectation that a bull market of sizable proportions will begin in the fall. They recognize that it may start from a somewhat lower level.

Bonds

After rallying until the latter part of January, the bond averages have sunk back to approximately their December lows. Many of the secondary bonds have actually sunk far lower. Statistically, this is, of course, a very discouraging sign. I believe, however, that the bond averages have lost a part of their former significance as a business barometer. The New Era theory, in spite of the heartbreaks it brought us, caught the imagination of the American people. The public has become stock-minded. Thousands of former bond salesmen are selling shares in fixed trusts, their selling campaigns being based on the fundamental fallacy that the market leaders of the past twenty years will duplicate their performances in the twenty years to come.

Credit

Gold is the curse of the United States. Our reputation for gold brought us the successive waves of immigration which have swelled our working classes beyond the demand for labor. The great influx of gold after the War, given added elasticity by the Federal Reserve System, removed the only adequate barrier to overspeculation — credit stringency — and prepared the way for the disaster of 1929. Today credit is dormant, money rates are the lowest in years, and gold lies idle in the vaults of our banks, while our foreign customers are manacled by the lack of it. Political conditions abroad impede the flotation of sizable foreign issues in this country. The fall of silver has still further contracted foreign purchasing power. A downward tariff adjustment, stimulating foreign imports, would be the best solution for the world credit maladjustment, and, in the long run, the best thing for this country, but at the intermediate expense of domestic corporate profits.

Agriculture

The shortness of the period during which the science of economics has been studied is the only possible excuse for the Farm Board's attempt to peg the price of wheat. With millions of bushels overhanging the market, there seems little prospect for a substantial rise in wheat quotations during the immediate future. Turning to this evening's paper, I find the following from the South, a statement issued by D. E. McCuen, president of the American Cotton Shippers' Association:

> Let the Government retire from the merchandizing of cotton, both spots and futures, turn its stabilization stock over to the trade at a fair price, and given proper assurances that they will never re-enter the market again and I will promise you an advance of five cents a pound within six months.
>
> Let the Government continue, and the farmer is doomed; the present merchandizing system destroyed; the country bank will close its doors; the fertilizer plant will be converted to other uses; oil mills, ginneries and compresses must enter other fields of industry, and the farmer must move to the city, join the bread line and depend upon a paternalistic Government for his dole.

Railroads

The condition of agriculture accounts, to a considerable extent for the shrinkage in Railroad earnings. Last-minute car loading statistics are available, and need not be rehearsed here. The public has adopted a generally bearish attitude towards the railroads, believing, it appears, that when business revives, the renewed demand for transportation will go entirely to busses and aëroplanes. In this connection it is interesting to note that several of the larger railroads are running airplane lines and, furthermore, owned substantial interests in the larger bus lines — particularly the Grayhound — Pickwick group, the biggest bus-line of them all. In a good many parts of the country an effort is being made by the communities to divert traffic back to the railroads and also to tax busses heavily.

(*Continued on page XVI*)

JULY FEATURES

A Gentleman from Maryland

by HENRY CARTER

A portrait of Governor Albert C. Ritchie in his rôle of Presidential possibility

The Landowner's Lot

by JULIUS M. NOLTE

A review of the present illness of real estate, its causes, symptoms and remedies

Our Foreign Policy

by LEWIS EINSTEIN

Or, better, why we have none

Reality and Labor

by JULIAN GERHARD WICK

The viewpoint of laboring men on the depression

The Newspaper's Lost Leadership

by BURGES JOHNSON

Why it may return

Picture Card

by ALBERTA HURTZIG

A story of post-war Germany

IN

The North American Review

By Way of Introduction

Orland Kay Armstrong (The Pension Racket), who is professor of journalism at Drury College, Springfield, Ohio, has written before for this magazine.

Struthers Burt (These Pregnant Thirties) author of the best seller, *Festival*, is widely known as a writer.

Ellis Parker Butler (Suspicion) is an author, best known for his book "Pigs is Pigs." He has been president of the Authors' League of America.

William R. Draper (Homes for the Asking) has lived in Oklahoma since the age of fourteen, when with his father he staked a government claim there.

Carter Davidson (The University of the Future) is professor of English at the University of Chicago and writes magazine articles on education.

Franklin Escher (Brokerage) was formerly editor of the Investment Magazine and finance editor of Harper's Weekly.

Silas H. Strawn (Law) has recently been elected President of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Samuel W. Reyburn (Merchandizing) was for many years head of Lord & Taylor, New York department store.

Ralph Walker (Architecture) is a member of the architectural firm, Voorhees, Smelin and Walker, New York.

Samuel W. Lambert (Medicine) is a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, the Medical and Surgical Society, etc.

L. Seton Lindsay (Life Insurance) began as a clerk, thirty years ago, in the London office of the New York Life Insurance Company, of which he is now Second Vice President.

Sigmund Spaeth (Music) has lectured and written extensively on music, and is now Educational Director of the Community Concert Service, New York.

Richard F. Hoyt (Aviation) is a well-known sportsman, interested in Madison Square Garden; also a member of the firm, Haydn Stone & Company.

Roy S. Durstine (Advertising) has written books on various aspects of advertising.

T. Swann Harding (Research) is editor of publications for the Department of Agriculture.

Brock Pemberton (Theatre) is the producer of such successful plays as "Strictly Dishonorable" and "Enter Madame".

Carl W. Ackerman (Journalism) has served as foreign correspondent in several countries, and has been editor of The Cathedral Age.

F. D. Farrell (Farming) is a member of the agricultural advisory council of the American Bankers' Association.

J. A. L. Waddell (Engineering) among his many honors, was knighted by the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia for his services as principal engineer of the Trans-Alaska-Siberian Railway project.

James G. Harbord (Radio) served as Chief of Staff under General Pershing in the World War.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. (Automobile Industry) has also been President of the United Motors Corporation and of the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company.

Charles Edward Jefferson (Ministry) as pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church occupied his pulpit longer than any other contemporary New York minister.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

Volume 231 June, 1931 Number 6

Apéritif

Ingratitude

“There was a young couple who wanted to get married and they went to the license bureau for a license. Then they refused to swear that their statements of age, condition of servitude and so on were true.”

“Yes, we read about it.”

“It was against their religion to swear and after a lot of trouble, the clerk in the bureau had to let them *affirm* the statements instead.”

“Yes, we read the whole thing.”

“I'd like to see that young man five years from now affirming it was business kept him out till three in the morning. I would indeed!”

You can see what a trial this would be if it went on all the time, and it does. It was all very well to publish the story Emma wrote and to praise her for it, but if we had known how it would affect her — well, things might have been different. For a month now she has missed no single opportunity to make what she considers clever remarks, happy effluvia of genius. There is no stopping her. The other day when we were closing up our desk after ten hours of hard labor, looking forward to peace and quietude, she raised her head from a dog-eared Plato and, devils in her eye, intoned:

“What is justice?”

“Man can imagine,” we answered wearily, “only what he has himself experienced. How should we know?”

“Justice,” she ignored, “is the shortest distance between two or more pocketbooks.”

More and Worse

Only yesterday we were leaning back in our chair thinking how pleasant it would be on a golf course. Moments passed agreeably while we saw ourselves thumping out three-hundred-yard-drives, sinking incredible putts. But an eye, as of an Ancient Mariner, was fixed upon our face, and Emma spoke:

“You're thinking about this third party agitation. I can feel it.”

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. So we stopped dreaming and she went on:

“You probably agree with Dr. John Dewey and Mauritz Hallgren and all the others that there ought to be a third party, that the intel-

Copyright, 1931, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

lectuals ought to get together on a platform, organize themselves, educate the voters in their principles and tie up somehow with the political machines of the Progressives and Farmer-Laborites and Socialists. You probably think that if they ever did get down to serious dirty work instead of just talking and writing, and kept at it for fifteen or twenty years, they could elect a President, run the country and bring back good times, if we ever had them."

We confessed it was so, more or less, adding that we had no palest pink illusion that they ever would.

"Well," said Emma, swelling visibly, "it's all silly. I have a much better plan, one that would really work, and in a much shorter time."

She paused dramatically, and we suggested getting on with it.

"All right," she said, nettled-appearing. "All the Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, Progressives and the few intellectuals not already there should move at once to New York, overrun Tammany Hall and then, as the government of Manhattan, secede from the Union. What could be simpler?"

"Dear, dear! A Secessionist, Emma! What would Calhoun say? Where would it all lead?"

"Well, you see, everybody outside New York hates New York, its wealth, fleshpots and so on. They blame Government corruption on Wall Street, and New York's thirty-five thousand speakeasies are anathemata to Dry tonsils all over the Middle West and South. Now if Manhattan were a separate state, the very first thing it would do would be to renounce even the name of Prohibition, and this would so enrage the rest of the country that it would organize a vast army, declare war on the island, and descend on it in hordes, killing and pillaging till no New Yorker remained alive, no night club or speakeasy or building in Wall Street unrazed. Then there would be no one left to want a third party. There would be no Wall Street to corrupt the Government. There would be no one left to object to Prohibition. Everything would be just lovely."

"It certainly would. But Emma, how about the economic planning, low tariff, equalitarianism and so on that the third party would stand for? They'd be wiped out, too, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, I suppose so," she admitted, with a trace of melancholy; then, brightening, added, "But there'd still be the Anti-Saloon League, the good old Anti-Saloon League."

She sighed with relief. We sighed with relief.

Solved

It may be that most of you readers have forgotten, if ever you read at all, how we happened to acquire so strange an office accessory as this whale. Our explanation at the time was not a model of clarity, for our mind was in a state best described as chaotic. The facts were thus: We had written a scathing denunciation of animal pets, concluding with the remark that only a whale named Emma could please us in that category. Then we walked into the office one morning and found her, full-grown, vocal and with a tag tied to her neck inscribed "Emma: From a Friend."

The mystery of her appearance

was never solved. At first we sought diligently for our "friend" and his means of spiriting her into our not so capacious offices, so that we might likewise spirit her out, but then we fell into an attachment for her and gave up the search. Despite her volubility on all other subjects, Emma has never divulged the secret of how she was brought in without destroying the building.

Now, however, we have read a document which throws light — and weird light — on the question. This is a book called *Lo!* by Charles Fort, in which he describes innumerable instances of a phenomenon he names "teleportation." He means (in case you have not read the book, which you should do at the first opportunity) the delivery onto this sphere, or from one part of it to another, by incalculable methods, of all sorts of objects, from small stones to monsters the size of behemoths, and larger. These objects drop slowly, in violation of the anachronistic law of gravity, out of the sky sometimes, in either bright or rainy weather; sometimes, as in the case of oil flowing in Ireland, they appear at the ceiling of a room, without apparent damage to it. He even describes cases construable as the arrival of men in flying machines from other worlds, and observes that the more degraded of them, discontented with the higher civilization presumably obtaining on the other worlds, might have remained here, "wallowing in pulpits" or even going as far as they could down the social scale to sit in the halls of Congress. He says their slightly foreign appearance might cause no particular comment among our motley races.

To us Emma has a distinctly foreign appearance. Can this be the explanation, that she is a visitor from Mars?

* * *

Letter from Congress

WE WISH to thank Mrs. Ruth Pratt, our Congressman, for her kind offer to send us bulletins from the Department of Agriculture "of interest to residents of cities and towns." Some of the titles are fascinating, as: *Book Lice; Disinfection of Stables; Flytraps and Their Operation; Wintering Bees in Cellars; Grape Propagation; Wild Garlic and Its Control.*

Quite apart from our residing in cities or towns, we have an intense curiosity about these things, particularly book lice, a menace hitherto unknown to us, and the control of wild garlic, which we assume would also cover tame and domestic varieties. If we had this secret at least half the horror of metropolitan congestion would be done away with.

But we think of that Treasury deficit. Here is one way we can do a mite toward reducing the taxpayer's burden. So, Mrs. Pratt, we beat down our curiosity, sacrifice our personal interests and refrain, till times are better, from taking up your offer. But we shall remember. W. A. D.

These Pregnant Thirties

By Struthers Burt

"It has become an utterly protestant world in the final sense of the word"

We stand, it seems fairly certain, at the beginning of change. The winds are big with possibilities, especially in this country. And, unless I am very much mistaken, the gist of this change, its essential quality, will be different from anything that has happened.

One hesitates. Yes, naturally.

To predict anything new in the world is audacious, possibly naïve. History has a heartbreaking way of repeating itself. Life seems to move in gigantic circles like a slow turning wheel to whose glittering outer edge we cling, eager or meditative or drunk with sleep, like flies. No sooner is the zenith reached than the descent to another nadir is begun. A generation, sick with the lies and compromises of the generations ahead, sets out to find the truth, and through one decade, and two, and three, this pursuit waxes until, invariably, it ends in folly and license. The world has never yet been able to stand the dregs of the strong wine of frankness, its heel-taps. Then once more disgust, but of another kind, functions and reaction begins.

The process is so historic that it can almost be charted, even in regard to time. For some strange reason the beginning and the end of the centuries seem to be the favorite periods of revolt, and then the centuries pick up the threads and knit them once more into the colorful but suffocating patterns of repression.

Perhaps this is because there is often, at the beginning of a century, a great war, and great wars tear apart the untruths which form a blanket for the self-esteem of man. At all events, the first two decades of the present century have practically duplicated the first two decades of the last. The figures of Napoleon and William of Hohenzollern are almost indistinguishable except that William is taller and speaks German. What happened to England then — the transfer of the gold reserve, the hegemony of the world, the hatred of other nations, with all that these imply financially, politically and socially — is happening to us. And surely even our own flaming post-war youth did not out-flame the then Prince of Wales and his companions. The observer can perceive quite clearly the change in our manners, and manners are the surest outward indication of what is happening underneath.

England, too — you have only to regard the Elizabethan period — was an eager, boastful and provincial nation, and the English still are, underneath, a passionate and lyric people, but for over a century now they have fooled other nationals by their surface coldness and self-containment. Well, how otherwise, having money and power, can you meet a universal hatred you can not change by persuasion?

This charting, of course, is rough and inaccurate. What is going on in one country at a given time is not always going on in another. But even here one must be chary of surface appearances. For example, while late Eighteenth Century France was flaming in revolt, late Eighteenth Century England seemed sunk in reaction, the more reactionary because of what was happening in France, and yet the seeds of revolution were sprouting in England, although they did not show above the surface until the time of Wordsworth, or, politically, until the Reform Laws over a quarter of a century later. Again, the new republic of the United States repudiated the excesses of France but, to begin with, it had been the American Revolution which had set the torch to the French bonfire.

Furthermore, this charting is subject always to an invariable emendation. The wheel of the centuries does not turn upon exactly the same axis. The circles it makes are not concentric. There is a slow progress. The plane of the new circle is a trifle higher. Even the Dark Ages were an improvement upon the Roman Empire, for they broke up a system that had become rigid and ploughed the ground for the crops to come; even our own industrial slavery is not as bad a slavery as that which preceded it. But to predict a change in the actual circumference of the circle is another thing. That seldom happens and when it does it is earth shaking. It happened when the Aryans overran Europe, it happened when the Roman Empire was destroyed, it happened when the Feudal System gave way to the Renaissance, it happened with the Reformation, to mention some of the rare and epochal occasions. Neither war, plagues nor dynasties have any real historical importance except when, every now and then, they have changed the way in which people think.

These forces which control and change the way in which people think are, of course, mysterious and hidden and manifest themselves in different guises, but it is safe to assume that they are world-wide and it is safe to assume that wherever they appear they are more matters of class than of nation. Workingmen, at a given time, think more or less alike everywhere. Capitalists think more or less alike everywhere. There is not a pin's difference between the Babbitts of France and the Babbitts of the United States. And so when there is a definite movement observable among the youth of the United States, it is fairly certain, as of course it is, that there is a definite movement among youth everywhere.

That there is a definite movement among the youth of the United

States, even if that definite movement so far seems to be only in the direction of further indefiniteness and disillusion, is clear to anyone who cares to look. And it is almost equally clear that this movement has as little to do with the generations immediately following the War as it has to do with the generations immediately preceding the War. It is neither a throw-back to late-Victorianism nor the outcome of flaming youth. It is separate and self-contained, although of course, it owes much to both late-Victorianism and flaming youth. At least, they cleared the ground for what is happening today. But intrinsically modern youth seems to have no more to do with the youth that the War killed, physically or spiritually, than it has to do with the youth the War taught so badly. It is neither eager and hopeful, if still late-Victorian; nor drunken, flaming and desperate.

The American Mercury, George Jean Nathan, the round-table at the Algonquin, the writings of Scott Fitzgerald, all but "The Great Gatsby," and — possibly — those fine stories, "All The Sad Young Men," the satirists and sexualists of the last decade, necessary and fine as was their work of clearing the jungle, seem as old-fashioned as do Mrs. Wharton and the rosy-cheeked, supercilious, pre-war radicals of The New Republic, who thought the world could be saved by a purely intellectual, slightly snobbish interest in the workingman. The tidal-bore of a far more sweaty, far more direct, far more grave and realistic and imaginative world has swept around and past them, leaving them isolated on their little sandspits of antedated controversy.

But what is the new trend of thought, the new method of thinking, which the 'thirties seem to be facing? These are difficult questions to answer because as yet there are no conclusions, merely tendencies and causes for those tendencies. One thing, however, can be done definitely, and that is to remove misapprehensions.

Frequently on the edge of real revolution, social or political, whether it emerge into actual war or not, there is a surface calmness which deceives the beholder. This is because the real revolutionist has become more assured and less explanatory. When this happens, the figure of the wheel, a common one, is remembered, and outer manifestations are mistaken for inner meanings.

This seems to be the state of mind of many of the mature today. They are congratulating themselves unwisely and prematurely, on the demise of "the younger generation." Skirts, as they have done a hundred times in history, have gone up and now they have come down, and accompanying this withdrawal of feminine generosity has been the customary recession from drunkenness on the part of the male. Well, this has happened after every great war, or plague, or any other up-setting of the human race. Ladies have always been generous and gentlemen have always been drunk, and then everyone has wakened up with a headache and settled down. In 1812 and thereabouts ladies wore empire gowns of silk, and nothing else, and to be more coquettish, they wet with water these already transparent garments. And after that, and not so long after, we had Queen Victoria.

Perhaps . . . Possibly, as so many of the mature think, we are now going into another period of antimacassars, pantalettes and the Episcopal Church, uncontradicted, but I doubt it. It is not improbable that we may be going into a period of pantalettes, for the pyschology of costume is such that after a decade or two of display, pantalettes, or their equivalents, are found enticing; and it may be that we will, since men have once more taken to hair-oil, adorn the backs of our chairs with antimacassars, but there will be different legs inside of the pantalettes — or their equivalents — and different thoughts in the sleek heads reclining against the antimacassars. And you will notice that although skirts have come down, they have only come down for especial occasions. Women have retained an autonomy on this subject that is new to the sex. As for the Episcopal Church, uncontradicted, it seems to me that is gone forever — Forever is a large word; perhaps I had better say that the Episcopal Church, uncontradicted, will disappear for a long time to come. It will take another Dark Age and the slow ascent from it to produce again a poet like Lord Tennyson; which is a great loss to the beauty and science of verse, but a great gain socially and spiritually.

I do not believe that many of us have as yet awakened to the fact that we are entering upon one of those epochal periods, which I have already mentioned, when the thought of mankind changes. Indeed, long after we are well into that period it is doubtful how many will recognize this fact, for one of the oldest attributes of humanity is its imperviousness to what is happening. We read with bated breath descriptions of the Black Plague, unaware that during the late war we went through a Black Plague of our own when over twenty million people throughout the world died of influenza; and it will be several decades before what these 'thirties seem likely to bring forth, or, at least, what they seem likely to begin, will be generally admitted.

Something has definitely gone out of the world and there is a vacancy waiting to be filled; a vacuum, possibly, which nature abhors. An actual reaction to Victorianism, or any other form of actual reaction, is impossible, for the mental and spiritual material for such a reaction no longer exists.

I mentioned the Reformation as one of the great occasions that altered man's way of thinking. Since the Reformation there has been no other great spiritual or mental change. There have been other great subsidiary changes which have altered man's life greatly and to some extent his thoughts — the discovery of America, the rise of science, with its method of approach, the industrial revolution, the solving of the problem of quick transportation — but these have been directly the outcome of the state of mind the Reformation engendered, and mankind, however loosely, has thought within the patterns drawn by the Reformation. That is to say, part of mankind has thought that way, and part has thought within older patterns, but these older patterns whenever they have come up against the newer have given way bit by bit, and even within these older patterns, the more intelligent have reserved, quietly, the right to think what they were thinking. It seems to me that we now stand definitely at the end of the Reformation, and, since the end of anything is the beginning of something else, at the beginning of a new approach to life. Or perhaps, to put it more accurately, we have now reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of the Reformation which, like every other *reductio ad absurdum*, is so utterly opposed to the laws and opinions of the founders of a theory as to be, in reality, quite another thing. We have come to the *reductio ad absurdum* of protestantism, although the result is likely to be not absurd at all.

THE core of the Reformation was a belief in man's individual rights and his right to think individually, but since it was a religious and to some extent formal movement, it at once displayed its own inconsistency, that is, as a religious and formal movement. In its assumptions lay the seeds of its own destruction. Since, by its own declaration, it could not prune its branches, these branches could grow in every direction, and they have. Meanwhile, man seized eagerly upon the essential part of this programme and ever since has been thinking individually, however wrongly, and with increasing vigor. Recognizing the inherent contradiction in formal protestantism he has become more and more an informal protestant and an individual one. The end of such a process is of course clear, and is already evident in the outcries of the Protestant churches. In short, we are at last the acme of protestantism, but the hen that hatched us would fail to recognize her chickens. For over three hundred years we have been living under the ægis of the Reformation, whether we were in revolt against it, or its symptoms, whether we were unbelievers, no matter how scientifically minded we were; now we are beginning not to live under that ægis. An entirely new world opens up before us.

WHAT is this new world to be? The prospect is exhilarating if somewhat frightening. The prospect, of course, is still vague, hung with mists, but faintly discernible beyond are incredible peaks. For the first time in all his long history man is entirely on his own; therefore, for the first time in all his long history, he is at length in a position to become really a man. He has cleared the earth of all but himself. He is as much without sanctions and traditions as were his earliest ancestors, but unlike them he has back of him thousands of years of experience, a better brain, and the world he must now explore and make himself comfortable in, is a mental and spiritual world rather than a physical one. Naked and unashamed he has a chance to start all over again. At any rate, he must make his own medicine and take it.

The shadow of the younger generation is usually no more than a shadow. At high noon, the younger generation, by now mature, comes out into the sunlight and one finds that it is just about like every other generation, its rebellions sobered, its ideals compromised, its ruthlessness turned to expediency. But there have been younger generations whose shadows have lengthened, and I think the world is witnessing such a shadow today, and I think the final proof of this is that this younger generation is no longer in rebellion as was its predecessor of twelve years ago. Rebellion keeps a generation in the era preceding because it is that era the rebellion is fighting. It is only when the rebellion is won that there is the possibility of anything really new. The post-war rebels fighting what they called Victorianism, were still Victorians, just as a rebellious son is still the son of his father. But this newest generation is fighting nothing; its distinguishing mark is an almost complete implicitness. It is waiting and watching and experimenting and asking, but it is making extremely few assertions. The wisest of its members are delighting themselves with life, as life; and the stupider ones are somewhat drearily asking what life is all about.

Now, I do not believe in stressing the importance of younger generations. The work of the world, at any given time, is carried on by the generations immediately preceding the younger generation, and if a mature man and woman are not in many ways wiser than a boy or a girl, then they are morons. At any moment, the younger generation could be swept off the earth and the earth would go on pretty much as usual for a while. Besides, it is bad for a younger generation to be constantly in the limelight. It gives that generation a quite undue sense of its importance. We are suffering still from the undue prominence given the post-war generation, which was a very foolish generation and which I hope, by now, has learned better. At all events, one can give thanks that we no longer talk much about it. Flaming youth has sobered down greatly, and most of it, being now over thirty, is either hopeless or else holding responsible positions. But with the on-coming generation it is different, because there is every reason to believe that in the case of this generation its viewpoint is almost universal. It has no past to which to return in reaction, for the older generations preceding it, agree with it; they, too, after much inward struggle have also become implicit, questioning and non-didactic.

There is no use deluding ourselves; if we are frank with ourselves we know that we are sure of practically nothing of which our immediate ancestors were sure. What we hope is true, or at what point or that we may stop our minds from further analysis, are other questions. But actually, at rock bottom, we are no longer sure of anything except that which we can see, hear, smell, taste and touch, and we are not so sure of that.

To the younger generation and to the modern-minded mature, if they will search the innermost recesses of their minds, there is no longer any such thing as definite good or definite evil, as these were understood; no longer any easily discernible patterns; no longer any traditions or standards to be accepted without question. Each man and woman must make his or her own way as best he or she can. It has become an utterly protestant world in the final sense of the word, and for the first time we are beginning to realize that circumstances do invariably alter cases. It has become, therefore, more than a protestant world, it has become also a relative world. Well, of course it has, if for no other reason than that otherwise Einstein would not have been able to articulate his theory, let alone enunciate it. Great scientific theories are not made out of whole cloth any more than are great inventions. They come when the world is ready for them; they do not spring full-armed out of one man's brain. The universe is closely, if mysteriously, connected. Even those most remote of studies, astronomy and physics, become human the moment they become philosophical. So the theory of relativity met a world already becoming relative.

But implicitness, if it be complete, is a dangerous attitude, if an heroic one, and impossible to maintain for any length of time. It is dangerous because it leaves too much to individual discretion, and it is impossible to maintain for any length of time because the majority of people do not as yet wish to make too many definite decisions for themselves. This is best seen by again regarding the young, this time the less intelligent young, and therefore the majority. In a recent article by Miss Zona Gale she sums up their attitude as one of lack of concern; nothing much really matters. Having a good time, perhaps; but nothing much else. This does not apply of course to those having a talent or some other saving personal ambition. However, it is a serious matter when any number of people believe that nothing much really matters.

Fortunately — once more — nature abhors a vacuum. There is not the slightest chance that such an attitude will persist. Humanity must dignify its position or else cut its throat. But what can it do? It can not go back any more, it knows too much. Even if it wanted to go back, it no longer could.

I do not see why we want to go back. We have the first chance we have ever had really to dignify ourselves, that is to say, humanity, and the first chance we have ever had really to dignify life. For the first time humanity is out of swaddling clothes and away from nurses on a great adventure of its own. It has removed from itself a score of troubling ancestral complexes. It will now grow up, or never. Heretofore — and you will see that this is true, if you consider it — man has almost universally lived life in order to die; now he has an opportunity to live life for itself. Heretofore, life has been considered merely an interlude before death; now it can be regarded as a symphony in itself. Heretofore, man has regarded himself as a lower creation. How can any lower creation attain real dignity, even have the desire to attain real dignity? If life is not lived for itself, how can it be of any real importance? And a sense of dignity, that is, a wise and humane sense, is the mother of most beauty, of most effort, and of most virtue.

It seems to me that never before has the world had such a chance to be interested, beautiful and good. Or such a chance to be humane. It is difficult to be humane, as history has proven, if, in your opinion, this life amounts to little. Such a point of view is likely to lead to a belief in blood atonement. You are really performing a charitable act by helping people out of life. But if life is important, then eventually you become ashamed that all are not sharing it fully. Nor does this modern attitude, the attitude of the actualist, it might be called, impinge in the least upon mystery or religion in the final protestant sense of the latter; that is, not unless you decide that it should, and you'll be rather stupid if you do.

The only thing we know is life, — and not much of that, for that is mysterious enough — but there is a great deal we don't know at all, and probably never will. Why, therefore, should we deny it? When we are actually grown up we won't. When we really appreciate life, mystery will become all the more enchanting and be valid to us. Even now it is only those who have some appreciation of life who have some appreciation of mystery. There is no reason why the glory of life should not also be the glory of god, whatever our gods may be. If there is a god, life must be his, and one of his experiments, and the more full it is, the better the experiment. Mystics are born, not made, anyhow.

There seems little reason for the young, or the mature modern-minded to stand still much longer, or to question without moving forward. There lies before them a new and exciting and glamorous job . . . the discovery of life and the discovery of humanity. Up to the present neither has been explored to any great extent; nor up to the present, has any great value been put upon either.

* * *

Suspicion

By Ellis Parker Butler

A Story

He was an Englishman, I think, and I will call him Mr. Palkey, not only because that was not his name, but because I have quite forgotten what his name was. He was a tall man and slender, and he walked with that peculiar gait that suggests a chicken on a hot pavement.

I was discharged from my job in the office of the oatmeal mill because of a mistake I had made, and for some reason I applied for a job as clerk at Debenham's — all these names are substitutes for real names. Probably Mr. Debenham advertised in a local paper for a young man to clerk in the retail store — his was a wholesale and retail queensware establishment and his retail store was the handsomest in Riverbank.

When I told one of my friends that I had accepted the job at Debenham's he laughed at me.

"You won't be there long," he told me. "Mrs. Debenham will get rid of you in a week; she'll let you stay until she can find a Baptist and then out you'll go."

"Why's that?" I asked.

"Unless you join up with the Baptists and teach a Sunday School class," he said. "That's the only way a fellow can hold a job at Debenham's."

I did not find this true at all. One of the young fellows in the retail department — O'Keefe, the boy who kept the lamp-chimney bins filled and did errands and so on — was a Catholic. Another boy was a Methodist. Another was Lutheran. I can not remember that any were Baptists, and I am quite sure that Jennie Steuben, the bookkeeper, was an Episcopalian, as I was by courtesy, although I was attending the Congregational church then, the girl I liked best being a Congregationalist. That was in 1888 and I was eighteen years old.

Mr. Palkey did, however, teach a class in the Baptist Sunday School and I think he may have been Principal of the Sunday School. It may have been that Mrs. Debenham had attempted, in the past, to restrict the employes to Baptists but that she had failed because the church could not provide enough suitable material. Certainly I remained with Mr. Debenham until Mr. Elkhorn offered me the city-editorship of his newspaper, a job I did not take because my father persuaded me to go into the office where he was bookkeeper, the office of a tea and tobacco concern that was just then becoming a wholesale grocery.

It is also true that I became truly fond of Mr. and Mrs. Debenham, and they of me. We all shed tears when I made known my intention of leaving.

Henry F. Debenham I thought, and still think, one of the finest men I have ever known. He was a Bostonian and as a boy had been apprenticed, the understanding being that he was to be paid, let us say, two dollars a week — it may have been four dollars — beginning with his second year of apprenticeship. At the end of the second year his master laughed at him and refused to pay the accumulated wages, and young Debenham ran away and signed on as a sailor. He made several voyages before the mast and fell to the deck from a yard arm, so that he was always thereafter a hunchback. He came west to Iowa and, when I first knew him, had for several terms been mayor of the town. He suffered almost continually.

When I knew him he wore a longish beard. His face was triangular, with burning dark eyes under heavy eyebrows, and he walked with a slight hitching of one leg. I have heard many tales of his greatness of heart, dating from the days when he first came to Riverbank. He was a good man.

Mr. Debenham was usually in the enclosed office, which was at the right, about two-thirds of the way back in the long retail-room. From time to time he came out into the show-room, but not frequently, and then he suggested some dark spider coming out of its nest, for these forays were usually when some particularly important retail customer entered the store.

At the front, to the left, just inside the street door, behind the glass cases containing the solid silver, sat Mrs. Debenham. Behind her, in a cabinet, were the especially valuable articles — specimens of Doulton, Royal Worcester, Wedgwood, and so on, and these and the solid silver were her especial province. She had a chair there and when there were no customers for her to wait on she gave her attention to the Sunday School lesson leaflets. She was, I think, the ruling spirit of the Baptist Sunday School. She had, I remember, a copy of the Bible that had hundreds of passages underlined in red ink, with comments written on the margins, and it may be that one of the reasons I became a favorite with her was that I duplicated all the underlinings and comments in another copy of the Bible for her. She called the Bible the "Moody Bible." It seems that the great evangelist, Moody, had thus underlined and annotated his own copy. I did this work at night. As I remember, she gave me five or ten dollars for doing it.

From her chair behind the silver-case Mrs. Debenham could keep an eye on the whole floor, and she was, in fact, the self-constituted manager and monitor of the retail. There were certain corners and portions of aisles that were hidden from her by the counter displays and there was a small alcove that was out of her range of vision. Here the clerks, under pretense of dusting — a queensware stock requires constant dusting — would loiter, idling. Now and then Mrs. Debenham would leave her chair and walk back through the store; then dusters would begin to swish suddenly and clerks who had been loafing would become unnaturally busy.

Almost all the clerks loafed all they could and whenever they could, except myself. This was no great merit on my part; that sort of loafing did not amuse me. I have never enjoyed being merely inert. Mr. Palkey, however, did. Although he was titular manager of the store he often lurked out of Mrs. Debenham's sight, alone and softly scraping his fingernails, or merely breathing. I never knew him to urge the boys to work. Quite often Mrs. Debenham almost caught him loafing but he had an almost intuitive knowledge of the moment when she arose from her chair and I do not believe she ever quite caught him. He was always dusting or rearranging a shelf when she reached him.

MRS. DEBENHAM, good woman though she was, had one or two traits that were not fortunate. Her occasional trips to the office or to the back of the store were manifestly to see what boys were loafing, but she made a pretense that they were for some other reason. This gave her incursions an air of spying, and the clerks liked her less than if she had openly avowed that she was trying to get them to do their work. She also had a somewhat irritating manner with customers, which was one reason Mr. Debenham made his occasional excursions from the office when he saw a good spender enter the store. The fact was, I think, that Mr. Debenham did not particularly care to have Mrs. Debenham in the store, but there she was, and there she meant to remain, annexing for herself all the best customers, turning over to the clerks the crock buyers and petty trade, and seeming to the clerks something of an unauthorized and hawk-eyed interloper.

THE curse of Mrs. Debenham's life was Jim Purvis, the manager of the wholesale department. I think she would have got rid of him in an instant if she could have done so, but he was one of the most tireless and efficient men I have ever known, and Mr. Debenham would have been lost without him. Jim Purvis chewed tobacco by the mouthful and his clothes were always spattered. I don't know how long he wore a shirt but it must have been for weeks. He was always on the dead run, a short stocky man; once he walked into the open elevator shaft and fell two stories and was only saved by falling into a crate of straw. He climbed out and ran upstairs again and went on with what he had been doing. Mrs. Debenham had a suspicion that Jim Purvis drank beer, and that was a deadly sin with her. We had Prohibition in Iowa, but the town was a river town and wide open — thirty-three saloons — and a couple of these were on Front Street, across the alley from the Debenham store. At noon Jim Purvis would go across the alley, going out the back door. There were two or three restaurants across the alley, but Mrs. Debenham had a suspicion that Jim Purvis put more than food inside himself.

Get rid of Jim Purvis Mrs. Debenham could not, although she must have tried often. He was too valuable to Henry F. Debenham, who was almost too frail to continue to live, and Mr. Debenham no doubt told his wife that in ruling the retail she was doing enough — the wholesale must not be interfered with.

Another employe with whom Mrs. Debenham was not allowed to interfere was the bookkeeper, Jennie Steuben, although the two women clearly disliked each other. Miss Steuben, who was middle-aged, had been in the office many years, and she was, like Jim Purvis, almost indispensable. She knew every detail of the business and, with Jim Purvis, could have carried on the wholesale otherwise unassisted, but she resented Mrs. Debenham's interference. Mrs. Debenham would have liked to see Miss Steuben elsewhere and she certainly did many little things to irritate Jennie Steuben, who tried to be meek under the irritations but did not succeed any too well, having quite a little temper.

Jennie Steuben's desk was at the forward end of the office, which was glassed in. Close by her desk was a wicket-window, with a change-counter, and on the counter was the recording cash register. When sales were made Jennie arose and rang them up on the register, making change if required, and all these sales were recorded automatically on the paper rolls inside the register. At closing time she tore off the strip showing the day's sales. I often helped her with this, counting the money and winding up the spring that worked the registering apparatus. We were friendly. I was friendly with everyone.

One of the things sold by Debenham's retail department was coal oil. We sold lamps and lamp chimneys and wicks and burners, and it was not unnatural that we should sell coal oil. We sold a grade called Eocene, which was better than that sold by any of the grocers of Riverbank, and we made quite a specialty of it. The price varied from time to time but, as I recollect, we kept the selling price at 20 cents, which showed a fine profit per gallon. Being the largest seller of lamps and chimneys we had ample opportunity to talk up the merits of Eocene. Many were still afraid of kerosene lamps, remembering tales of explosions, and Eocene was a "high test" oil — exploded only at a high temperature. We had a test that was always convincing. We filled a saucer with Eocene, dipped a wick in it and laid the wick in the oil so that an inch hung beyond the edge of the saucer. Then we lighted the wick and, when it was fully ablaze, pushed it into the saucer of oil. The flaming wick was instantly extinguished, as if the oil had been water.

The oil tank in which this oil was kept was in a small narrow room at the extreme rear of the store. Here, on shelves, were stored the coarse earthenware crocks and jars we handled, as well as the coarser yellow crockery bowls and such woodenware as we carried in stock. Drawing the oil was a simple matter; any clerk who happened to wait on a customer did it.

Except Saturday nights and the weeks before Christmas the store closed at six o'clock. We opened at eight. All the clerks swept out and immediately began dusting in a more or less reluctant spirit. Before nine Jennie Steuben arrived and opened the mail; about nine Mr. Debenham came, although he was sometimes later when he had had a bad night. Mrs. Debenham arrived any time between then and noon. Mr. Palkey, who had a key, was always the first in the morning. He usually had the front doors thrown open when we arrived.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Debenham were the first to go. Their time of departure depended considerably on how Mr. Debenham was feeling, combined with whether there were salesmen in town showing samples, but except during the Christmas rush Mr. Debenham was usually out of the store by five in the afternoon, and Mrs. Debenham left when he did. At half past five Jennie Steuben left, and we all went a few minutes later — being eager to be gone — and Mr. Palkey remained to lock up.

How suspicion regarding Mr. Palkey first appeared I can not be sure. I am only sure that I had nothing to do with it in the beginning. With Mr. Palkey I had as little to do as any of the other three or four boys in the store, and he had very little to do with us. He was a silent man, very seldom speaking to us, and as manager of the store he seemed to wish only to be as inconspicuous as possible. He did not "manage" anything. Our opinion was that he was Mrs. Debenham's pet and that she kept him in the position of manager because he was meek and because she could use him in her Sunday School. All else we knew of him was that he lived up on East Hill somewhere and that his wife was said to be an invalid.

To us, who were paid ten to fifteen dollars a week, his pay — which I think was twenty-five dollars — seemed big, but I can see now that he must have had a hard time making both ends meet, if his wife was indeed an invalid. That may have been why he walked like a man walking on eggs and afraid to tread heavily lest he break them. His health was not perfect, or he pretended it was not. He had a cough, quite a gentle cough. The boys in the store considered him absolutely useless.

Mrs. Debenham had a son, fully grown and married, but never very industrious. He was supposed to work in the store, and was there more or less, but he was the worst loafer we had. He was quite a smarty and had the mentality of a boy of fourteen or fifteen. He read dime novels and spent his time doing such things as making duplicate keys out of German silver spoons and whittling little rubber balls with which to do the shell game. He had a huge revolver he liked to display and one noon when his mother and father had gone home he fired it at the floor. In the cellar there was a crash and a yell; the bullet had hit a china basin one of the men was unpacking from a crate, shattering it in his hands.

This son Jack never ceased to pester Mr. Palkey. He had forty different names he called him — Balkey, Chalkey, Gawky and so on

— and in every way he could he made Mr. Palkey the butt of his jokes. We boys wondered why Mr. Palkey stood it, for he took it all meekly, and we decided that the reason was that Mr. Palkey was afraid to quit — it was impossible to imagine any sort of job he could get if he lost his job at Debenham's.

Someone outside of the store first called Mrs. Debenham's attention to the suspicious actions of Mr. Palkey, and without — perhaps — knowing they were suspicious. It was some woman, some friend of Mrs. Debenham, who called her attention to the fact that Mr. Palkey carried an empty kerosene can downtown every morning and carried it home filled every night. The woman saw Mr. Palkey passing her house morning and evening. She may have said that Mr. Palkey was certainly an accommodating man to do this, making himself a delivery boy for one of his neighbors, or she may have suspected something herself. Mrs. Debenham was instantly suspicious. The time was well into the fall and kerosene oil stoves were much used; we also sold round-wick lamps that burned a great amount of oil. Most of our customers bought oil by the five-gallon can, which we delivered, but many bought by the gallon. We sold a recently introduced gallon can that was of glass, encased in tin, and this was the sort of can Mr. Palkey was bringing to the store empty and taking home filled.

It did not seem likely that Mr. Palkey, always dressed neatly and rather old-maidish in his manner, would carry oil cans to accommodate any one, and it was easy to guess that if he had a couple of oil stoves and a couple of round-wick lamps he would use a gallon of oil a day. Mrs. Debenham was greatly agitated. It would be, of course, a shameful thing if it became known that Mr. Palkey, so eminent in the Sunday School, was stealing oil, but it seemed self-evident that he must be doing just that. Otherwise he would have used a five-gallon can and he would have had the oil delivered to his home.

Mrs. Debenham went first to Jennie Steuben. She did this when Mr. Palkey had gone home to his noon meal. She tried to speak pleasantly to Jennie Steuben and that was enough to anger Jennie, for Jennie always suspected Mrs. Debenham when she was pleasant. The pleasanter Mrs. Debenham tried to be the more brusque Jennie became.

"Jennie," Mrs. Debenham said, "Mr. Palkey is carrying away a gallon of oil every evening."

"Is he?" Jennie said, meaning that she did not care anything about it and that it was none of her business.

"If he is paying for it your register slip would show it," said Mrs. Debenham.

"I don't know anything about it," Jennie said. "I go home at half past five and he does not go home till six."

"Who would know anything about it?"

"He would," said Jennie. "He rings up any sales after I go home."

Mrs. Debenham went back to her seat behind the silver-case. She enjoyed being snubbed by Jennie Steuben no more than anyone would, and presently Mr. Debenham came out of the office and they went home for the midday meal. When they returned she called me to her. She told me what had been told her about Mr. Palkey and his oil can, and that Jennie Steuben had been rude to her. She asked me how she could learn whether Mr. Palkey had paid for the oil he was taking away.

"If he pays for it in the evening when he takes it away," I said, "it would show near the top of the next day's register strip. Miss Steuben tears off the strip when she closes the day's work. Any sales we make after she goes show on the next day."

"Who rings them up?" Mrs. Debenham asked me.

"Mr. Palkey," I said. "If we make a sale after Miss Steuben goes we take the money to him and he rings it up."

THE register strips were kept on a hook file on the upright of the office partition alongside the cash register, and Mrs. Debenham asked me to look at the strips after Miss Steuben went home that evening. I did, but there was not much gained by it. There were, now and then, amounts that might have been a gallon of Eocene, but they might have been something else. There were amounts that might have been two or three gallons, but these might have been something else. The one thing apparent was that if Mr. Palkey were taking one gallon of oil each day, he was not paying for it every day, or at least not after Miss Steuben left. He might, however, be paying at odd times during the day, or he might be paying for several gallons at a time and doing this at odd times during the day. He might, sure of his own honesty, keep a memorandum of the oil he took and pay for it all on his pay day.

But Mrs. Debenham had not depended on my findings alone. She had told her suspicions to her son Jack and he had evidently volunteered to aid her investigation. To be a sleuth, an Old Cap Collier, was exactly what Jack Debenham would enjoy. His usual location in the store was between two longitudinal show-cases a little forward of the middle of the store. He had chosen this spot because it was shut off from his mother's view by a tall frame on which fancy plates were displayed. Between the show-cases he had a table, and on this were cloths, a small pan of water, silver polish and soft brushes, with several chamois skins and such silver-plated hollow-ware — teapots, sugar bowls, and so on — as he was supposed to be polishing. In this retreat he could read his dime novels in comfort, one hand holding a chamois skin, ready to slip the novel into his pocket and appear busily at work the moment he heard his mother move or heard his father's limping step. To Jack his mother had given the pleasant task of seeing whether Mr. Palkey took home a can of oil that evening and whether he paid for it.

TO HAVE a reason for remaining after Mr. Palkey left for home Jack Debenham, late in the afternoon, piled on his table a tea set that would take considerable polishing. For once in his life he polished industriously. Mr. and Mrs. Debenham went home, Jennie Steuben went home, we boys brought in the crocks and jars and umbrella holders from outside and went home, and Mr.

Palkey asked Jack if he would be ready to go soon. Jack said he would finish what he was doing first, and told Mr. Palkey to run along.

"I'll lock up," he said.

Mr. Palkey knew, as we boys all knew, that Jack Debenham had made a key for the door, using a German silver spoon as a blank. Mr. Palkey also knew that it was useless to try to get Jack Debenham to go if he did not want to go. Mr. Palkey walked back through the store to the oil room, came back through the store with the filled oil can, and went out. He did not stop in the office to pay for the oil.

The next morning when Mrs. Debenham came down I told her of the inconclusive examination of the register strips. By that time Jack Debenham had told all the boys that he was old-sleuthing Mr. Palkey and everyone in the store except Mr. Palkey knew that Mr. Palkey was suspected of stealing the oil. As soon as he could do so, Jack Debenham called me to him and in a secretive whisper told me he had shadowed Mr. Palkey from his house to the store that morning, and that Mr. Palkey had brought the kerosene can to the store again.

"Go out to the oil room after a while," he whispered, "and see if the can is there. Don't let on now. Go and dust something."

It was one of the days when Mr. Palkey seemed loath to do any more work than necessary. He kept in the alcove, a small feather-duster in his hand, and he may have taken a little nap there. Everyone else in the store was pleasantly nervous except the leading characters — Mr. Debenham was cross, Jennie Steuben was glummer than usual, Mrs. Debenham fidgeted and drummed on her silver-case with her fingers, and Jack Debenham did his best to look sly and wise. I made my way back to the oil room.

The oil can was standing in the oil room close to the door that opened into the yard, but it was placed so that it was practically hidden by two five-gallon cans. I reached down and lifted the can and found it was empty, and in good time I reported to Jack Debenham.

All that morning Jack Debenham polished silver industriously and at noon he did not go out for lunch but sent Frank O'Keefe out for a couple of sandwiches. I went home for my noon dinner as usual and was back in an hour, and Jack Debenham whispered to me that old Balkey had not yet been to the oil room to fill his can.

"Go out and see if it is still there," he whispered to me, and as carefully as before I worked my way back and went into the oil room. I saw that the can was still there, but looking down into it I saw that it was now filled. When I went back I told Jack Debenham that the can was full, but he did not let me stay near him. That evening he did not remain until Mr. Palkey went but he again shadowed him, this time to his home. Mr. Palkey had carried the oil can into his house and he had not brought it out again.

The next morning the register strip showed that no sale had been made after Jack Debenham had gone out of the store, and that none had been made before Jennie Steuben reached the office that morning. Mr. Palkey had again brought his oil can to the store. That evening he once more carried it away filled.

That night Mr. Debenham sent for Mr. Palkey to come to the Debenham house, and Mr. Palkey never returned to the store. When Mr. Debenham came down he told me that I would be in charge of the retail store until they got someone to take Mr. Palkey's place, but no one was hired as manager up to the time I left. Nothing was said by Mr. Debenham regarding why Mr. Palkey had gone, and Mrs. Debenham never mentioned his name again to me. Mr. Debenham's face was unusually pale and he seemed disturbed — distressed. He was a kind-hearted man and I think anything of this sort hurt him deeply.

Jack Debenham, of course, told us what had happened. Mr. Palkey went to the house and was asked to explain the daily oil can. He broke down and confessed, but what he confessed was not exactly what had been expected. He confessed that every day he had carried the oil can downtown and set it in the oil room, and that a bartender from one of the saloons across the alley got it there, filled it with beer and put it back in the oil room, beer being supposed to give strength to Mr. Palkey's sick wife. The glass of the can was brown — we sold three varieties, brown, blue and green. Unfortunately for Mr. Palkey the use and transportation of beer was considered by Mrs. Debenham rather worse than theft, and Mr. Palkey had to go.

I have neither seen him nor heard of him since that day. He was a harmless gentleman. I felt rather sorry for him.

I Pray

By Theda Kenyon

That I may have eyes, bright to see
The glory of a deathless year
In every Springtime-budding tree;
And find, in fragile leaves, unfurled
After the winter's frozen fear,
The promise of a changeless world:

So shall each frond and blossom be
A hostage to Eternity!

The Pension Racket

BY ORLAND KAY ARMSTRONG

A World War veteran speaks—in factual terms

THERE is no better illustration of the rapid drift of our National Government into the whirlpools of lawmaking at the demands of and for the benefit of organized minorities than legislation for the veterans of the World War.

Since the Armistice that legislation has moved forward, gaining momentum with each session of Congress, and shifting its emphasis from the original efforts to pay, in some measure, the debt our nation owed the wounded and disabled, to a free-for-all fight to see who should head the procession in passing laws for "veterans' relief" of any kind and character, whatever the cost and however absurd the provisions by which the veterans are to be relieved.

"No pensions to follow this war!" was the announcement of the Government while the War was in progress. A liberal war risk insurance was to take the place of the old-fashioned pensions that had followed in an endless and irksome train behind all past wars of the United States.

A war without pensioned soldiers? The history of America has been written in her pensions. Land grants for the soldiers of the Revolutionary War. Grants and money for the veterans of 1812 and the Indian Wars. Pensions for Civil War veterans, beginning at a $6-a-month minimum back in 1895 and growing to $100 for the survivors of the Union army today, with widows' pensions to be paid on and on a generation from today. Pensions for Spanish-American War veterans — but not in such amounts comparable to Civil War pensions. The war did not last so long and there were fewer troops, consequently less organized pressure.

AND now the World War, with its businesslike system of insurance. No more pension bills by Congressmen for worthy and neglected constituents. No more heavy burden of taxation to go rolling on from the backs of one generation to another. Once the insurance obligations were taken off, and disabled veterans provided for, the task would be done.

Congressmen old at the business in those years just following 1918 must have smiled at all this. Nearly three and a half million veterans! No pensions? Some of them in service only a few weeks or months; only about half of them overseas; comparatively few in trench warfare longer than a few weeks; about eighty untouched by wounds of war to one wounded; but all veterans, none the less. An average of 8,000 to the Congressional district. All voters with families and friends. *What? No pensions?*

Through progressive steps the foundation for a pension system was laid from 1918 to the sessions of the Seventy-first Congress. And this Congress, which came to an end last March fourth, started the system off on its long journey down the years.

As a World War veteran, and one intensely interested in legislation for the benefit of veterans sick or disabled as the result of military or naval service, I have watched the efforts of Congress to swing veterans' relief into a channel where its flow can be an ever-increasing political asset, with amazement. I have been chagrined to see the appropriation of money for veterans reach the plane of a tremendous racket.

OF COURSE the country owed the men in the service something. There was the little farewell bonus of $60, and many States added to it with a sort of thank-offering bonus of their own. But we who were not disabled in the fighting felt that the less fortunate buddies deserved all this country could do for them. You can't buy sight — or legs — or lungs — or mind, with money; but money turned into hospitalization, medical care, rehabilitation and compensation of all kinds could help somewhat in atoning for the results of this ancient system of trying to settle disputes by barbaric force of arms and ammunition. Let the disabled be cared for, and their dependents. Now, and so long as they lived. I know of no veteran today who would not shout his head off for such a programme.

So in 1919, compensation was made for the disabled. Crude, but simple: Totally and permanently disabled, $100 a month; totally but temporarily disabled, $80 a month, plus some additional for dependents; percentage of disability to be determined by the examining physicians. A vocational rehabilitation act was passed in July, 1919, to provide schooling in crafts and vocations for disabled veterans at governmental expense.

BUT here are veterans, some two years after the war, with diseases developing that may have had their beginnings during the time of service. In all justice they must be compensated. A "six months' presumption" law was passed in 1922. If the symptoms of the disease were apparent within six months after discharge of the veteran, his disability arose — legally at least — while he was in the service. In 1923 the presumption was raised to a year. In 1924 officials of the American Legion said, in effect:

"We agree that in many cases diseases resulting from service with the forces would be apparent within a year, but certain diseases, such as tuberculosis and nervous disorders, might take years to develop."

Accordingly, veterans suffering from tuberculosis and nervous diseases, with symptoms developing prior to January 1, 1925, were presumed to be disabled from service. That such a provision aided many who were suffering the effects of war is indisputable. That many were aided — and still are — whose disability has positively no service connection is likewise true. And what able-bodied veteran would draw the line too finely against a suffering buddy?

Anyhow, weren't the able-bodied likewise cared for by a grateful nation? The liberal war risk insurance was continued for all men of the service, and expanded considerably. And in 1924, in one grand movement to compensate those without disabilities from service, the World War Adjusted Compensation Act was passed, granting certificates based on length of service during the war, averaging about $1,000 for each veteran, to be cashed in 1945.

What more to be done? There was always the unfinished task of caring for the disabled, of course. The American Legion, through its general officers and especially through its rehabilitation committee headed by vigorous and aggressive leaders in Washington, carried on the battle for the wounded and sick.

But the idea of extending the "presumptive time" for diseases to make them start — by legal fiat — during the time of the veteran's military service, had taken root. That the plan had tremendous political possibilities was too evident to be overlooked. The rumblings of the inevitable approach of the granting of pensions could be heard. In 1930, with a hard campaign in the fall and much uncertainty facing both parties, the moment for doing something big for veterans had arrived. There crystallized numerous bills for veterans' relief. Royal C. Johnson, Chairman of the World War Veterans' Legislation Committee of the House, was working out a bill to extend the benefits of compensation "to every disability incurred between the date of the veteran's entry into the military service and January 1, 1925, if within that time a ten per cent degree of disability was manifested, and unless there is in the record clear and convincing evidence that the condition is due directly to some intervening cause not in any way associated with military life."

The American Legion and other veterans' organizations were sponsoring the measure, and marshalling forces for united pressure to put it across when Mr. Rankin, a member of the House committee, took their breath away with an amendment to compensate veterans for all constitutional and chronic diseases showing symptoms up to January 1, 1930. In plain words, sick pensions up to 12 years after the War had arrived. Not even venereal diseases were excepted. A member of the committee told me Mr. Rankin's argument to include certain diseases arising from the wilful misconduct of veterans was as follows:

"Here we took all these boys and put them in army camps where they would be subject to all sorts of temptations. If a veteran gets syphilis, maybe that's the reason for it, and he ought to be compensated!"

Mr. Rankin's minority report, signed by himself, Lamar Jeffers, William P. Connery, Jr., Mary T. Norton, Edgar Howard and Wright Patman, said: "The majority report shows that the Rankin bill would provide a pension instead of compensation. If so, the Johnson bill would, too. After all, what does a disabled veteran care whether you call it a pension, compensation, or retirement pay, so long as it pays the bills?"

Louis Ludlow, another member of the committee, blandly appended a separate report in which he said: "I am for the Rankin bill frankly because the extension of the service-connection presumption until January 1, 1930, would bring 86,000 veterans into compensable status who are now beyond the pale of the law. It would do this clumsily and illogically, perhaps, but I believe it would do it effectively."

The Rankin bill passed the House, and the Senate. "Just bad legislation," said President Hoover, and sent it back. This cleared the decks for a compromise, which reduced the presumptive time to January 1, 1925. Many Congressmen were forced to put on two and three extra stenographers to take care of veterans' correspondence relative to sick pensions after the law was passed. Veterans' bureaus have been swamped. Law firms have sprung up specializing in getting compensation for veterans, and guaranteeing delivery of the money or no pay.

The next step was to attend to all those certificates inviting pleasant legislation.

"You are visiting Washington at an interesting time in the history of politics," confided one of my Congressmen friends about two weeks before the last Congress expired. The bonus bill had been sent to the Senate after passing the House. "They'll pass it, all right," my friend continued. "Senators are worse than we House Members are when it comes to such as that. They've got a whole State on their hands, and we have only a Congressional district. They'll pass it, and Hoover'll veto it. Back it'll come, and we'll pass it over his veto. The country may thank its lucky stars that the movement to pay the whole amount of the certificates in cash, was headed off and this fifty per cent proposition compromised on. We know where this pension business is headed. For that matter, not more than twenty per cent of the Members of Congress voting for this bonus are in favor of it — privately."

I challenged that statement.

"All right. I'll prove it," said my Congressman. "Select any ten Members of the House who voted for this bill. Get their honest-to-goodness opinion on it. You'll find I'm right!"

It sounded worth trying, as a study of the great American tendency to make laws for those who bring the most pressure. We agreed that my friend was to select five Congressmen who were strangers to me, and I was to select five whom I knew. The questions to be asked were: "Do you think the payment of bonus (adjusted compensation) certificates, on the basis of the proposed loan value, is a good thing generally for the country? for business? for the dependents of the veterans? for the veterans themselves? As a whole, do you privately favor it?"

"I'll select Edith Nourse Rogers as the first of my five," I said. Mrs.

Rogers is perhaps the best informed Member in Congress on veterans' needs, with the possible exception of Mr. Johnson, and has led the fight in behalf of hospitalization, rehabilitation and laws for the care of wounded and disabled since she entered Congress.

"No indeed!" he responded. "We know how she stands. Mrs. Rogers is one of the 'level-heads.' She voted for the bill, but fought in committee to subordinate the interests of able-bodied veterans to those of the disabled."

ONE of the "level-heads." I found that in Congress there are three well-defined classes of Members: The "level-heads," who go beyond what is good political strategy to uphold policies they believe are good for the country as a whole. The "best-policy" Members, who follow the course of least resistance as indicated by organized groups who can do the most good — or cause the most harm — at elections. And the "give-'em-the-moon-ers" who go even beyond what the high-pressure groups demand, for the purpose of extra publicity, extra political favors or to build up a reputation for aggressive fighting for noble causes.

"Hard-headed lot, the 'level-heads.' They block a lot of legislation," quoth my friend. "The 'give-'em-the-moon-ers' cause even more trouble. Wright Patman, of Texas, for example, who wanted the whole maturity value of the certificates paid now in cash. Frankly, I am a 'best-policy' Member, and I have plenty of company — plenty!"

So the ten Congressmen were selected and quizzed. Eight privately opposed the bonus legislation they had voted for. One unqualifiedly favored it. One was too divided on the question in his own mind to say.

The one who had unqualifiedly favored the law remarked: "Sure, it was good legislation. Money in circulation. Business men helped. Veterans helped. Everybody helped."

"Who will pay for the money?" I asked.

"Why," he said, naïvely, "can't the Government borrow any amount of money it cares to?"

Of the eight opposing Members, seven agreed it would not be a good thing for the country generally, six that it would have a depressing effect on business, all of them that it would be bad for the dependents of veterans later on, and five that it would be bad for the veterans themselves.

"Good for business?" commented one. "Borrowing money from business for one group so that that group can spend it with business, and asking business ultimately to pay the loan! That's a laugh."

SERIOUS were the comments on the need that will be felt by dependents of veterans when 1945 arrives (when the certificates were to have been paid). All agreed that the money would be more badly needed, generally speaking, then than now, despite the present depression.

"Just a matter of statistics," one Member, who is still interested in insurance, told me. "Records show just what per cent we may expect to be in moderate circumstances if not in actual poverty at that time, veterans or no veterans. Ninety per cent will need money for dependents."

"True enough, true enough," agreed another Member, a gleam in his eyes, "but Congress will have done its duty to them by then. Pensions will care for them, and their dependents, long before 1945."

When consideration of the bonus payment swung under way, Members of Congress sidetracked, temporarily, a programme of increased attention to the needs of the actually wounded and disabled veterans. That this programme will now be permanently slowed down is acknowledged.

"The thing that got action," a member of the World War Veterans' Legislation Committee told me, "was that meeting of the American Legion National Executive Committee in Indianapolis, January 25th, at which they endorsed the principle of immediate cash payment, upon application, of certificates. We had not expected that action. Payment of the certificates had not been made a part of the Legion programme as yet. But Congress jumped when the whip cracked. However, if the executive committee had not endorsed the move, fifty telegrams to each Congressman from Legion members would have done the trick."

MOST Congressmen received hundreds of telegrams on the matter; running neck and neck with the number received from Legionnaires were those from automobile and radio manufacturers and dealers.

About five billion dollars have been spent by the Veterans' Bureau since the World War for insurance, hospital care and compensation. In 1930 the annual expenditures passed the half billion mark. Administrator Frank T. Hines estimates that $571,000,000 will be needed for 1931 and $600,000,000 for 1932, the figure to increase annually to the billion-a-year mark. This does not take into consideration the extra billion that may be needed in 1931 to pay the bonus loans.

BUT Congressmen will tell you General Hines' estimates are modest. He has not figured on the wide range of possibilities in the pension idea. The next moves are already openly discussed. Cancellation of the interest on the certificate loans is to be proposed next. Then will follow cancellation of the loan itself and restoration of the certificate to its original value. Moving the time of presumption for diseases progressively back from 1925 is "already on the books," as is the straightforward pension of so much a month, say those in the know, to begin in six or eight years at a start of say $25, and to increase by Congressional action every few years. Then there are widows, children, parents — the situation indeed presents infinite possibilities.

There are those of us who served and returned able-bodied who blush at this. There are those of us who remember the actual benefits of having served — of the physical care, the discipline, the lesson of what duty means, the broader horizon — however much we may have realized the ultimate silliness of warfare. We had at least a concept of patriotism, which we hoped to devote to the cause of those who left the war actually disabled, instead of finding it exploited by political racketeers.

Veterans in need? Certainly. So is my neighbor, the farmer, who farmed while I wore the uniform, in need. Is my need more worthy of governmental action than his? Or consider the case of another neighbor, the bride of a young man turned down by the examiners for some defect. She bore him twins before the Central Powers sued for an armistice. She was left with physical disabilities that take no legal fiat to make presumptive of having arisen during war times. The boys, by the way, are growing up husky fellows, and will doubtless be called on by the Government to bear arms to save the world from something-or-other. Is her patriotism less worthy of cash consideration than mine? The truth is that farmers, or mothers-who-bore-babies-during-the-war, or any other group, receive appropriations on the basis of their voting numbers and the organized pressure they exert upon legislation. And minorities are organizing with a rapidity that promises to bring into being another minority — those who support the rest of the population from the public treasury.

Members of the American Legion will in a few years be in actual majority in Congress and in most other governmental units. In their hands lies the double problem, first, of calling sharply a halt to the growing concern of many of the Organization's able-bodied thousands to be supported at the Government's expense, and to return to the original task of aiding the disabled and serving America's communities in peacetime endeavors; and secondly, of checking the Government they will soon control in its mad rush to become the stronghold of minority-catering time servers.

In this the American Legion stands squarely at the crossroads.

Homes for the Asking

By William R. Draper

But Who Wants Them?

Cannon boomed and flags swept the ground along a dusty line for many miles. Thousands of weary pilgrims, who had waited months for this signal, began their race for a parcel of free Government land. The United States was then disbursing under the Free Homestead Act 160-acre farms in Northern Oklahoma. It had just bought the Cherokee Outlet, a great Indian Reservation, from the Indians and was giving it away to homeseekers. The Indians, meanwhile, were having plenty of fun spending the money.

Again, in another Oklahoma land opening, the wheel of chance turned slowly in another approved Government land lottery and fed out the names of fifteen thousand lucky individuals, who thereby gained title to a quarter section each, without cost or further effort. But there were five times as many names within the wheel as ever came out. The supply of farms became exhausted before the list of applicants.

Three or four decades ago, when these events were occurring, there was an unquenchable land hunger. Once dangerous jealousy and rivalry reigned at these Government land rushes. Men fought wildly, feuds were kindled that lasted for years. Very much alive and extremely colorful, the hotbed of angry passion, were these land openings. But here the pioneer secured the foundation of his fortune and the whole Western country journeyed up the primrose path to prosperity through generosity of the Free Homestead Act.

But now the hectic land boom period has gone its way. Land rushes that once drew thousands of adventurers are no more. Since 1868 there have been more than two hundred million acres of free homestead lands given away. There yet remain slightly less than two hundred million acres. Conditions have changed to such an extent that this vast acreage is now a burden to the central Government at Washington. Plans are under way to shift management and control.

Once an announcement that Uncle Sam was about to conduct another free land opening drew great crowds of homeseekers. Today such an event would cause little interest, for now the gift of a farm is lightly considered. Land was once a princely possession and its ownership a true Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Today the homestead, as well as the privately owned farm, is almost thrown into discard. Land of course will always be the foundation of wealth, for not only does it produce food supplies, but gold and silver to buy these commodities, likewise oil and gas to drive industry, coal to heat and material to build our homes. Land has fallen from its once high estate, and in consequence the Government, with its immense domain of public lands, is wrestling with the problem of giving it away.

Overproduction, the machine age, lure of the city, regular pay checks from factories, uncertainty of prices for staples, all contribute to the undesirability of farming. Abandoned farms and failure of the Government to attract settlers, a swing of population to urban centres, have brought about conditions that now engage the attention of a commission appointed by President Hoover for the Conservation and Administration of the Public Domain. It is a branch of the Department of Interior, headed by James R. Garfield, and has twenty members. Their report, due the Seventy-second Congress, will no doubt outline plans for complete disposal of homestead lands.

High Government executives, including President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur, favor turning the public lands over to State control. But many Western State officials do not look with favor upon this presentation. In other words they are looking the gift horse in the mouth. There is a glut of land, especially such as is available for homesteading. Just why are there so many undesirable farms? How have we become a nation of landowners? At least how did it happen so quickly? Centuries have passed and the landowner in Europe ranks high — here he is no better off than the non-owner of real estate. Our landed gentry is doing much growling these days; we seem to have our fill of dirt.

It is all because land has always been a free gift of the nation. For the last one hundred and forty-seven years the public domain has been passed out for little or nothing at all. First, under an act of Congress of 1784 a land surveyor-general began selling the public domain at ten cents an acre. He soon parted title to twenty million acres to land syndicates. In 1820 a uniform price of $1.25 an acre was fixed. But in May, 1862, after years of strife on the subject and continued agitation by the Free Soil Party, Congress passed the Free Homestead Act and President Abraham Lincoln signed the bill, making our public domain a free gift to any citizen of the United States.

During all these years Uncle Sam has been generous with his vast empire. Land has been bestowed with reckless abandon. Outside of the two hundred and thirty-five million acres taken under the homestead laws by individuals, the Government has given to railroads ninety-three million acres, and to States for educational purposes one hundred and eighty million acres. It has also given away ten million acres for tree planting, thirty-two million acres on private land claims and sixty-four million acres on military bounty land warrants. Even so there are about two hundred million acres left. But the very liberality of Government land regulations, the many loopholes through which, by fraud and trickery, valuable holdings have been chiseled away, have turned the West into a country where everyone owns a farm. Now the millions of homesteaders have had their choice of a selection, the era of Government land rushes has passed into history, and the ambition of man is to own motor cars and stock certificates, instead of real estate.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, in a letter to a conference of Western Governors, assembled recently to consider public lands matters, said: "My first suggestion is that surface rights to these lands should be transferred to State Governments for school land purposes. Due to lack of constructive legislation, value of these lands has steadily decreased. These lands bring no revenue to the Federal Government. It is for the best interests of the small farmer and stock raiser, by whom they are primarily used, that these lands should be managed and policies determined for their use by State Governments. These lands could, to the advantage of the animal industry, be made to yield proper return."

President Hoover does not propose to transfer the forests, parks, Indian Reservations, nor to turn any part of the royalty received from oil and mineral over to use by the State Governments. Retention of subsurface rights by the Federal Government is being strongly opposed by all of the public land States — in fact this is the stumbling block which may prevent the President's suggestions being carried out. Many States are bitterly fighting the Hoover Public Land plan as now outlined. Newspapers and statesmen are outspoken against State control of public lands, without mineral rights. As some have said, it is the egg shell without the meat.

The committee of twenty members, most of them prominent citizens in Western States, have been motoring, at intervals, through the Western public land States, holding meetings and absorbing public sentiment, trying to solve the problem as to how best this shift of control of two hundred million acres of land is to be brought about to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. It is now generally agreed, after fifteen months, that it can not be done.

IT WAS stated by President Hoover that "the mineral rights are a problem of the nation, as well as local in character," and that a large percentage of the funds derived by the Federal Government from oil and mineral royalties are turned right back to the States. But most of the large Western newspapers are opposed to passing of surface, without subsurface title, from Government to State. Many of the Western land States, I am sure, will refuse to accept this gift of millions of acres — in the case of many it runs well over twenty-five million acres — mainly for economic reasons.

It is claimed that the residue of public lands is valueless. However, the Department of Interior places a value of three hundred million dollars on the surface rights alone. But it does remain a fact that there are millions of acres of sandy waste, rocky mountainsides, treeless and grassless deserts, which never have and perhaps never will benefit mankind. They should remain the property of the Federal Government, because in no other way can they fail to burden a State or community. Of course nontaxable land anywhere does not benefit public developments.

GEORGE H. DERN, Governor of Utah, is opposed to his State accepting the gift of twenty-five million acres, because he claims it will cut down federal road aid now amounting to $850,000 annually. He does not believe the public lands turned over by the Federal Government could offset this important contribution to Utah's highway programme. W. R. Eaton, a Colorado legislator, is voicing his protest against his State being burdened with eight million acres of public domain while mineral rights on the aforesaid land, worth $75,000,000, according to Colorado mining operators, are withheld for benefit of the Federal Government. Mr. Eaton says it will cost Colorado $150,000 a year to administer these lands, most of which will be at considerable loss.

I can not agree with the Colorado legislator in this respect, for I personally inspected a great many homesteads on the eastern slope and in the northern part of the State, which, if known to the public, would shortly be taken over under the homestead laws, "commuted" or paid out at the rate of $1.25 an acre. Some of the land, in my judgment, is worth $5.00 an acre. Colorado is losing an opportunity to gain hundreds of new citizens by its failure to advertise these undeveloped resources.

Replying to public criticisms directed against the Hoover plan to divert the public domain to State control, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, in an address at Salt Lake said:

"No public land State has the equipment necessary to handle the vast mineral resources underlying the public domain. Also the individual State would reap no actual benefit by surrender of this mineral right (which they have never owned) to the Federal Government, as these States are now receiving, through the Reclamation Act, every dollar of revenue that comes from mineral royalty, except ten per cent retained by the Government for supervisory control."

SEVEN million dollars came into the reclamation fund last year from mineral royalties. Since 1921 seventy million dollars have been received by the Federal Government from that source. This is a lot of money, and is the chief reason for which Western States are now fighting for complete control. State officials are anxious to spend the money now doled out by the Department of Interior—which is no doubt their main objection at this time to accepting the public lands without the full mineral rights accompanying.

Demand for homesteads is decreasing. Last year there were six thousand applicants, twenty years ago ten to fifteen thousand applicants annually. Since 1862 there have been one million four hundred thousand homesteads given away by the Federal Government. Some of these have "commuted" or paid out their land at the expiration of fourteen months;

others have "lived out" the land and gotten it free at the end of three years. Due to current reports that the homestead laws are about to be abolished, applications show a 25 per cent increase now as against the last fiscal year.

There are twenty States in which these free homesteads may be acquired. There are forty district land offices where persons wanting to make filings can be accommodated. Complete information as to rules, regulations and procedure may be had from the Department of Interior at Washington. They issue free of cost a 52-page booklet with all legal requirements reduced to simple form.

The usual homestead entry is limited to 160 acres. Under the Enlarged Homestead Act one may file on 320 acres; under the Stock Raising Homestead Act acreage is raised to 640; and under the Kincaid Act 640 acres may be acquired. Of course where larger parcels of land are allowed to be taken the land is less valuable. Some of it is worthless — a great deal of it that is now left.

A settler must reside on his claim three years before he can "prove up" or secure his deed. During that time he must cultivate at least one-eighth of the land, build a habitable house and not be absent more than five months each year — unless illness or severe climatic conditions contribute to his leave. Then he must show good proof of his claims. On payment of necessary land office fees, legal notices in newspapers and establishment of the fact that he is an American citizen, over the age of twenty-one, that he does not own 160 acres of land elsewhere in the United States, the Government will grant his claims and give him a patent or title to the land.

Should the homesteader desire to prove up before three years he can do so by "commuting" or paying $1.25 an acre for his land, living upon the claim fourteen months and making certain improvements. These call for a habitable house and one-sixteenth of his land under cultivation. Most of the homesteaders prefer to "commute" and get their deeds within a fourteen-month period, rather than to "live out" the land for three years.

In certain sections of the West — Idaho and Utah, for instance — 320 acres may be taken under the homestead laws and no actual residence upon the land is required. The same applies under the Kincaid Act for Western Nebraska, where 640 acres may be taken. Under the Stock Raising Act a homesteader may acquire 640 acres, build a house and drill a few wells, string a mile or so of fence, and within three years apply to the Government, with proper proof of these proceedings, and secure a warranty deed.

Soldiers, sailors and World War veterans have certain privileges not given to the average citizen. Widows and heirs of homesteaders also have rights of completing entries; even those who go insane while trying to live out a homestead filing are granted favors by the Government in issuing patents.

The homestead laws are much more elastic today than when the West was first being settled, and the Government will go more than halfway to help you make the grade.

The University of the Future

By Carter Davidson

The college alumnus who returns to his *alma mater* on homecoming day or in order to see his own children graduate from the institution, is continually being impressed by the changes which have taken place there — old landmarks have disappeared, huge new buildings with expensive equipment have taken their place, and the number of students has doubled and quadrupled. These external, physical alterations, however, are not the only changes, and perhaps not the most important ones, which have occurred in the universities of this country. The old grad, if he were to walk into a classroom during a recitation, would probably find that the methods of teaching have changed since his day; if the graduates of 1931 try the same experiment twenty years from now, they will probably be unable to recognize the old school — they may even discover that the students are ignorant of the fact that the college ever employed courses, credits, grades, lectures, or class meetings as means of education. The problem now of paramount interest to educators, students, alumni, and laymen alike is: why the change? and toward what are we headed?

The first American college, Harvard, was originally founded and organized upon the plan of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, John Harvard's *alma mater*. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the influence of the German university system, and the many differences between the life of Seventeenth Century England and the new American civilization, all combined to make the Harvard and the thousand other institutions of higher learning in the United States of the early Twentieth Century far different in methods and organization from Emmanuel. It is interesting to note that today Harvard is taking the lead among our colleges in the return to the more intimate methods of the English school.

The forces behind this movement for change are not merely theoretical and pedagogical. Faculty, students, alumni, and the general public are beginning to complain against specific faults in the system. The faculty and the better students find the lecture and classroom recitation repetitious, boring, and a waste of time; the inferior students feel that lectures are hard to understand, and that the classroom recitations are too rapid, failing to make clear the more difficult problems. The mechanical nature of the course and credit system, and its failure to insure a thorough grasp of the whole field, mark it as inefficient for a well-rounded preparation for life. Grades and standards, adapted to the abilities of the mediocre student, fail to encourage or recognize the superior scholar. As Viscount Bryce commented in his *American Commonwealth*, "There is indeed no respect in which the American system is more contrasted with that of Oxford and Cambridge than the comparatively small part assigned to the award of honors."

On the social side, both students and faculty members have objected to the lack of intimate social and intellectual contacts in institutions of from three thousand to thirty thousand students. How can a professor lecturing to eight hundred people hope to know the problems or even the name of each of them? Fraternities and sororities, in themselves a concrete protest against the housing and living conditions of the university dormitories, are in general too narrowing in their effect, and are not as yet integrated with the rest of the college educational system.

A THIRD type of dissatisfaction is seen in athletics and student activities. Intercollegiate athletics have become the possession of the privileged few — the letter men. Attempts to force physical training upon freshmen and sophomores, and to encourage sports among the upper-classmen, have proved abortive, lacking a sound basis of interest. The paid coaches give their attention entirely to the university teams, all the money for trips and equipment is expended upon this small group, and frequently a semi-professional spirit has been developed among the team members. The great majority of the student body has contented itself with watching and cheering; with the present system, such an evil condition seems almost inevitable. In other extra-curricular student activities the same lack of intelligent interest and participation is evident, because of the same absence of incentive.

THESE many and varied types of complaint are beginning to have an effect upon the universities. Possibly in part because the World War made Americans sensitive to everything German in their educational system, and also in part because research showed that British universities were not troubled by these problems, American colleges have begun to modify some of their practices to conform to those of the English. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University, ten years before the outbreak of the War, announced that Princeton was to use a system of preceptorial instruction modeled on the Oxford tutorial scheme, with a weekly conference of from three to five students with their instructor. The improvement in the quality of work done by the students was noticeable.

Harvard College, in 1912, went a step farther by appointing tutors who worked with the students under their care as individuals rather than in groups, preparing them through a broad programme of study for a thorough general examination in the spring of their senior year. Harvard has been so pleased with the excellent results of this scheme, that it has now begun upon a "house plan," resembling the Oxford college residential organization, which is to be extended until it completely supplants the old scheme. Harvard is slowly withdrawing from intercollegiate athletics, with the exception of the traditional Yale games, which are to correspond to the Oxford-Cambridge encounters. A lengthy reading period in each semester before the examinations, with no lectures or class meetings, is another innovation. Yale, encouraged by the same philanthropist who made the Harvard scheme possible, is apparently developing the same arrangement.

ALMOST immediately after the election of a Rhodes scholar, Mr. Frank Aydelotte, as president of Swarthmore College in 1921, a plan of "reading for honors" corresponding to the Oxford "honor schools" was introduced. Its success there has induced many other colleges to offer honors courses as a part of the regular curriculum. In 1927 the University of Wisconsin Experimental College was organized, with its educational method primarily one of individual instruction and small-group discussion. Reed College, in Portland, Oregon, has used this method since its founding. Rollins College, in Florida, is now conducting its classes under the laboratory plan to secure the advantages of the Oxford system. The Antioch College "work and learn" method is intended to free the student and teacher from the machinery of compulsory classes and fragmentary work. The University of Chicago, in its recently adopted Junior-Senior college organization, has planned a series of examinations to be given at the end of set periods, corresponding closely to the responsions and public examinations in England.

The chief fault of all these arrangements is only too obvious. They all attempt to superimpose the individual instruction method upon the old lecture and course system, not to substitute the first for the second. The result has been chaos and much higher expense. Swarthmore reports a twenty-five per cent increase in the cost of instruction. Why? Because the members of the faculty conducting the honors study have been replaced in the lectures and recitations by new additional teachers. It is too much to expect to maintain both old and new systems complete in the same institution. There is no need, on the other hand, to make a complete break; the old system was not entirely faulty. Some modification of both plans must take place, if there is to result a truly unified scheme of higher education. An attempt to picture the organization of the American university of the future will be of value as an ideal toward which our present institutions should strive.

THE large university organism need not pass away in order to make room for this new structure; it will become primarily a coördinating body, made up of several small colleges of two or three hundred students each, and handling all matters which affect the whole group of member colleges, such as the apportionment of general funds, the admission and distribution of students, the control of common service institutions such as libraries and museums, and the correlation of the work of the separate colleges by the provision of uniform examinations and impartial examining boards. The university will still confer the degrees, and remain under the control of its board of trustees, a president, and a university senate composed of representatives of each college.

THE college, administered by a dean, its faculty, and its student body, will select a varied but congenial group of students from those admitted to the university, considering always the student's preference. In the selection of its faculty, the college will attempt to secure broadly cultured men or women with ability for intimate student contacts. Each student will be assigned to a tutor who will direct his general course of study during the first year or two, in preparation for a general survey examination. This tutor will call on his colleagues to guide the student's work in their fields, and will try to apportion the load carefully. Each student will confer frequently with his tutor-in-chief, and attend such lectures, discussion groups, and conferences in his fields of study as the tutor recommends. The quality and quantity of his work will be frequently ascertained by his tutor and reported to the college dean. The teaching methods will naturally vary with the subject studied: the writing of papers to discuss with the tutors and fellow students meeting in informal discussion groups; optional attendance at lectures given in the evenings with perhaps movietone accompaniment; a gradual acceptance by the student of a more complete personal responsibility for his own education. The lectures will be of two types: the general and the specialized, to fit the students' purposes; they will be planned to avoid repetition within a two-year period, and the advanced lectures of the various colleges will be coördinated to allow students specializing in a field to hear the authorities of the university speak. In this way it will not be necessary for any member of a college faculty to deliver more than one lecture each week, and this fact combined with the optional attendance will encourage him to present his material attractively and effectively.

Although the library for advanced study will of necessity be of such size that only the university can support it, each college will have a good working library for the general studies, which the student can supplement by purchases or personal loans from his tutors. Much reading will be done during the vacations. The laboratories will probably be handled in much the same way as the libraries.

THE students all will be housed and fed within the precincts of their college, and a rich social life built around this association. Some members of the faculty will live in the college halls, and those who live outside will be urged to come frequently to meals and take part in the college life. Every student will be expected to engage in some student activity as a regular part of the curriculum.

The English scheme of athletics, with every student engaging in friendly sport each afternoon, will be a solution of the present athletic evil. The spirit of competition can be kept alive by frequent matches between teams chosen from the various colleges, and coached, not by highly salaried coaches, but by members of the faculty and advanced students. Sports continuable after graduation, and not the present forced exercise, will be chiefly encouraged.

The tried and proved studies of the past and present will continue to be the chief body of knowledge in the colleges, with such additions as an advancing American civilization may produce. Emphasis, however, will be placed upon fields rather than on subjects, on breadth as well as depth of learning. Oxford now has ten main fields, certain of which — Jurisprudence and Theology — form separate schools in America. Swarthmore also has ten fields, in which the languages and sciences seem unnecessarily partitioned. The recent University of Chicago division into Humanities, Social Sciences, Physical Sciences, and Biological Sciences, seems to lump too much under the term Humanities for a general education. The curriculum of this future American college will probably contain seven major divisions: Literature, Language, Fine Arts, Philosophy and Mathematics, Social Sciences, Physical Sciences, and Biological Sciences. This seems to be fairly well balanced in the importance of the fields.

Literature will cover not only English and American classics, but those of other languages, in an attempt to encourage appreciation, understanding, and critical acumen as well as a knowledge of authors and periods; in the more advanced work, this division will work together with the division of Language. By the field of Language is not meant rhetoric or English composition, for these will be an essential part of all the fields studied. During the general education period the student will attempt to gain a thorough understanding of at least one language other than English, either ancient or modern, together with some appreciation of the literature in that language; advanced study will develop a command of that language and others, and a more thorough knowledge of their literary monuments. In Fine Arts, not only will the attainment of skill in music, painting, or other arts be encouraged, but an æsthetic appreciation of all the arts cultivated. The purpose of the work in Philosophy and Mathematics will be fundamentally to teach the student to think soundly, and to use his thoughts and those of the ages to formulate his own philosophy of life; religion, higher mathematics, and the history and problems of philosophy will occupy the attentions of the advanced students.

Man's place in society, viewed with genuine historical, sociological, governmental, and economic perspective, will be the field of the Social Sciences, opening up many lines for further development. The two divisions of science, the physical and the biological, will first give the students a survey of the interrelations of the various branches with each other and with the problems and institutions of human life, leaving until later the specialization within a field. In all these seven fields, breadth of understanding without superficiality will be the constant aim of teachers and students.

The present time requirements

and insistence upon study for a degree will be discarded in favor of a programme adaptable to every interest and purpose. For those who desire a university degree, there will be offered a comprehensive examination on the fields of general education, followed later by one in the fields or field of specialty, such examinations to be taken by the student when he feels himself sufficiently prepared and when he secures the recommendation of his tutors. For those who desire it, an honors examination and degree will be open. Even in the "pass degree," special proficiency in one aspect will help to alleviate slight faults in others. At times an oral examination will supplement the written to recognize differences in abilities. Pre-professional students will vary from the norm to acquire adequate preparation. The thousands of students who desire the stimulus of the college atmosphere and faculty and the use of the university equipment without becoming candidates for a degree will be allowed to govern their own programmes and receive a certificate from their tutors and the university stating what work they have done.

ALTHOUGH some of the privately endowed universities will be forced to limit their enrollment, all those of normal ability who desire college training will have the opportunity of gaining it at some institution of collegiate rank. The function of the university will be the offering of opportunities rather than the maintenance of standards and the granting of degrees. Even in graduate study the old degrees will lose their power, and the master-apprentice relationship will take their place; the student will not obtain a Ph.D. from an institution, but a personal aid and recommendation from a great scholar, as an indication of his ability.

PRESENT college administrators look forward to this development fearing that it will prove excessively costly. Various changes, however, such as the elimination of much routine work, the reduction of lectures, the combination of classrooms with offices and dormitories in the same buildings, and the elimination of much administrative overhead, will reduce the total expense until it will be probably within the present expense limits. A college of two hundred students will function effectively with a faculty of twenty-five, a ratio not much higher than that in the average university of today. The opportunity of endowing and naming a college within a university rather than erecting a perishable building will appeal to many wealthy men who could not endow independent colleges under the present system.

The lasting value of this education of the future will become apparent when the generations of the future see that it is meeting a real need for broadly civilized and carefully trained members of the vocations and of society in general, and when the habits of study and self-reliance inculcated by this educational method will result in continued study and individual contributions to the new American civilization.

A symposium by business and professional leaders on the opportunities open to this year's college graduates in various fields of endeavor

Brokerage

By Franklin Escher

Of Dresser and Escher

The "state of the market" may to some, this summer, mean the hardship of Southampton instead of Newport. In a million lesser American homes the Aladdin's Lamp of '29 may have been pushed, discarded and discredited into the furthermost corner. But — over on Broad Street, plans are under way for a ten million dollar addition to the New York Stock Exchange.

The country, in other words, by those in a position to know is still regarded as being "stock-minded." As "stock-minded," perhaps, as during the big days of '29. As ready, it may be, to come back and test out its theory that in the ownership not of bonds and mortgages but of "equities," in the rôle not of creditor but of partner, there lies the real road to wealth.

Ten people to-day who own stocks where a few years ago there was only one; "price-times-earnings" and similar phrases on everyone's lips; the financial page of the newspapers still the first and most eagerly read section — yes, in spite of all the weary wandering in the wilderness the public's eye is still on the hidden rock, the public's expectation still that the living waters can be made to flow.

It has become a great institution, the public's interest in the share market, a phase in our national life destined during the next few years, in the opinion of those best in a position to judge, to assume a hitherto undreamed-of scope and importance. Costly as was the awakening, there *has* been awakened in the public consciousness full realization of the great adjustments in business which are going on — and of the tremendous rewards which await the man able to gauge the effect of these adjustments upon the price of securities.

What chance for the young man just entering business to align himself with what is going on — as he himself would probably express it, to "horn in"? What kudos and what "outs" in this business of being a stockbroker?

First, let us get very clearly in mind just what a stockbroker is. Not, of course, a bond or a stock salesman; to act as a principal and to sell somebody something is naturally, an entirely different thing from acting as somebody's agent. Which, as a matter of fact, is exactly what a stockbroker is — an agent in the true sense of the word. John Smith in Oregon or in Florida or anywhere in between, has some money which he wants to invest in stocks: Jones & Company, stockbrokers, are the people with whom he consults as to which stocks to buy and, that having been settled, who go into the open market *as his agents* and consummate the transaction.

THE function of the stockbroker, then, is a dual one. He must, in the first place, be qualified to advise as to the investment of money. He must, in the second place, be possessed of the facilities — membership in the various Stock Exchanges and all that — to execute his clients' orders to his clients' best possible advantage. The first of these two functions, it is clearly evident, is a matter of education and of training. The second is rather a matter of capital and substance. Establishment of the facilities for the execution of orders, naturally, is an expensive piece of business.

Two means, thus, present themselves through which the man just out of college can enter the stockbroking business. He can, in the first place, providing he has the means, buy his way in. He can, in the second place, enter by the door of qualifications in the way of education or connections (or both) which will fit him in a comparatively short space of time to assume the rôle of adviser to people having money to invest.

CONFINING the discussion to the man who has got to make his own way and getting down a little more to cases, no great difficulty presents itself to the properly qualified college man who is out to get a job with some reputable stock brokerage concern and who realizes that it will be necessary for him to make a modest beginning. Family or social connections suggestive of "business to be thrown his way" are, naturally, a help; but even without any such special leverage the right sort of man has no trouble in getting his foothold. For a couple of years, of course, that "foothold" is far more likely to be an early-and-late job under the electric lights of the "back office" than a ten-to-three job under the moose-head and the stuffed tarpon "out in front," but unless that is clearly understood and appreciated, the candidate had best fix his mind on some other form of endeavor. There are, it is true, firms which will take on a "customers' man" the day he comes out of college and a week later send him out among his friends with the admonition to "go get the business," but it is hardly with that sort of thing that this discussion is concerned. Qualification properly to advise people as to their investments is a process requiring not only a long period of intensive study but years of keen and deductive observation as well. There's no possible short-cut.

What there is though, and what there wasn't ten or perhaps even five years ago, is an astonishing amount of well collated information readily available to the man of an analytical turn of mind and who really wants to get at the facts. Gone, or nearly so, is the tipster's sheet of a generation ago. In its place now we have the various "services," organizations it is true of a varying degree of efficiency and utility, but all of them capable of supplying a vast amount of information as to corporation earnings, commodity and money market conditions, etc., etc. Constantly amazing to the writer who, in his early days as a financial editor, had to rely on the then thin trickle of "news" is the scope and volume of financial information now furnished at a moderate annual subscription price by any one of the several "statistical organizations." Not predictions and forecasts — though those, too, unfortunately perhaps, have to be issued — but soundly synthesized groups of facts covering practically every phase of financial activity.

The facts about the percentage of gross charged off as depreciation by Consolidated Gas or North American won't, of course, give you much of a line on whether the pool in Auburn is going to run the stock another fifty points. They do, however, in connection with a lot of other facts, make possible an intelligent comparison of these utility companies with others. Which after all is, or at any rate ought to be, the main business of a stockbroker — to offer his clients advice based not on hearsay, tips or alleged "inside information," but on definite knowledge as to relative values.

Has a college-trained mind any advantage in the use, for practical purposes, of statistical compilations? Has a trained boxer any advantage over an opponent who has never been taught to use his strength?

Assuming then that you come out of college, get a job with a stock brokerage concern, graduate competently after the necessary years of apprenticeship into a "front office" position — what, under those circumstances, is there to look forward to, what is the reward financially and otherwise?

Financially, first — as great, certainly, and perhaps greater, than in almost any other profession. Money is in the air in and around the Stock Exchange, much money; and to the man who proves himself competent in this matter of the administration of the capital of his clients, there accrue fees of substantial amount. Primarily the stockbroker's function is so to advise his clients that their investments will prove profitable. Establish a reputation for being able to do that and the question of compensation becomes one about which there will never be any difficulty. An Open Sesame, an entrée into the most select circles is a satisfied and responsive investment clientèle.

Other than from a financial viewpoint the stock brokerage profession, too, offers great inducements. The hours are anything but long; the environment is usually pleasant; associations and contacts generally speaking are with people of means and consequently of leisure and refinement. In addition to all of which is the fact that the man truly fitted for this work, the man both able and conscientious, can well feel that he is engaged in an occupation that is important as well as constructive. Intelligently and competently to share in the routing of the country's available investment capital into the country's productive enterprise is an occupation of which anybody may well be proud.

Law

BY SILAS H. STRAWN

Former President of the American Bar Association

THE success of a lawyer during the first five years of practice, as well as in the rest of his career, depends in the main upon two elements: First, his natural aptitude for the practice of the law, and second, his educational qualifications. Thus his progress will depend largely upon the extent to which these two prerequisites are combined.

The several trade unions have rules governing the time apprentices are required to serve before they can become journeymen in their respective trades. These requirements run from three years of apprenticeship in some of the trades to five years in others.

The public should be much more interested in the training of a lawyer who is to participate in the administration of justice and who has to do with those questions respecting the property and liberty of our citizens, than in the training of a mechanic. The mechanic must do *certain* things well. The lawyer has a much wider range of activity and generally deals with subjects more vital and personal than does the mechanic.

Assuming that the time fixed by the trade unions represents their deliberate judgment as being necessary for the preparation of those whose life work is to be largely manual, I submit that the public should give more attention to the educational qualifications for admission to the bar, where the activities are supposed to be chiefly mental, than is now given.

THAT our people do not understand the requirement for the successful practice of the law is evidenced by the resistance of the several states to put into effect the rule of the American Bar Association, which rule may be summarized as recommending that every candidate for admission to the bar should have a minimum of two years of college education, or its equivalent, before commencing the study of the law and that he should have successfully finished a three years' course at an approved full-time law school or four years at an approved part-time school. Then if he is able to pass an examination by bar examiners he is, in some States, required to pass the scrutiny of a committee on character and fitness, to determine whether, in addition to his legal education, he is a man of sufficient character and possesses the general qualifications to undertake the difficult and responsible obligations of his profession.

THIS American Bar Association rule was adopted on the recommendation of a committee headed by the Hon. Elihu Root. In urging the adoption of the rule, Senator Root said, among other things:

> Vastly complicated our practice has become. The enormous masses of statutes and decisions have made it so. Twelve thousand to fifteen thousand public decisions of courts of last resort in a year! A wilderness of laws and a wilderness of adjudications that no man can follow, requiring not less, but more ability; not less, but more learning; not less, but more intellectual training in order to advise an honest man as to what his rights are and in order to get his rights for him. Are we doing it? No. The bar stays still. . . .
>
> Not only has the practice of the law become complicated, but the development of the law has become difficult. New conditions of life surround us; capital and labor, machinery and transportation, social and economic questions of the greatest, most vital interest and importance, the effects of taxation, the social structure, justice to the poor and injustice to the rich, — a vast array of difficult and complicated questions that somebody has got to solve, or we here in this country will suffer as the poor creatures in Russia are suffering because of a violation of economic law, whose decrees are inexorable and cruel. Somebody has got to solve these questions. How are they to be solved? I am sure we all hope they will be solved by the application to the new conditions of the old principles of justice out of which grew our institutions. But to do that you must have somebody who understands those principles, their history, their reason, their spirit, their capacity for extension, and their right application. Who is to have that? Who but the bar?

The time has long passed when the lawyer can practice by ear, intuition or impulse. This is true no matter how great a natural genius he may be. The science of the law is too exacting. The range of human activity is too great.

After an experience of more than forty years at the bar I am convinced that in these times a condition precedent to the attainment of any considerable degree of success in the practice of the law is a well-grounded pre-legal education followed by a three years' course in a first-class law school.

Given the qualifications to which I have referred, the next job of the young lawyer is to get started in the practice. This he may do in three ways:

First, open an office of his own;

Second, associate himself with an established firm, or

Third, become a clerk in the office of some district or prosecuting attorney or in the legal department of some branch of the Federal or State Government.

His choice will depend to a certain extent upon his natural inclination and to a lesser degree upon his opportunities.

IF THE young lawyer starts to build up a practice of his own he must be possessed of patience and courage and must be content to do the little or less complicated things until he has become experienced. I believe it is much better for the young lawyer to associate himself with an established firm. He then has an opportunity immediately to enter a larger field of activity and to deal with more important matters. After having acquired experience he can then determine whether he wishes to remain with the firm or start for himself. If he wishes to become a trial lawyer or to learn something of the practice in the various governmental bureaus, he will find opportunities of which he can avail himself.

It is estimated that there are at present about 150,000 lawyers in this country. Assuming the practicing life of the average lawyer is thirty-five years, it would require 4,500 new recruits to replace those who drop out of the profession. Yet the fact is that we are now turning out about 9,500 lawyers each year. There is, therefore, a serious question of the survival of the fittest during the first five years of the practice of the law. However, that problem should not be discouraging, because it is one with which we have had to contend in every field of human endeavor since the beginning of time. Therefore, we must conclude that the first five years of a lawyer's practice are largely determinative of his success or failure. To succeed he must have good physical health, a natural aptitude for the profession and the educational qualifications to which I have referred.

Merchandizing

By Samuel W. Reyburn

President of the Associated Dry Goods Corporation of New York

Each year the month of June finds an increasing number of young men and young women graduates from high schools and colleges considering the retail business, and particularly as it is conducted by the department store, as the channel through which to direct their life's vocational activities. More and more often are the questions asked of those already in the field: What is the opportunity in retail merchandizing? Has it a future? Will it hold my enthusiastic interest and compel the use and high development of my talents?

Introducing and selling goods to the final consumer in a permanent location, that is, shopkeeping, goes very far back in history. To make it possible, an ordered system of coinage of precious metals which held the confidence of and circulated freely among the people was necessary.

The older historians believed that the first practical use of coinage as a measure of value, a medium of exchange, began in Lydia, a little nation on the shores of the Mediterranean on the western edge of the civilization of that time. It enjoyed the arts of peace for many centuries before Greece took a prominent place in the world's affairs. In those days the chief business of the civilized world was war. At about the same time, innkeeping, or the hotel business as we call it, began. These were peaceful arts that could not be made profitable undertakings in the days of barter.

The beginning of the use of coinage, shopkeeping, and innkeeping in Asia Minor may have taken place before 1000 B. C., possibly earlier in the Far East. There are two Chinese proverbs about retailing, very interesting, very old, and they are as good today as ever. One reads: "If you would be successful, always think of the selling before you buy." Another is: "If you have not a smiling face, do not attempt to be a merchant." As it takes many generations of living and proving to crystallize sound practice into a terse proverb, it may be that coinage and retail selling in China preceded that in Lydia by many centuries.

In its basic principles, that is, the need for knowing and anticipating customers' wants, keeping in touch with markets far and near, having the goods on hand and exchanging them with the consumer for money or a promise of money, it is carried on today much as it was in the beginning, ages ago. We may justly claim that in all these centuries, it has changed less in its basic elements than any other branch of business, and from this we may safely argue that it is a service that will always be needed in any civilized society.

Despite the fact that we have followed the same fundamentals so long, there has been through these centuries a continual increase in the variety of manufactured articles, and an increase in the variety of shops, an increase in the knowledge of the average consumer and his opportunities for gratifying his desires, and so today consumption is greater than ever before and practically everything with which we clothe ourselves, feed ourselves, and make ourselves comfortable is bought from the shopkeeper. Rarely can we deal directly with the manufacturer or the producer of our requirements, for they are scattered over the face of the earth and many of them far from the great centres of consumption.

Speaking generally, consumers are motivated in buying merchandise by the mental processes, that is, reason and judgment, or by the emotions, that is, feelings and beliefs. Merchandise makes its appeal through its uses, its beauty, and the pleasure it may give by being distinctive because of its age, its history, or its novelty. In the purchase of necessary articles, the average man or woman forms habits, and price and convenience are the dominant influences. With articles that not only perform the necessary service but also gratify emotions through the distinction their possession may give, not habits but thoughtful consideration and the exercise of taste are the dominant influences.

In these days the performance of the final function in the distribution of essential commodities to the consumer is done by individuals, firms, and corporations that may be roughly divided into five general divisions:

First: The chain stores.

Second: The mail order houses.

Third: The large and small retail stores, dealing in staple goods of all descriptions, owned and operated by an individual, a firm, or a close corporation, that supply all kinds of merchandise to their communities.

Fourth: The class specialty shops, giving a careful and discriminating service, and dealing in a wide range of articles for the consumer but chiefly in men's and women's apparel and their accessories, furnishings for the home, and decorative objects.

Fifth: In all cities of sufficient population to maintain a fairly large retail trading district, there are large general stores known as department stores. Many of them deal in practically everything required by the individual or in the home. Each department is in reality a specialty shop. They are a great convenience to customers in that close relations that develop a mutual understanding can be established in one place where all the needs of family and home can be secured in the least possible time. To the investor they give the safety of a widely distributed risk and to the management an opportunity of studying the successes and failures in the various departments and applying the lessons of these studies to the development of a greater efficiency and economy of management. These businesses are now nearly all owned by corporations.

It is in the field of department stores that I have had my experience in retailing and it is this division to which I will confine my further remarks.

In these organizations young men and young women can get a broad view of business generally and particularly the retail business. Most of the well-run stores in the larger cities make an organized effort to train all their employes. Particular attention is given to the executive training of those who seem to have a natural aptitude for the responsibilities of leadership.

There is no business in which the human equation is so large and so important. These big store organizations are more nearly a cross-section of civilized society than any other groups we know. They are composed of men and women old and young, of trained and untrained minds. Furthermore, they are engaged in that very personal problem of serving the customer with goods he expects to consume and doing it in a way so satisfactory that that customer will be led to come back to secure his future wants. It is an exceedingly competitive field and no protective franchise can be secured. There is no patented principle or machinery that adds much to the production in a department store. Its success is dependent upon giving good service to people with people. But it is giving a service of objects and so it is necessary to have a high appreciation of things as well as people. Consider the comprehensiveness of the definition in the Lord & Taylor Store of a word very frequently and lightly used, "style." "Style" in that organization is used to name that "artistic and enduring quality to be found in an object of beauty and usefulness which is the resultant of good design, harmonious colors, skillful workmanship, and appropriate material." But in addition to having this knowledge, one must realize that he must please his customers and all of them will not have a well developed artistic taste. So he must be a judge of "fashion," which, with the store named, means the favorable reaction of its customers towards the newer items of merchandise. Oftentimes the popular demand — that is, the fashion — may not be for the best designs from an artistic standpoint.

Each article sold in a department store must not only be useful, but must satisfy the consumer's desire for distinction, as well as conform to the demands of fashion. Such merchandise must be attractively displayed in harmonious surroundings and presented with skillful salesmanship. To be successful, the department store must be managed by men and women who have judgment, initiative, imagination, and vision. In addition they must have the confidence and the courage to make timely decisions and to take timely action.

The young man or woman who is contemplating a career may be assured that the work offers an opportunity for use of knowledge, and specifically a knowledge of economics, of sociology, and of psychology. Those who have this basic knowledge at their command will know the effect of supply and demand upon the price of commodities, will study and evaluate the standards of living in a given community, will understand human behavior and be able to direct human effort. To use this knowledge effectively in leading and teaching, and to insure a continual flow of information from others, they will, following the advice of Chesterfield who said, "Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world," cultivate good manners.

The customer is becoming increasingly critical of the beauty as well as the usefulness of things with which she clothes and surrounds herself. Therefore, those who would become merchants must strive for an appreciation of the beauty in all things in order that the desires of customers may be accurately measured.

In order to direct successfully a large group of people, the work to be done by the group must be continually analyzed, evenly distributed, and properly related. In Lord & Taylor the work is classified into three divisions. These are: finance, merchandise, and service. In the finance division one finds all the people whose work it is to control and keep the records of the distribution of money which is invested in the business, and of its return through the sale of merchandise and services. In this division are found the statistical departments, the credit department, the cashier department and many others the functions of which are similar.

In the merchandise division, one finds all employes who are responsible for providing adequate assortments of merchandise at the right time and at the right price, and for presenting this merchandise to the public. In this division are found the buying departments, the fashion department, and the advertising department.

In the service division there are grouped all of those activities that have to do with customers and with employes. These activities include the proper equipping of the building in which the business is conducted, the reception and care of customers during their visit to the shop, the handling and delivery of merchandise, and the careful selection, adequate training, and proper consideration for the welfare of employes.

Although ultimate success in department store work may be attained through a variety of channels, it has its source in experience behind the counter or other places where customers are met and served satisfactorily. The great importance of a customer's viewpoint to the buyer, to the merchandise manager, to the fashion adviser, to the advertising copywriter, to the personnel worker, or to the man or woman in any other executive position in a retail store should never be overlooked.

Only through frequent contact with the customer can the buyer or merchandise manager discriminate successfully in the selection of merchandise. Only through a real interest in customers and their needs can the fashion adviser anticipate changes in the nature of consumer demand. Only through a knowledge of human nature, gained in a selling department, can the advertising copywriter catch and hold the attention of the buying public.

With the various departments of these great stores, each with its many problems of style, fashion, and satisfactory service, work in them offers a bigger challenge and greater opportunity to grow, than in almost any other business.

Architecture

By Ralph Walker

Member of the Architectural Commission of the Chicago World's Fair Exposition, 1933

The young architect, upon the completion of his preliminary education, is not different from other young professional men in finding in the new world which he enters that it seems a long climb from the bottom rung, on which he starts, to the top. He, as well as all youth, is told that the dizzy height is only to be achieved by hard work and a certain undefined amount of genius. Unfortunately, because of an insufficient supply of daughters, the Victorian idea of success in which hard work especially is finally rewarded by gaining the boss' daughter in marriage and therefore obtaining in one magnificent leap the step immediately below that of the boss, no longer seems a possible opportunity to the young man of the present day. He observes also that in opportunity there is to be found a fickle element of chance, for how otherwise can the success of some of the men he meets be explained.

The office in which he finds himself, again because of chance, seems to offer but small openings for the future. He is likely to find a draughtsman class strangely content with moderate incomes, but that contentment is soon explained — for architecture is a pleasant profession in which most men somehow manage to enjoy the fine things of life with small means. The young architect, nevertheless, has the opportunity of judging in part the type of work that, as a student, interests him the most, and by careful thought can eventually find the office and the guidance he desires. This is a necessary step, because as his reputation grows he will find that it sets up limitations on his future practice, which, in an age of specialization is difficult to overcome. For example, the architect doing small residence work finds it very hard to obtain the opportunity of larger work.

THE work of the profession, moreover, is of vital interest to the world, and its problems — which are rarely the same on successive days — are extremely diversified. The men who are especially fitted to work within it have, as a rule, a life of more than usual fullness, for the art of building necessitates the possession of a variety of knowledge and understanding.

The average student gains at college the impression that architectural design consists in making pretty pictures of buildings, and to a large extent the same misconception applies also to that held by the lay public. Very often the architect is asked immediately to draw a picture, as if that were what his job consisted of. The architect is not an exterior decorator, he is a designer of buildings, a molder of communities. The architect must prepare himself for a larger responsibility than that which, up to the present, he has acknowledged.

ARCHITECTURE is a business in which the architect holds in trust and spends for his client large sums of money. This he must do more efficiently than any manufacturer. He must work within the financial limitations of his client's problem, preparing cost analyses and evaluating the economics of first cost and maintenance. In commercial work he is called in more and more to help determine the financial return of the contemplated project. His judgment must be balanced and at the same time sufficiently foresighted not to create for his client future liabilities. He acts as agent for his client throughout the entire project and looks to the protection of his interests.

The architect must be an engineer. He is responsible for the structural, mechanical and electrical efficiency of the buildings he designs. He should have sufficient knowledge of all these parts of his work, not necessarily to be considered as an expert but to enable his client properly to appraise the final result. He so correlates the methods and means of these different mechanical usages in harmony, one with the other, as to obtain a balance which otherwise would be lacking. This coördination is properly the architect's work, and his relationship to the several specialists should be that of leader.

Knowing the client's needs, having helped to ascertain the programme for their development, he is in the position to demand new methods of structure, to assist in creating them and to perfect new methods in design.

The economy of factory produced articles in the building art can only be possible with his knowledge and assistance. The architect and the engineer are here performing an identical function when assisting in the development of new design; they differ only when the sense of human factors is lost sight of in that development.

Building is an art devoted to interpreting human needs, and the successful result is only attained through a careful analysis of the problem in all its phases. It is an applied art and not an "art for art's sake." It is an art in which everyday, commonplace circumstances of living are expressed, and in which for that very reason the factor of beauty is important. Economic, structural and use efficiency are not enough, are not sufficient unto themselves. Architecture should achieve beauty, for in the final result beauty conditions men's lives long after all other types of function, as expressed in architecture, cease to be vital. The demand for beauty increases in ratio to the distance people are removed from the pioneering stage of civilization, and in this country we have reached an advanced stage in the development. The creation of wealth, unless it fulfills itself in the creation of beauty, is sterile.

The architect then, besides being practical, besides being business-like, also has the function of helping the community to an appreciation of the beautiful. He calls to his aid the fine and applied arts. He is interested in all creative effort that goes to make for comfort and happiness — the sculptor, the painter, the maker of furniture, the craftsman in wood and metals look to him for guidance and for inspiration.

He has a close relationship with the life about him. He becomes as intimate in people's lives as a father confessor. He interprets a way of living, and because of that relationship and of the compromise that is necessary for him to make possible a proper interpretation, he must assume control. He is a leader in the market place, for it is both his inspiration and his audience. Business competition, finance, and all social questions are as much his problem as is the problem of the building, and he must aid in finding a way of living well under these conditions or in helping to change them.

There is a statesmanship in architecture as well as in politics. The architect is interested in city planning not only in the showy effect of monumental civic centers but in the disposition of all life in the broadest realization of the relationship of the country to the city. The problem again is the one of a full life and transcends the engineering problems of transport and transit, because the planning should be based on fundamental equations and not on designing expedients. The architect's problem of the future will be the planning of communities and not solely the planning of individual buildings.

The art of building has become, within the past fifty years, a great deal more complex. The improvement in building methods and mechanical appliances is constantly increasing. There would seem at present no indication that this has reached a degree of perfection that will call a halt on future development. On the contrary, in many of the mechanical branches of the industry the indication is that the development has but started.

It is not possible, as it was fifty years ago, for one man to comprehend all the knowledge necessary in modern construction. Even the smallest building requires its "specialist." The profession has become largely a group activity in which specialized effort has to be molded into a balanced whole. As indicated, the architect, using the word in a collective sense, must be many-sided, so that architectural firms will comprise men interested in all branches of the building art from the conception of the building through the different engineering phases to the equipment for the actual use of the tenant-to-be.

In so large a group activity it is evident that some one must be the leader, and the architect, because of his humanistic training, is the best fitted for that task. However, there is and will be plenty of opportunity for individual expression in every part of these organizations.

The opportunities then are wide and many. How they are accepted and improved is the problem of the individual, and his success will be due to an ability to move forward unprejudiced by tradition, unhampered by sentimentality, and finally by attaining a broad understanding of the needs of society.

The profession of architecture lacks the opportunity of creating great personal wealth, although as the building operations grow greater there will be for many a satisfactory financial return. All creative work furnishes, however, a personal gratification, and that to many will be compensation enough.

Radio

By James G. Harbord

Chairman of the Board, Radio Corporation of America

FROM campus paths the 1931 graduates, carrying diplomas awarded amid appropriate handclapping, are stepping forth into a life sprinkled with opportunities and "No Help Wanted" signs. The fact that the most conservative economist will admit that there is an overproduction of those discouraging signs this year makes the problem of selecting the best opportunities in business even more acute than usual.

Yet, even in 1931, I should say to

any graduate asking my advice that the search should not begin with a survey of the world he seeks to conquer, but with an inventory of his own interests and his own abilities. If he asked me whether radio offered great chances for advancement, I should tell him that it did, if he had something to offer radio. I should add frankly that business conditions in this as in nearly every other industry have made jobs scarce now.

Without attempting to list the diverse aptitudes I believe would aid in the diverse branches of radio as it is known today, I should urge this first inward glance. It is only in the knowledge of the individual's ability to take advantage of the opportunities I shall mention as applying particularly to radio that those opportunities exist at all for him.

ADDRESSING particularly the young man who is just finishing his education, I should say that radio might interest him more than some other businesses, because it is among the youngest and the most rapidly developing of the industries. The annual report of the Radio Corporation issued a few weeks ago contained this striking paragraph:

> The number of homes in the United States in which telephones are installed is approximately 13,500,000.
> The number of homes in the United States which are wired for electricity is approximately 20,000,000.
> The number of homes in the United States now equipped with radio sets is estimated to be between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000.
> It took 53 years since the beginning of telephone service to equip these homes with telephones.
> It took 49 years since the beginning of the electric power industry to equip these homes with electricity.
> It took 10 years since the beginning of the radio broadcast art to equip these homes with radio sets.

Into the achievement of such a remarkable record of growth have gone the ideas and energy of men. Pioneers in a new industry have marked new trails. Careers have been made. Still radio has not reached the stage where its possibilities for advancement are exhausted. Every year new inventions are being added to those which increase the efficiency and the applications of radio. Every year the total number of radio sets in use increases.

SPECULATION as to exact lines which developments of the next five years will follow in radio would not be helpful because no one knows. But it is certain that these years will bring advancements. Equipment already developed by the electrical and radio industries for the recording and projection of sound makes it evident, for example, that the field of the talking motion picture, an application of radio principles to the silent movie, extends beyond theatrical entertainment. Progress points toward an enlarged market for the talking film in the schoolroom, the college, the church and, eventually, the home. Television has been brought definitely nearer to commercial development by the research and technical progress of the last year. When it arrives it will bring new opportunities in the radio industry — opportunities undreamed of a few years ago.

Do not choose radio if your inclination is toward the cloistered quiet that sometimes goes with the professions that have become set in the grooves of tradition. Although the broadcast programmes which are listened to by millions every day are one of the few great influences of recent years that have tended to reëstablish the American home as a place where the family remains for its amusement, I know of no business that reflects more than radio the tempo of modern life, none that is more in tune with advances in other fields. This characteristic, which tends to attract men of all ages who have a youthful outlook, has practical considerations also for the young man who is looking to radio for his future advancement.

What radio has done in revitalizing the phonograph industry is an indication of how valuable its principles can be in other activities. It is forwarding aviation by offering means of communication between airplanes and dirigibles and the ground and by radio beacons which enable fliers to steer a straight course in fog and at night. The achievements as an aid to shipping and the safety of life at sea that brought public recognition of marine radio's value years before the day of broadcasting seem to be only the forerunner of a constantly improving technique in that vital part of the world's work. Rapid as the progress has been in radio telegraphy between nations, knitting the whole world closer in commerce and social intercourse, radio still is leading (by its addition of new circuits and inventions to improve and speed service) this march toward the easier exchange of ideas. Radio has contact through broadcasting with music and literature, living history, government — in fact it is a mirror of contemporary life. Broadcast programmes succeed or fail in the measure in which they touch the interests and needs of the persons who hear them.

The unusual diversity of radio is a point which must be mentioned among those that increase the opportunities the industry offers. It should be mentioned to the young career-seeker, however, with the warning that the increased chance of climbing held out by this diversification is accompanied as a matter of course by the necessity of departmentalized work which tends toward routine.

In the different divisions of radio quite different qualities may aid in success. There is little similarity between the work of radio operator at sea sending a message from a ship and the field representative selling Radiotrons in the Middle West. Yet both are a part of the radio industry, as it is generally defined. To one ambitious college graduate of 1931 radio may mean a chance to work at scientific research, if he has the special technical training, ability and good fortune to find a position. In another branch another graduate may find a job as salesman. Among those who have made radio one of the leading industries in America today are men skilled in invention, men skilled in manufacturing, men whose bent is toward merchandizing, men whose particular interest is the financial aspect of business.

So the list goes on — and with it goes the chance for definite and detailed advice of any great value to those who feel an urge to enter the radio industry. In general radio holds out the promise of advancement inherent in a rapidly growing business, a promise which appeals to me because I believe in the increasing importance and dignity of business as a profession demanding real leadership. Qualifying that promise, this business offers some of the keenest competition in the world today. Never was radio seeking fewer recruits than this year. But undoubtedly a few from the college classes of 1931 will find their way in. Of that few some may work hard enough and be fortunate enough in convincing others of their ability to become the radio leaders of the future.

The Automobile Industry

BY ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.

President of General Motors Corporation

IN THE evolution of American business, there has been a growing opportunity for men and women from our colleges and universities, and in so far as our colleges and universities are turning out trained minds they are rendering a valuable service to business. Modern business is looking for disciplined intelligence and therefore it presents an enlarged opportunity for the college-trained man and college-trained woman.

It is generally conceded that business as it is now conducted is coming to be recognized more and more as a profession and that the old distinction between business and the professions is tending more and more to disappear. Schools of commerce, requiring in some instances an academic degree for admission, and forming a part of the curricula of our universities, indicate quite unmistakably a growing and necessary alliance between education and the business world. Indeed the line between the rendering of services, which might be taken as the traditional hall-mark of the professions, and the manufacture and distribution of products as the distinguishing feature of business, is becoming more and more vague. Modern business supplies both goods and services.

BUSINESS, like the older professions, depends upon scientific thinking, and for this reason, more than any other, it must look to the colleges and universities for those who are trained in the necessary technique. The aim and goal of scientific thinking has always been control through the ascertainment of facts and in the interest of human well-being. This is the spirit of science irrespective of what may be its subject matter.

At no time has the factor of control secured by scientific thinking been of such paramount importance in business. In the beginning American business was made up of small units where there was an element of barter and trade, and where each individual in a sense exchanged what he made for something which was made by his neighbor. During the past quarter century business has grown not only in size but in complexity. The problems have become so complex that to deal with them successfully calls for trained minds, capable of logical and scientific thinking, of sifting the essential from the non-essential in any situation, of keen analysis and orderly synthesis. Otherwise difficulties are pyramided, and instead of order there is chaos, instead of mastery there is drift.

With its growth in size and complexity business is becoming also more and more a coöperative enterprise. In big business especially the ability to adjust oneself to organized effort without losing one's initiative and capacity for independent judgment is becoming increasingly important. It follows that trained minds can more readily adapt themselves to changing situations and to the requirements of coöperative effort.

LOOKING at the question from the broad standpoint of the opportunities for college-trained men in the automotive industry, I would say that we should not confine ourselves to the year 1931, for this is not a normal year as far as opportunities are concerned. But considering the matter from the standpoint of the next few years, the automotive industry is certain to grow in importance, because its business is fundamental — namely, transportation, and because it is the largest manufacturing industry in the world. Even though we cannot foresee how great the future is to be, the fact that there is this element of uncertainty makes the situation more interesting and presents a challenge to trained minds. In the automotive business in particular there is a growing need for a broad knowledge of the principles of merchandizing, technical and engineering knowledge, financial skill and executive management.

Modern industry in this era of the Machine, also has a growing social responsibility and the wisdom to discharge this responsibility, which is one of "social engineering," will also be at a premium. The automotive industry affords many opportunities to those who have the will to work with and for men.

OF COURSE, there will always be the opportunity for the exceptional individual, who, without enjoying the advantages of a college training, is yet able to achieve success through natural ability, application and ambition. By his own efforts and initiative, as the history of American business shows, he can cultivate the same attitudes and develop the same vision, foresight and habits of exact thought that the more formal processes of education provide, and that, as we have stated, American business is looking for in the college-trained man.

However, such an individual is becoming more and more the exception, so that the progress of the automotive industry in the future will be more closely allied with our educational institutions than it has been in the past.

To sum up, we might say that as was the case in an earlier army that was noted for its democracy, the army of American industry offers to all "a career open to talent."

Music

By Sigmund Spaeth

Music Critic and Lecturer

To a college graduate, or for that matter, to any young man or woman having a musical talent and an honest enthusiasm for the art, the profession of music naturally seems to offer a most attractive career.

All of us who have performed successfully in amateur concerts have secretly or perhaps openly cherished the ambition to appear before admiring throngs on the professional stage, to see our names in headlines, to be fêted and extravagantly praised, and to earn fabulous gold by merely singing or playing a few numbers as our inclination may dictate.

The absurdity of such a dream need scarcely be pointed out. Even in the palmiest days of music in America (which would certainly not include the present) the actual rise to fame and riches through music was a comparatively rare occurrence. Such a success was reserved for a very few fortunate souls, primarily possessed of extraordinary talent amounting to genius, and secondarily equipped with personality, physical health, determination, a thick-skinned immunity to rebuffs or insults, and finally the command of considerable funds for self-exploitation. All of these things were essential, even when music had a good paying audience, which is by no means the case today.

There is still room for a few truly brilliant performers in concert and opera, as indicated by the phenomenal success of Lily Pons at the Metropolitan Opera, the rise of such popular singers as Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks, and the quick recognition of newcomers at the piano, such as Horowitz Iturbi and young Robert Goldsand, not to speak of the hysterical acclaim given to such prodigies of the violin as the Menuhin and Ricci boys. But these are striking exceptions. For every one musical artist to achieve real distinction and a considerable income in recent years, there are hundreds that just about succeed in making both ends meet, hundreds of others plodding along in the vain hope of eventually achieving recognition, and still more hundreds literally starving, or keeping themselves alive by some other medium than that of their music.

It is not therefore an auspicious moment for encouraging any young Americans to seek a musical career as actual performers. It may be argued that if a talent has not made itself insistently evident long before the college age, there is not much hope for really big results on the concert or operatic stage. The musical stars of today were practically all prodigies in their childhood, starting their public appearances at the tender ages of nine, ten or eleven, and reaching an artistic maturity at a time when the average boy or girl would be graduating from high school.

After that they had to spend years of time and thousands of dollars in making themselves known to the American public and in many cases it was only through a lucky "break" that they finally attracted the attention they deserved. With the serious musical audience of America now at perhaps its lowest ebb, the chances of attaining true greatness and wealth in the legitimate field of concert or opera are today so faint as to be practically negligible.

To be sure, there are other fields in which musical performance can be made both lucrative and fairly satisfying to the ego. There is radio, there is musical comedy, there are the sound pictures and the musical units in the movie theatres, there are the churches, and there are the orchestras, from the ordinary jazz band up to the great symphonic organizations. But every one of these fields is overcrowded at present, with thousands of skilled performers who might once have belonged in the artist class now failing to find even the routine work of the musical tradesman.

Recently the American Federation of Musicians, representing the orchestral players of the country, carried on a national advertising campaign protesting against the invasion of "mechanical music" whereby the human performer was thrown out of employment. It might have been better if this money had been spent on actually putting orchestras into the leading theatres of the country and proving once for all whether the amusement public wants them or not. Unfortunately the demand for such music was never solidly created, and it is an open question whether an adequate mechanical version of a first-class performance is preferable to the direct hearing of a personal presentation of perhaps more doubtful quality.

In any case, the fact remains that far too many splendid musicians are out of work. There are not enough big orchestras to keep them busy; the theatres have almost unanimously gone in for talking pictures (except for a few legitimate houses where the orchestra has long been a thing of the past); musical comedy is an increasingly rare and expensive luxury, and radio uses the same small group of tried and experienced performers over and over again, with a pretty frigid shoulder for even the union member who has not yet created a demand for his services.

My frank advice to the young musical performer, therefore, is to keep out of the profession at present, even though he or she may possess unusual ability. The supply is too much in excess of the demand, and for ninety-nine out of a hundred aspirants there can be only heartaches and disillusionment.

On the other hand, America badly needs a national audience of well trained amateurs, to appreciate the work of the skilled professionals and make it worth while. The thousands of young Americans who possess real musical talent should be utilizing it as an avocation and a hobby, getting enjoyment out of their own ability and stimulating their friends to a similar enthusiasm, but not forcing their way into an already overcrowded field with almost certain disappointment in store.

Our athletic coaches would not dream of urging even their best pupils to go in for professional sport, except in very rare instances. Similarly our amateur musicians should not be encouraged to try for professional careers, but rather to use their gifts for personal enjoyment and as a musical stimulus to the community in which they live.

It is quite possible to make a musical talent produce very practical results in connection with almost any business or profession nowadays. Anyone employed by a large organization, particularly of the industrial type, can become exceedingly useful in the creation of amateur choruses, bands, orchestras, and general entertainments by and for the employes. A teacher, a minister, a journalist and even a doctor or a lawyer has many opportunities for capitalizing musical ability, and for a salesman of any kind such a social asset is obviously invaluable.

Aside from the direct significance of musical training for any teacher in the public and private schools of America (and for the young college graduate such teaching frequently offers the most pleasant and profitable immediate experience) there is still a big field for the specialist in music, even where performing ability is limited. The small towns of America need good music teachers, and if they do not insist upon crowding into the big cities, there should be plenty of work for all who have such gifts and inclinations.

On the managerial and journalistic side of music there is also room for some young people of musical enthusiasm and ability. Music critics are created by accident as a rule, but many a local newspaper welcomes a reporter who can at least write an intelligent account of a concert.

Musical management has recently become concentrated largely in the two great broadcasting systems of America, — the National and Columbia, the latter now controlling a merger of the most important concert bureaus of the country. It is perhaps significant that the Eastern field manager of Columbia's Community Concert Service is a young man who a few years ago was directing the tours of the Florida University Glee Club. A salesman of musical attractions has as good a chance to make a living as the salesman of any other comparative luxury. He might do better with such necessities as cigarettes and chewing gum, to be sure, but certainly the distribution of music is less of a routine job.

The music publishing business is not in a particularly healthy condition, and the manufacturers and sellers of pianos and other musical goods are not uttering shouts of enthusiasm at present, but these activities are working toward a solid future and they will always have a place for young people of ability, personality and musical intelligence.

So there is no reason why any youngster of musical talent and training should consider these assets as wasted. They can be practically applied in many ways, either as an avocation or in the actual profession of music.

The writer has recently introduced, in a national broadcast of piano instruction, known as "Keys to Happiness," a number of distinguished amateurs whose success in life unquestionably owed something to the fun that they derived from their music. Among them were John Erskine, writer, "Casey" Jones, aviator, Montague Glass, humorist, Kenneth Murchison, architect, Newman Levy, lawyer, and Peter Arno, cartoonist. He sincerely believes that his own life has been largely governed by an enthusiasm for music, but thanks whatever gods there be that he was never seriously tempted to become a professional musician. After all, it is only personal experience that gives us a final answer to our problems.

Aviation

By Richard F. Hoyt

Chairman of the Board, Curtiss-Wright Corporation

TO THE college man or woman in search of a vocation, the aviation industry offers many unique and interesting potentialities. First, it is a comparatively new industry, for, while the flying machine was invented over twenty-five years ago, it was not developed commercially until after the War, and it has only been operated on a commercial basis for the last four or five years. Many of the personnel conducting the various aeronautical activities are consequently young and are, therefore, sympathetic to the young college graduate who desires to break into the business.

Because of its many phases, aviation offers a wide range of choice, so that with a little study the individual can follow that branch which most suits his particular talents. For instance, in the manufacture of the modern airplane something over one hundred and twenty various trades are employed, and production parallels very closely that in other automotive fields. In addition to the mechanical trades themselves, a great number of men are needed for various executive positions, such as purchasing, inspection, cost accounting, production and other branches common to all manufacturing.

THE aeronautical engineering field offers limitless possibilities to that type of individual to whom engineering appeals. This naturally requires technical training which is now obtainable in many of our colleges. At present the industry is recruiting its young engineers from these graduates, and possibly the field of research in aeronautics presents a broader opportunity for initiative and inventiveness than any other of our modern industries.

The great merchandizing field is as yet practically untouched. Up to 1930 there have been comparatively few privately owned airplanes, and the next ten years will see tremendous growth in this particular branch of the business. Recent developments are largely responsible for this prediction. First, the design of the airplane has been improved to such an extent that it is comparatively easy to fly with a steadily increasing safety factor; and second, the cost has been greatly reduced. Already we find on the market for 1931 a number of light airplanes similar to the Curtiss-Wright Junior, which sells for under $1,500, can be operated out of a very limited space, and costs less to run than the average-priced automobile. Certainly it is very little pleasure to drive an automobile, particularly at weekends, because of the congested traffic conditions generally prevalent throughout the country. This fact has been one of the prime causes for the tremendous increase in the motor boat industry during the last few years, and there is every reason to think that the private airplane market will be increased along similar lines. Many fortunes have been made by distributors of automobiles who were farsighted enough to see the potentialities of the automobile. Similar fortunes will be made in the merchandizing of aircraft.

Finally there is the so-called operating field, which is already starting to parallel the set-up of our great railroad systems. Aviation is transportation, and will be used to supplement all of the existing methods of transportation, both by land and water. In the operating field alone there is a tremendous range of opportunity. The running of a modern airport is a business in itself, and there are over 1,700 listed airports in the United States today, many of them costing several million dollars. At a modern airport, in addition to the executives, will be found a mechanical force for keeping the planes in condition, and at some fields facilities are maintained for practically rebuilding machines and motors. The field runways and buildings must be maintained, the lighting equipment operated and kept in good order; radio facilities for communication between ships in the air and stations must be provided. Gasoline, oil and all sorts of supplies are sold on a large scale. Facilities are available for the convenience and entertainment of the public. Restaurants and concessions of all kinds will be found a part of the equipment of these modern landing fields.

The operation of an airplane in itself has become a business which closely parallels that of other transportation systems, requiring a large operating personnel of pilots, mechanics, radio operators, meteorologists, traffic men — a small army in themselves.

Besides these schedule operations there are also numerous other uses to which the airplane is being put.

The field of aerial photography is

rapidly being exploited. Thousands of square miles are mapped from the air, at a tremendous saving in time and money. Schools, charter services, dusting operations, timber cruising and a host of other uses are proving economically sound. Thus it will be seen that somewhere in this widely diversified industry a particular niche exists for practically any type of personality.

Finally, aviation offers a particularly romantic appeal to the younger generation. It was this that caused the cream of the college men to enlist in aviation during the war, and even today more West Point graduates apply for admission to the Air Corps than to all the other branches of the service combined.

It is perhaps unfortunate that so much that has been written about aviation has been more or less of a sensational character. The various trans-oceanic flights, speed records, altitude records, endurance records, even accidents, are the events about which we read. This featuring of the sensational side of aviation has tended to create the impression that it is a sort of circus business and the industry itself has suffered by this. Everyone knows that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic alone, but comparatively few people realize that mail, passengers and express, over regularly operated lines in the United States, travel over 120,000 miles each twenty-four hours; that over 400,000 people travelled over these lines in 1930, and more than eight million pounds of mail and three hundred thousand pounds of express were carried.

The recent business depression has caused the entire aviation industry to put its house in order, and to operate on sound economic principles, so that conditions are better than ever before.

Prophecies are dangerous, but there is little question but that aviation in all its branches will show steady increase during the next five years.

The features which make aviation as an industry attractive also make it highly competitive. Therefore it should not be entered lightly, but with a full understanding that to succeed requires every ounce of intelligence, application and courage.

* * *

Advertising

By Roy S. Durstine

Of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc.

A lot of young men and women will probably walk out of colleges this spring, look about them, yawn once or twice, and then remark:

"Well, I guess I'll go into the advertising game."

And they will be surprised when somebody asks:

"Why do you want to go into advertising?"

They hadn't thought, exactly. They had a general idea that it was something they could do without much preparation. They had heard that people made money out of advertising, somehow. And — oh, yes — they had been pretty close students of the advertising pages and were sure they could do better than some of the people who made up some of those advertisements.

A smaller, and wiser, number will want to go into the advertising business — and if it is a game, then so is banking, engineering, the law or medicine — because they have found out about it and honestly believe that they are fitted for it.

These words are being set down in a sincere effort to discourage one group and to offer the other a picture which may be so disheartening and baffling that advertising will seem to be the one business on earth worth tackling. To the right ones, that is the way it will appear if this explanation really explains.

Garibaldi offered his followers a pretty hard time of it. He told them that if they deserted and went back home they could live in ease; that hardships and hunger and cold and a few other inconveniences would be theirs if they followed him. So they followed him.

Well, that's the way this explanation is going to try to give the whole dismal, exciting, frank, discouraging, delightful picture.

Usually when a person speaks of advertising he means the preparation of advertisements. That occurs in offices which are called advertising agencies. It is that part of the advertising business that will be described, with something of the unsuspected things that happen before an advertisement gets itself produced and something of the day-to-day events that precede, accompany and follow the actual preparation.

Of course there are other phases of the advertising business — the selling of space in magazines and newspapers and trade papers, on billboards and in street cars and buses (and now in taxicabs!), the selling of time on the air and even of advertising films to be shown in regular movie houses at so much for each thousand of paid admissions; the selling of displays for windows and counters in stores, of circulars and other printed messages sent by mail. There are the advertisers' own advertising departments where some of the most brilliant people in advertising concern themselves with matters that affect the advertising of just one advertiser; where they take a great part in molding the policies of their company, act as critics and watchdogs and as an inspiration in the work of their agencies.

There are several hundred advertising agencies in this country and they range in size from a small group to organizations of several hundred people.

It is doubtful if there are any other types of business in which so many men and women of college training are gathered under one roof. In one organization of this type there are considerably more than a hundred who have degrees from colleges in almost every state in the union.

What kind of people are they, what were they like in college and what do they do now?

Suppose we examine a few of them.

Here is a young woman who was graduated from a Middle-Western university about fifteen years ago. She took an A.B. degree, did lots of work in the library, later took a special course as a librarian, had one or two jobs in commercial research work and is now helping to run a department which answers thousands of questions a week — from finding the best color for a package to sell in China to telling how much it costs a manufacturer to provide his salesmen with automobiles.

Over there is a Harvard man who edited the Lampoon and wrote music for Hasty Pudding shows ten years ago. He just barely got his degree. Today he can put more style into a series of advertisements for something which men wear than anybody in the country and he can figure out a plan that will put that merchandise in the windows of the most desirable stores from coast to coast.

In that office is a quiet, humorous native of Michigan who went to another Eastern university, now has five children, is slightly bald, never seems in a hurry, always has the knack of fitting into any situation comfortably and never seems tiresome. He is a smoother-out of other people's troubles. He makes quite a lot of money.

This girl worked on a newspaper, after her college course in the South, was on the stage for a little while, has never married, knows how to tell women to use a new lip-stick, make a new salad, or take to their hearts a new angle for their hats.

This man was business manager of almost everything in college. He worked his way through, nearly twenty years ago. He can listen to a complicated story of a business, write a questionnaire to guide field reporters in ringing door-bells in sixteen States and then sort out a thousand details, organize the work to be done, write a merchandizing plan and tell a group of writers and artists what he wants the advertising to say and how it must look. He is a valuable person. He never carries anything in his head. He writes things down.

That Far-Western young gentleman who always comes in late was in the office until half past twelve last night. He was finishing a series of advertisements on an idea which came to him rather suddenly one night at the movies after he had spent most of a week reading six reference books and walking four miles a day through a manufacturing plant. He used to oversleep chapel when he was an undergraduate but it annoyed him that people were surprised when he made Phi Beta Kappa. He is thirty-six, looks sixteen and has a wife who believes in budgets.

Not many doors away is a dreamy youngster who never had good marks in college because he always had tunes running through his head when he was in class. He was frequently called up for lateness and absences. Every night, now, he is in the broadcasting studios until all hours, but he is nearly always at his desk at 8:30 every morning, planning radio programmes about nine weeks ahead. He just happens to be doing what he would rather do than anything else in the world.

Is there room for the individualist? *Is* there?

But all of the work of the advertising agency cannot be creative. Behind the finished advertisement is the work that lays the foundation.

A manufacturer selects a certain agency. Within the agency a group of people is selected to bear the chief responsibility for the agency's work. This group hears the story of the business. It assembles its information and decides what else it must get.

Perhaps a field survey is wanted. The Marketing Department organizes the survey. It sends reporters to call on dozens or hundreds or even thousands of housewives and storekeepers. It may interview doctors or architects or engineers or nurses or school-teachers. It draws on its own basic material in charts and maps and statistics. It analyzes the reports of its field men. It prepares a summary of the comments of those interviewed, adds its analysis and cross-analysis and writes its recommendations.

The group studying the subject takes all this and molds it into a plan and a set of recommendations.

Part of all this is plain selling ideas, part of it is a theme for the story to be told to the public and to the storekeepers. Part of it is the written advertisements with a rough series of drawings to show how they will look.

And after all this is done, sometimes the advertiser just decides he doesn't like any of it and the whole thing has to be done over again — and again — and again. After all, it is the advertiser's money and he has the final power of approval. After all, too, advertising is not the only creative occupation in which the person doing the creating is in the power of his patron's discretion. People have been known to disregard the advice of a doctor, to refuse to let a lawyer try the case in his own way, even to refuse to accept the finished effort of a portrait painter. Advertising is still so young in the professional sense, scarcely a generation old, that it is not strange that it should be unable to have all its recommendations followed, particularly when the older occupations dealing in the giving of advice cannot honestly be said to have a perfect record even after three or four thousand years.

But it is making progress. More and more the advertiser is asking for the composite judgment of his agency and is leaning upon it to a greater and greater extent even though the preparation of advertising is often among those things for which any man feels that he has a Heaven-sent gift.

Once under way, an advertising programme is never finished. If a man sells a block of bonds he has made a sale. He collects his commissions and goes on to the next sale. In the service of an advertising account the part that appears in print is only the surface indication of countless small and large tasks which cover almost every phase of the advertiser's business, from the making of the product itself to the discussions of the major policies with the head of the business. It runs through a grasp of technical subjects, a sense of design, and ability in writing, a knowledge of circulation methods of periodicals, of selling plans, of distribution systems, of potential markets, of corporation finances, of the laws of copyright and patents — everything, in short, that any executive in the company of any of its clients may have to decide.

The other day a young man came into an advertising agency to ask for a job. He was a lawyer employed by one of the best known firms in a large Eastern city. "My father was a corporation lawyer thirty years ago," he said. "At that time the law was closer to the heart of American business than any other occupation. But the work of putting together the big companies no longer offers the chance for creative thinking that it did a generation ago. I have looked up and down the whole list of activities which a young American can spend his life in. And I am convinced that the way to touch American business at the greatest number of points, to be at the very heart of it today, is in an advertising agency. That's why I want this job."

Research

BY T. SWANN HARDING

Laboratory worker and author of scientific books

THE drought having been broken, spring freshets are in order. We are just about in for our annual deluge of doctors of philosophy and graduates of lesser orders of alphabetical distinction. Twenty years ago I formed part of such a spring freshet myself. I emerged from college with a degree of bachelor of science in agricultural chemistry, and master of certain simple vocational technics that would enable me to make a living analyzing feeds and fertilizers. Although I had gone through the motions requisite to the production of a "thesis," I had no more idea how to perform research than I did of the current traffic rules prevailing in Heaven. So emphatically had I been told things, and so impregnated was I with the idea that I must follow cookbook rules, that it took four years of sarcasm and profanity on the part of one of the best research workers in the country, to drill the fact into my head that new knowledge was discovered by breaking rules and trying to understand what happened as a result.

Today, I am told by competent spies, the colleges and the universities still have their courses packed with educational deadwood. They are still inculcating "correct" beliefs dogmatically, instead of evoking in the minds of the young a realization of man's place in the universe as it is now known to science, and an ability to make successful and intelligent adjustments to environmental factors. So long as the aim of education is so largely to tell students what is "right," rather than to stimulate them to search out and find for themselves what is right, so long doctors of philosophy and mere graduates will face the world of reality only partially equipped for life's struggle.

Some institutions of learning have, of course, cut this deadwood. But they have predominantly compensated for its absence by replacing it with something still more dubious — in short, with a vocational training so specific and so highly specialized that the industries have recently been heard in protest. Whereas today industry needs more than ever research workers of general intelligence who can apply that intelligence in a broad way to problems which often lie on the border between two sciences, the university product supplied to them is so narrowly trained, in technics which have been displaced in industry itself by the time they graduate, that breadth of intelligence has been obliterated in the process. Today an industrial problem may lead almost anywhere; it may start with the chemistry of steel, jump to physics, and require a knowledge of mineralogy and bacteriology before you know it. Yet in their efforts to serve industry an oversupply of the product they misguidedly think industry requires, the universities have often so narrowly trained their graduates that they are worse than useless. Deprived of the opportunity to utilize the specific motions in which they were instructed, they find themselves too deficient in the broad general principles of knowledge to make themselves useful to commercial enterprise.

The situation in pure research is just as bad as that in industrial research. Progress is being made in those borderland regions where chemistry and biology meet in biological chemistry, where chemistry and physics meet in physical chemistry, and where chemistry and engineering meet in mathematics. In order successfully to perform research under conditions obtaining today, the graduate must be trained in languages and in mathematics as well as in a variety of sciences. For the relation between compartmentalized sciences is the thing of paramount importance today. The various sciences have too long been filed away in separate buildings and treated as separate departments. The very pace of industrial and scientific life today demands that the relationships between the sciences be considered most carefully and that, above all, the social and economic impacts of science upon life as a whole be not disregarded.

So long has the superstition been prevalent that any aspirant who manages to secure a degree of doctor of philosophy is *per se* a good teacher or a good research worker, that today administrative officers who supervise the employment of research workers regard a Ph.D. twice with very close scrutiny: once to determine that the individual actually has the degree, looks to the contrary notwithstanding; and a second time to determine that the individual really has thorough training and the broad curiosity — the intellectual *élan* — that go to make up a true research worker. For there is no doubt whatever that the market is oversupplied with sterile mediocrities, who have been carefully minted and molded into the shape and form of doctors of philosophy, but whose brains have gracefully retired into some subterranean rabbit hole upon the achievement of their high degree, and who are entirely incapable of adding successfully to the sum total of human knowledge. Many are called but few are really "chosen," and both public and private laboratories are full of individuals struggling to perform "research" when they would have made really successful routine analytical workers, or perhaps were divinely ordained for some other vocation remote from science altogether.

The market for the university product of graduates is of three types: (1) The institutions maintained by State and National Governments; (2) privately endowed foundations of research; (3) industrial research. There are constantly openings for gifted individuals in all three, but it becomes increasingly difficult for the narrowly or deficiently trained, or the mediocre, to make a place for themselves.

In choosing his sphere of activity the gifted individual must consider carefully what he wants to do. (I use the pronoun "he," understanding perfectly well that "she" is often involved, that many of our best research workers today are women, and that the old-fashioned prejudice against scientific careers for women is fortunately disappearing.) In any case the individual lives in an acquisitive society, and in what is called a "profit economy," where a rather ruthless sort of individualistic competition ultimately determines his monetary reward. If he enters industry he will make more or less direct contact with this profit motive.

This does not mean that every industry will immediately require him to make a profit. Many industries, particularly some of the larger ones, actually do support research workers who do practically what they please — although the fact is inescapable that the bagman can usually pick up enough scraps from a first class research worker's laboratory to make this sort of thing a profitable commercial investment. However, in very many cases, the research worker is not only placed under rather direct pressure to produce profitable results, but in very many he is really compelled to stultify his highest ethical principles in order to retain his job. I speak here not only from direct personal experience but from the experience of many friends. In any case the research worker who enters industry can never be very sure when the low ethics of acquisitiveness will begin to menace him, and may make his situation so uncomfortable that he cannot retain both his position and his self-respect. He may then enter a private foundation or undertake state work. In either case he has not succeeded in making himself absolutely immune from the threats of interference from profit economy. It would be wrong to think so.

INDUSTRIAL concerns, when they dabble in pure research, do so ultimately for their own profitable ends. This research is paid for by the general public in infinitesimal additions made to the prices of various commodities, for research goes into the "overhead," and the overhead must be financed. If the public wants to pay for the performance of pure research it seems far better that it should do so by taxation. Exactly that has been done by the establishment of research laboratories in the services of the Federal and the State Governments. Here the prospective research worker will find a relatively cloistered haven of rest from the rigors of a harsh social and economic life. But he may as well remember that we still possess a political government, adapted to the age of George Washington, rather than a functional, scientific government adapted to our own age. This means that every now and then his security will be menaced more or less subtly by certain financial interests working through political means to the injury of science and the consequent inhibition of scientific progress. For in entering research the worker has dedicated himself to the pursuit of truth, a most hazardous hunt at best, and has bound himself to acknowledge the facts, however unpleasant they may be. In spite of all this I believe I can honestly say that certain Government and State laboratories do today offer the individual a surprisingly good situation, quite immune from political and economic distresses and uncertainties, and calculated — by offering just this security — to bring out the best that is in a man.

SOMETIMES when certain individuals have accumulated large fortunes in commercial pursuits they devote part of the money to private foundations of research. At other times they may even supply money to the National Research Council or to other bodies which give guidance and direction to research. So far as personal investigation has permitted me to know anything at all of the work carried on by foundations in the realm of physical and natural science, I believe I can honestly say that such institutions sometimes offer the worker even better protection from the impacts of political and economic injustice than Government and State work. The money is invested in research with no strings attached. There is no effort to direct research into profitable channels or to pervert the stream of what Veblen so aptly called the "idle curiosity" of the pure scientist. The results of this research are given freely to the public.

On the other hand the abstract question whether it is socially advantageous to finance research by private endowment, or to permit industrial firms to buy the right of ownership in so much pure knowledge, when we might do better by financing all research governmentally, might be argued at length. Certainly it appears that aspects of modern financial psychology might, with deadly subtlety, permeate the work of a foundation or a research council even in pure science, and that workers might become loth to bring to light facts inimical to the estate of their benefactors. In any case this is a philosophical question and the position of the young graduate entering such research is undeniably a preferred one, if he feels disposed to escape the evils of profit economy as far as possible.

These reflections are drawn from personal experience and it would make me feel entirely too aged to continue further. I cannot close, however, without once more emphasizing the tremendous importance at present of considering well both the relationships between hitherto separate sciences and, more particularly still, the social and economic significance of findings in pure science. So far we have gone ahead rather too blindly, blundering heedlessly into a menacing mechanism which, true enough, has saved labor, but at the expense of "technological employment" and widespread poverty. Science is in large measure responsible for the social and economic abuse of the gifts it has so communistically showered upon mankind. Let it be hoped that some individual molecules in the current spring freshets from the mountains of learning will devote themselves to the problem of devising a planned civilization that will rest more securely upon the foundations of science than ours has in the past.

The Theatre

BY BROCK PEMBERTON

Theatrical producer

IF THE dollar is still the only reliable measure of success — and don't any of you young things whom we salute as you are about to live be deceived by baccalaureate words to the contrary — the theatre presents you a promising field. Its financial rewards may have been easier and surer in the era which came to a close soon after the war, but for the bright actor, author, director or producer they were never more spectacular than they are now.

The province of the theatre is not to teach but to entertain. This was more easily done in the last century when life was less swift. Motors on wheels, in the air, and in motion picture booths have destroyed much of the humdrum monotony of existence. They have given wings to thoughts and so have furnished keen competition to the theatre, which formerly had a virtual monopoly on lifting people out of themselves. It is still possible to weave the magic spell but it requires more skill to make those in the darkened auditorium forget because there is more to forget.

The compensation is that the reward to him who succeeds is greater than ever before. As in all refining processes the finished product, being more rare and pure, becomes more valuable. Thus it comes about that the successful play, which generally is the best play of its kind, hasn't seats enough for those who would see it, while the failure can't find an audience.

The other important contributing factor to this heightening of rewards is the talkie. The silent motion picture had little to do with the drama. Its technique was the rambling, disjointed, narrative method of the short story or novel. Generally the poorest plays became the best movies because the unity that makes for drama in the well-knit play robbed the photoplay of the multiplicity of scenes it was supposed to need.

When the movie-makers gave the screen a voice they destroyed with one stroke their efforts of a quarter of a century to create a new medium. As far as I am concerned they destroyed little, for only in rare instances did they create anything of real merit. If anyone believes the talkie is a fad which in turn will be replaced by the silent photoplay it destroyed, he is either an ex-movie star or a sentimentalist.

After the first feeble films when the screen was learning to talk the movie people began to realize what keener observers foresaw from the beginning: that the more nearly a talkie approximated a well-written play the more interesting it became. Gradually, as the makers become more skillful in the new medium, the narrative form of the silent picture is giving way in the talkie to the cohesive dramatic structure of the spoken drama.

The result is that the making of talking pictures demands all the knowledge and skill acquired by those who have labored in the theatre. Since the financial resources of the cinema know no bounds, it being a universal industry, the amounts it can afford to pay for material and talent are fabulous. A premium then rests on the head of every one in the theatre. Actors are snatched from their first parts at salaries that stagger, successful plays are bid for until the purchase price becomes a small fortune, dramatists and directors fill in the figures for their own salaries.

These high monetary returns are only for those who succeed. Failure in the theatre is just as unpalatable as in any other endeavor and generally more tragic. Like all spheres it is full of misfits and it seems superfluous to warn those who have no aptitude for it away from its doors. Likewise it should be gratuitous to add that only those who love the theatre should seek to serve it.

But if you do love it and if you believe your talents lie in that direction, the theatre offers you unlimited material and spiritual compensation. And don't let anyone tell you the theatre is not important. It is just as important to be concerned with the creation of a play that brings happiness to thousands as it is to make a mousetrap, build a bridge, grow spinach or sell stocks.

As our final report cards in the Emporia (Kansas) Public Schools used to proclaim: "You have reached another milestone; accept our congratulations." If any of you care to help set up milestones in the theatre, we greybeards salute you.

Journalism

By Carl W. Ackerman

Dean-elect of the School of Journalism at Columbia University

The years of opportunism in the publishing business are ended. The days when newspaper and magazine work was a merry-go-round of interesting assignments are gone forever. Journalism today is a complex, competitive business and an earnest, exacting profession. It is built upon ideas and is dependent upon public confidence. It demands organization efficiency. It needs individual proficiency and only those men and women who have the will and the equipment to carry increasing responsibilities will share in the future progress of the press.

The approach of a college graduate to a career in journalism should be predicated upon an understanding of these fundamentals.

The worker on a newspaper or magazine today has a dual responsibility, first to the public and secondly to the individual publication. The public responsibility arises from the function of the press to seek, to report, to interpret and to distribute news and facts essential to our common welfare. To the degree that this work is done accurately, adequately and intelligently varies the success of the individual publication. Therein lies the journalist's responsibility to his employer and his opportunity for personal distinction.

Among the wide variety of newspapers and magazines published in this country, with a total daily circulation in excess of 45,000,000 copies, one may find every conceivable form of public and private information seeking reader recognition and every aspiration of the human race seeking a following. To the State, the Church, the home, the school; to business, banking and science, journalism is the medium of understanding. Although privately financed and managed, the press is serving all of these institutions as impartially and independently as is humanly possible. In fact, there is wider editorial latitude and broader political and social liberality in the press today than ever before.

If there are college men or women who doubt the possibilities of responsible careers in this broad field of human endeavor, they will do well to accept Delane's advice to a sophisticated Constantinople correspondent of *The Times:* "Pray undeceive yourself."

Speaking at the Annual Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund in London, May 21, 1898, Sir Henry Irving gave a general reply to the specific inquiry of the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which is still applicable today. "I suppose there is no profession," he said, "which makes such heavy calls upon the bodily and mental vigor of its servants as the profession of the journalist. . . . Whoever is content with the ideas of yesterday, the journalist must be equipped with the ideas of tomorrow."

Obviously "the ideas of tomorrow" are difficult to define. With the whole world passing through a period of new orientation, college men and women should expect to enter all businesses and all professions with the knowledge that they will change in size, in character and in usefulness. Certainly, journalism is not in the final stages of its development. Its ultimate relationship to the motion picture, to the radio, to television and to other scientific developments is in process of formation. Its relationship to business, to advertising, to religion and to government is subject to the changing psychology of the nation. But the one thing journalism has in common with all human activities is the urge to progress. Those individuals who are willing to assume their share of the responsibility of journalism to understand, interpret and express this "urge"; who can help journalism clarify and crystallize "the ideas of tomorrow" in action, will grace a great profession and a growing business and receive adequate recognition and reward.

◆

Medicine

By Samuel W. Lambert

Distinguished diagnostician and consultant, former Dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia

Most students of medicine have made up their minds to adopt a medical career long before graduation from college. It is wise that this is the fact, for the study leading to a medical degree requires at least five years. The work in the medical school itself requires four years, and at least one year of preliminary work is necessary in physics, in chemistry and in biology. The State demands further of every applicant for its licensure examination that he or she shall have had a hospital training as interne of at least one year's duration.

From the above it is evident that every graduate of a college of arts or sciences must devote five calendar years to his medical education before the State will permit him to assume the responsibility of caring for its sick and injured citizens. The requirement of such an education is undoubtedly an asset to the State. It is to the student, if not a disadvantage, at least a liability, for it immediately handicaps the prospective physician by requiring a delay of five years after his preliminary college course before he can think of being able to begin to make himself financially independent in his chosen work. It is possible for all students, even those of average mentality, to save a year from the time required by combining undergraduate and medical education in those universities which permit the student to count his first year in medical school as the final year of his work for his bachelor's degree; and most students, if permitted to claim credit for work done during the summer vacations, could save easily another twelve months' time out of the four year curriculum. Many students employ their annual summer vacations by doing special work in hospitals, and are able to take extra curriculum studies during term time. As soon as any student becomes absorbed in the pursuit of medical knowledge, the study has an enticing way of attracting him to undertake additional work to add to his knowledge and experience.

After securing the degree of doctor, having spent a year of experience as an interne in a hospital, and after becoming licensed to practice in the State, the young physician has to decide upon the special career in which he will aim to carry on. Specialism in medicine is becoming more and more a complicated problem both for the State and for the individual. Every licensed practitioner is supposed to be qualified to assume the responsibilities of a general practitioner or family physician. He must have a sufficient knowledge of the specialties of medicine for him to recognize the diseases of individual organs, and those of the functional systems of the body in order that he may know that the services of a specialist are required. The State has not concerned itself in the training of specialists, but the profession is taking an important interest in this product of modern medicine. To be a recognized specialist a physician should spend at least two, and better, three or more years in a hospital devoted to the particular line of work in which he expects to spend his life.

THESE necessary requirements in securing a proper education become on analysis a distinct financial disadvantage. The cost has been investigated recently by Dr. R. G. Leland of Chicago. He estimates that the average expenditure is somewhat over $1,100 per year, which sum includes living expenses as well as tuition fees. The medical student at the beginning of his career must see his way clear to finance his education for five years, if he is to go through it with peace of mind and with time to fulfill the daily tasks required of him. It has been one of the valued traditions of the profession that young men of limited means could secure an education in medicine. Many a leading doctor has supported himself and paid for a medical education, and this can still be done, but students who are compelled to support themselves may be forced to give more time to their education than the required minimum. Extra financial help can be secured from work as attendants on chronic invalids, as tutors to backward youths or from scholarships.

It is becoming more and more difficult for young physicians, upon leaving a hospital, to establish themselves in any locality, or in any particular service. Many will ally themselves as assistant or associate with an older man, and work gradually in this way into practice either as a specialist or as a general practitioner. Many will start at once on an independent career.

THERE are three principal directions in which physicians may select a career. The modern development of medical knowledge and practice has pointed out a new line of work which is largely of an executive character. The boards of health of the larger cities have always demanded the directing head of some physician who has specialized in the problems of the control of contagion, the diagnosis and treatment of infectious diseases and the manufacture of antitoxic serum. The earliest laboratories were founded in New York City, and similar institutes have been organized and adopted by most of the large cities of the United States. The smaller towns have been served by a similar institution under State control, usually located at the State capital. Physicians who have a desire to devote themselves to a scientific career have found these governmental laboratories a field for their professional activities and work, and many foundations of large means are interested in the problems of public health, and require the services of physicians both as executive officers and as scientific investigators. Under the stimulus of industrial insurance the larger manufacturing and commercial institutions have established medical departments which will attract a number of physicians in the early period of their careers. All medical colleges also offer opportunities for scientific research in their laboratories to the teachers and professors of their undergraduate medical schools, and many large hospitals, even those which are not teaching institutions, do the same. The subdivisions of the profession into family physicians, and specialists in internal medicine, in surgery and in surgical specialties will still attract the majority of recent medical graduates.

NO ONE should enter the profession of medicine with the idea of becoming rich. The research worker is paid a salary which will be sufficient to support an unmarried man in comfort without luxury; his future is a teaching position or a professorship, the salary for which is on a par with that of other teachers and professors in university work. The financial position of the physician who devotes himself to public health work in the employ of the State, city or other political division is on a par with that of the professors in the universities. The practicing physician's income depends upon the community in which he elects to serve. The income of a specialist in large urban centres is greater than that of a family physician or a general practitioner in the same neighborhood.

A great deal has been written lately concerning the cost of medical care. The authors, whether lay or professional, have been critical of the professional charges which have been asked of the earners of moderate-sized incomes. In general, the charges for surgical and other special work and for general family practice are more or less regulated by the custom of different communities. There is no regulated standard by which all the profession can be governed. Professional fees have always been based upon a varying scale in order that the maximum might be paid by the rich, while the poor paid less or nothing, whether they were treated in a hospital or in their homes. It is good ethics for a physician to maintain a maximum fee, and to reduce it for those who are less fortunate financially. It is not good practice to increase medical fees excessively for the very rich.

THE medical profession has not been entirely free from accusations of commercialism. The temptations are very real, and have been developed by the unfortunate addition of certain laws to the burden of hysterical and hypocritical reforms which this country has undertaken to carry, and by an infection of the profession with something of the habit of graft which has infected all mankind. These errors of conduct are limited to a minority of the physicians of the country. The leaders of the profession are attempting to control and overcome these tendencies, which are breaking out in such pernicious methods as fee-splitting, unnecessary treatments with well-advertised new remedies and methods which are of very doubtful value. There is room in the profession for additional numbers, and every member of the profession will always welcome honest, earnest physicians as his associates.

The younger physicians must accept the existence in the community of the irregular practitioners of the various cults of more or less fantastic cures and medical methods with whom he will find himself in more or less serious competition. They present no special threat to the welfare of the physician, but they form a distinct menace to the public health, and to the individual invalid to whom they "bootleg" false medicine and sell deceitful treatments. Human frailty will embrace and cling to the most fantastic claims of a glib talker. Quackery is looked upon as the field for the ignorant and uneducated faker, but the science of medicine is so incomplete that fraudulent claims are constantly being advanced even within the ranks of the profession itself by self-deceived as well as by unscrupulous doctors of medicine. Among such frauds one can recall the recent methods of diagnosis originating in California which exploited the introduction of alleged vibratory reactions obtained by a special machine from a single drop of blood. It was claimed that this machine could not only diagnosticate all diseases but cure them, — cancer included. This particular fad or fancy has largely died out but it tempts one to paraphrase Virgil, and exclaim:

"I am afraid of California even though bearing gifts."

The medical profession has taken upon itself the task of protecting the community from the ignorant and harmful practitioners of these false cults or alleged schools of medical practice. The profession believes this is right and a duty to the public. Often the only result is vituperation and accusations of jealousy and self-interest. Every year more than one attempt is made to let down the bars of the educational requirements in various States, and to admit to practice many healers of some exclusive cult who are woefully ignorant of the structure and of the chemical, mechanical and vital functions of the human body.

The profession is anxious to welcome to its ranks all courageous, earnest workers who will take an interest in the welfare and public health of the community as well as in their personal patients, and who, by example and active work, will uphold the traditions of the profession. The advantages of a medical career are to be found in the character of medicine itself. No study is more interesting, whether carried on in laboratory work of a board of health or of a university, or in service in connection with public health work, or in a hospital and at the bedside. Medicine is not an exact science, and it is far from being a completed science. It offers a fascinating opportunity for study of normal and pathological physiology of the human body and of the psychology, both normal and diseased, of the human mind. Every physician has the opportunity to add to the present-day incomplete knowledge of the diseases of the individual, and of the epidemics and contagions which periodically attack the human race. Medicine offers a career of intensive work and of service to fellow human beings who are in trouble. Success in it will depend on two factors: the personality of the individual and his capacity for work. A career in medicine is ended only by the death of each physician, for no man can learn all that is to be known in this science, and every man who is properly qualified can find an interest in the study of medicine and a satisfaction in his personal work which are offered in greater degree by no other occupation or profession.

Farming

By F. D. Farrell

President of Kansas State Agricultural College

YOUNG men just out of college often are afflicted with a sort of myopia. They seem unable or unwilling to see into any part of the future except that immediately before them. This fact helps to account for many unwise decisions involving the selection of careers. Too many young men base their decisions upon what the first few years following graduation are expected to bring forth. This basis of selection probably is unsound for any profession or business that is worth while. It certainly is unsound for farming. To the young man whose time in that career is limited to five or ten years, farming offers little except a gambler's chance for moderate financial gain and a strong probability of keen disappointment. One of the first things to be learned by a young man who considers entering this career is that farming is a life job.

It is incorrect to think of the word farming as descriptive of a single occupation having one fixed set of requirements, opportunities and difficulties. Farming is subdivided into many occupations having different characteristics and appealing to different temperaments. The word farmer is perhaps no less general than the word merchant. Just as the latter applies to a John Wanamaker, to the owner of a diminutive specialty store, and to the operators of scores of types of mercantile enterprises between these two extremes, so the word farmer applies to the operator of a highly diversified ten-thousand-acre farm, to the man who operates a two-acre chicken ranch and to men engaged in scores of types of farming enterprises in between.

MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL with his thirty or forty thousand acres of wheat and flax in Montana; Mr. Albert Weaver with his Kansas farm producing annually one hundred thousand bushels of wheat and a train load of potatoes; Mr. H. W. Jeffers with his twelve-hundred-cow dairy farm in New Jersey; Mr. Eugene Funk growing a thousand acres or more of corn each year in Illinois; Mr. Dan Casement, on his Juniata Farm in Kansas, producing successfully Hereford cattle, two breeds of pigs, Hampshire sheep and polo ponies and operating a profitable dairy of Ayrshire cattle, and, in addition, owning a large cattle ranch in Colorado and a small dairy and sheep farm near Cleveland; Mr. Jesse Harper, predecessor of the late Knute Rockne as football coach at Notre Dame, managing a large cattle enterprise in southwestern Kansas, — these and many others like them represent a wide variety of large agricultural enterprises to which the term farming properly applies.

And when we consider the smaller enterprises, we find even greater variety. At Petaluma, California, a farm of forty acres is considered large and every farmer produces virtually nothing but chickens. At Wenatchee, Washington, all the farms are small and produce little but apples. In one community in Saint Joseph County, Indiana, the farmers depend on the peppermint crop, but in a near-by community in the same county chief reliance is placed in dairy cows. In Aroostook County, Maine, potatoes are the dominant farm crop. In a little community in Yakima Valley, Washington, the farmers depend chiefly upon hops. In the Kaw Valley of Kansas there are farmers depending about equally upon apples, potatoes and dairy cows, and some of them include a field of wheat and a patch of strawberries for good measure.

The existence of endless variety is so impressive and, in considering farming as a career, so important that one finds it difficult not to labor the point. There is variety based on size of farm, on location, on markets, on the seasonal distribution of the farm labor requirement, even on the farmer's sense of humor. A man may operate a bonanza wheat farm or cattle or sheep ranch or he may operate a small commercial bulb garden or a mushroom cave — and still be a farmer. He may specialize upon one or two products or diversify with five or ten. He may center his interest in plant products or in animal products or he may include both, as most farmers do. His farm may be on a street car line near a city or it may be in a remote mountain valley without a neighbor in sight.

Nobody should take up farming as a career solely or even primarily for the purpose of becoming wealthy. While good farming usually assures a comfortable livelihood, it seldom brings the farmer financial wealth comparable to that amassed by successful men engaged in manufacture, merchandizing, transportation or finance, or in the medical and legal professions. Farming and country life are attractive to so many people that the farming business usually tends to be somewhat overdone. There seldom is a serious shortage of farmers.

The chief attractions of farming as a career are not financial but social. They appeal to the man who wishes to stand on his own feet and issue his own orders; the man who loves plants and animals and the earth and sky; who values, more than dollars and cents, health, quietude, communion with nature, a close partnership with his family, — the man, in short, to whom wealth consists chiefly in things not to be bought with money. To be happy and successful in farming and country life one needs to have a genuine preference for simple living.

To intelligent people of rural temperament farming is endlessly interesting. No man, or woman either, who has a trained and inquiring mind and a self-reliant spirit needs ever to be bored in the country. There is more "going on" on a good farm in a pleasant rural neighborhood than in the ordinary city, where virtually everything, including even much of the behavior of human beings, tends to be standardized and monotonous. The country provides abundantly for the interest of the mind and the spirit. It has the ever-changing sky and landscape, the teeming life of the soil, the procession of the seasons, the sunrises and sunsets, innumerable fascinating complexities of the physical, chemical and biological phenomena of earth and air and soil and of plant and animal life.

It is almost idle to discuss the immediate financial prospects of farming in determining the value of the latter as a career for young men finishing college in 1931. For one thing, nobody knows very much about the abatement of the economic depression now affecting farming and virtually all other occupations. For another, even a correct prediction — if one could be made — of financial returns from farming in the next five years might be realized, and a radically different prediction might be in order before young men who enter upon farming careers in 1931 could be more than fairly started. But all past experience supports the view that, in the long run, good farming in a good farming district in the United States is sufficiently profitable financially to support a good home life and provide for the essential amenities, and virtually certain to yield some of the most significant nonfinancial rewards to people who have sufficient appreciation of rural values to recognize and enjoy the rewards. Doubtless there always will be competition in farming. Because of the increasing use of science and machinery and because of the probable increase of appreciation of the social values inherent in farming and rural life, competition is more likely to increase than to diminish.

Farming is not a career for mollycoddles. To be successful in it requires intelligence, resourcefulness, self-reliance, patience and hard work. "This hard work," said Emerson, "will always be done by one kind of man; not by scheming speculators, nor by soldiers, nor professors, nor readers of Tennyson; but by men of endurance — deep-chested, long-winded, tough, slow and sure, and timely." Improved machinery, modern facilities for transportation and communication and new knowledge rapidly are relieving farm life of drudgery and involuntary isolation, but farming still is a career for people of character, courage and energy.

For intelligent men and women of strong character who wish to spend their lives in pleasant, quiet places in close association with nature and with plants and animals and the earth, doing work that is exceedingly interesting and fundamentally important, farming is a career that is rich in genuine rewards and enduring satisfactions.

Engineering

By J. A. L. Waddell

Originator of the modern vertical-lift-bridge, author of many technical works and one of the most distinguished American engineers

I wish that what I have to say to the engineers of this year's graduating classes concerning opportunities were more encouraging. Our country is still feeling the depressing effects of the disastrous flurry in Wall Street that occurred a year and a half ago and put a quietus on loans for great engineering enterprises. However, there appears today to be a slight rift in the clouds of depression, and ere long the sun of prosperity must surely break through.

Setbacks in engineering come periodically and possibly are unavoidable, but I do not think so; because it is my belief that, if our Engineer-President be continued in office for a second term, he will succeed in smoothing out the salient irregularities in the American curve of general prosperity.

In sooth, though, there is no need whatsoever for discouragement, because the development of our great country is bound to advance in spite of all impediments; and, as world progress is primarily and fundamentally dependent upon the activities of the engineering profession, there is going to be plenty of occupation in the future for a vast army of young American engineers. Again, in our calling there is always plenty of room at the top, because men truly suitable for high positions are scarce, and are ever in demand.

Owing to the present extreme scarcity of work among engineers and the employers of engineering talent, it will be difficult for technical graduates next June to find satisfactory employment. Some of them may be compelled to accept positions they deem to be unworthy of their advanced education. To such I would recommend physical labor rather than a white-collar job which earns a bare living but teaches very little that is worth while for an engineer. Physical labor, connected either directly or indirectly with engineering, would be beneficial, not only by reason of the actual experience gained thereby, but also because it generally tends to build up one's constitution, especially after four years of sedentary life. Association with the lower grade of the laboring class affords useful experience, because that is the class that field and shop engineers have to direct. Such association will give a young alumnus an insight into the minds of the laborers, and may make him more lenient towards their failures and more in sympathy with their complaints than he would be without having had such intimate experience.

THOSE of this year's engineering alumni who are forced into uncongenial positions should bear constantly in mind the fact that the present untoward conditions are merely temporary, and that there is surely coming soon a prosperous time for technical men.

For those graduates whose financial condition will permit, this is a logical opportunity for taking a postgraduate course in the line of technics which most appeals to them; and for those who cannot raise the money to take such a course, this is a good time to carry on at night their technical studies. In fact, any time is suitable for such study; because, in order to be a truly successful practitioner, a man must be a student all his life. The engineer who thinks that graduation gives him the privilege of ceasing to study is the man who is going to fail in the achievement of professional success.

There are many good books — technical, semi-technical, and literary — that an ambitious young engineer ought to read and study; and these should be perused to the exclusion of trashy literature and an overabsorption in the daily newspapers. Books of high-class style and diction tend to give a man a superior knowledge and command of his mother tongue and a working acquaintance with foreign languages; hence the young engineer should provide himself with good literature and plenty of it. The great amount of it in this country available today for young engineers is recognized by very few persons. It is many times greater than it was in my student days or even a decade later, when I taught Civil Engineering in the Land of the Rising Sun. This fact was brought forcibly to my attention two years ago whilst I was acting as Consulting Engineer and Technical Adviser to the National Government of China. One of my numerous duties was to lay out and inaugurate a new and practical course in Civil Engineering for Nanyang University, the leading technical school of that country. My first step in so doing was to send to the U. S. A. for the best textbooks and books of reference in ten special lines of activity. There were between forty and fifty in all; and my examination of these proved to be an eye opener, because I had not been keeping in close touch with the advance in technical literature in other lines than my own specialty. The large number of truly first-class American books in the various specialties of Civil Engineering is a credit to our nation; hence the advice I beg to tender to ambitious tyros in our profession is read, Read, READ!

INSTEAD of my continuing to offer advice herein and run the risk of appropriating more than my allotted space, it would be far better to state that for more than half a century I have been writing for the benefit of younger engineers, and to tell where such writings can be found. Most of those of the last quarter of a century are contained in Skinner's "Memoirs and Addresses of Two Decades," and the older ones are included in Harrington's compilation of my "Principal Professional Papers." Again, in Waddell and Harrington's "Addresses to Engineering Students" are numerous papers that all young technical men should read and digest. Unfortunately, the two books last mentioned are out of print, but copies of them may be borrowed from some of the technical and public libraries.

It may interest some of you readers to learn that the American Association of Engineers, our country's most outstanding technical-welfare organization, has arranged to elicit and edit a comprehensive treatise on "Vocational Guidance in Engineering Lines," to be written by some fifty technical specialists of the highest standing for the benefit of high-school students and other young men who have an idea of tackling the study of engineering. The Association will not only undertake to issue the book but will see to its distribution where most needed during the next twenty years. It will also arrange for free examinations of young men concerning their mental capacity for assimilating technical knowledge and becoming successful engineers. It is my privilege to be the chairman of the Editorial Committee to elicit and edit that book, the other two members thereof being Mr. Frank W. Skinner, Consulting Engineer, and Prof. Harold E. Wessman. We hope to finish our work and issue the book within the next twelve months — after which the management of its utilization is to be assumed by the headquarters of the American Association of Engineers at Chicago.

Life Insurance

By L. Seton Lindsay

Second Vice-President, New York Life Insurance Company

The college graduates of 1931 are going to find that the business depression, which we all hope is now passing, has seriously interfered with the usual demand for those who are willing to start on a modest salary. Many, therefore, will be glad to learn about openings in business for which the chief requirements are a good character and the willingness to work. The life insurance companies of America offer college graduates an opportunity to win their way to the front solely on their own ability.

Now what are the qualifications necessary for success in this business? The successful agent must have, first, integrity. No permanent success can be achieved in any line without this fundamental requirement.

The second qualification necessary for success is the ability to work hard without too much supervision. An insurance company provides instruction for new agents, but their success will depend on their own initiative and energy. It is a simple thing to be industrious when your work is always laid out for you. An office worker is constantly having things brought to him which must be done, so he finds it easy to keep busy. But it is much more difficult to be your own manager and keep working when your job consists in going out and getting interviews with people and persuading them to buy.

Third, courage. When you have worked hard, landed a big policy and are counting on your commission to pay your rent and grocery bills, and the company writes you that your case is turned down, it takes real courage to smile, put on your hat and go right after another one.

Fourth, a little capital, not necessarily a bank account, but credit or backing or help at home, which will enable the new agent to keep going for two or three months while he is getting his business started.

MANY college men have had business experience that is helpful. Some have managed school papers, football and baseball teams, and other school organizations. Others have sold magazine subscriptions or done special outside work to help pay their college expenses. All such experience will be valuable to those who take up the selling of life insurance; for it affords not only a certain amount of business training but also an opportunity of learning something of human nature.

One of the most successful men in our business began when he was nineteen years old in Baltimore. He was a good football player. He started insuring the boys on his team and nearly all of them took policies. Then he insured members of the teams he played against. Through them he secured the names of hundreds of other young men and in no time he was the busiest young agent in the State. Today he is at the head of a great insurance agency and probably making between $50,000 and $100,000 a year.

THE President of my company has been in its service for fifty-one years. He started as an office boy in our Milwaukee office when he was fifteen years old. At twenty-one he became an agent. He wrote $250,000 of life insurance the first year, working in the little towns in the State of Iowa — a quarter of a million in those days was as much as half a million today. I myself began selling insurance when I was just twenty-one.

The late George W. Perkins, who started as an Agent of our Company, became its Vice-President, and, finally, a partner in the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, once said that anyone could succeed in our business if he wanted to badly enough. He meant that anyone could succeed if he were willing to pay the price, which in any business is plain, hard work intelligently directed.

The new insurance agent may expect to meet with frequent rebuffs, but if he has character and ability he will also gain an insight into the dreams, hopes and aspirations of many different types of people. Before long he will know how to persuade his prospects to use life insurance as a means toward the realization of at least some of their dreams.

Life insurance is a social service. First, it is the easiest way of saving money regularly over a long period of time to provide for comfort in the later years of life; this is important because most of us find it hard to save.

As we go along in life, we accumulate responsibilities to other people. For example, a young man marries, becomes a father. He expects to support his wife for life and to support and educate his children until they are grown. If he lives, he will fulfill these obligations. But he knows he may not live; and he is troubled when he realizes that the little property he has accumulated would not provide for his wife and children very long. So he buys life insurance and immediately creates an estate of $5,000, $10,000 or $50,000, which is paid to his family if he dies. If he lives, he has saved money for his own old age. You can see what satisfaction an agent experiences when he persuades a man to protect his family in this way.

OTHER persons will be interested in what we call educational insurance. A boy or girl wants to go to college. Father is willing; he buys an educational policy. As long as he lives, he is saving money for himself. If he dies, there is money for his son's or daughter's college expenses; his policy does for his children what he would have done, if he had lived. In the same way, a mortgage policy protects the home itself, so that if anything happens to Father, the mortgage will be paid and the home will remain in possession of the family.

One other example: Two partners in business insure their lives. When the first one dies, his partner will have money immediately, so that he can pay the widow her share of the business in cash and thus own the business entirely himself.

EVEN persons who have serious personal handicaps sometimes achieve outstanding successes in life insurance. Let me cite two interesting cases: A young foreigner making shoes in a shoe factory near Boston, seeing the need of insurance among the foreign-born of his community, went into the business and moved rapidly to the front, imbued with an almost religious fervor to protect women and children. Today he is an outstanding citizen, looked up to and respected by the biggest men in his community.

A prominent business man, earning $30,000 a year, suddenly lost his eyesight and was absolutely unable to continue his business. He took up life insurance and became one of the leading agents in his community. In addition, out of sympathy for fellow sufferers, and largely at his own expense, he had books of instruction printed for the blind agents. There was a case of real courage.

It is important to note that while only six and a half per cent of the population of the entire world is in the United States, yet seventy-four per cent of the 156 billions of dollars of life insurance of the entire world is in American and Canadian companies. This huge amount of insurance has been likened by Darwin P. Kingsley, Chairman of our Board of Directors, to a great reservoir. Just as a city draws its water supply from its reservoir when needed, so do policyholders and their families receive cash funds from the life insurance reservoir when money is needed most — in the greatest emergencies of life — in old age, or when a family has lost its husband and father, or when the person insured becomes totally and permanently disabled for work. No wonder such men as Calvin Coolidge and other leaders in this country are glad to associate themselves with great life insurance companies.

The Ministry

By Charles Edward Jefferson

Pastor Emeritus of the Broadway Tabernacle Church

THERE is in the United States at the present time no more attractive and promising field open to a man fitted for moral leadership and desirous of making his life count for the most than that which is offered by the Christian ministry. The notion that the ministry is overcrowded is mistaken. Because there are clergymen here and there out of jobs, it does not follow that there is not abundant room for newcomers. The idea that the Christian Church is in a state of decadence and that the pulpit has ceased to be a force in the nation's life has no foundation. The church has never been so vigorous and useful and Christian as it is today. There has never been such an urgent call for able preachers as at the present hour. The assumption that the day of the pulpit is ended and that the occupation of the preacher is gone is a vagary which flourishes only in the heads of people who do not know the situation. The day of the preacher is just dawning.

A campaign of disparagement of the church and its ministry carried on with fiery zeal by a small coterie of professional detractors has created the impression in uninformed circles that organized Christianity has lost its grip and that religion is waning. Our generation is prolific in delusions. The gullible, like the poor, are always with us. Various forces have conspired to push into the limelight a vocal bunch of anti-religious wiseacres who by their endless and vociferous chatter have achieved a notoriety which they mistake for fame.

YOUNG men in our academies and colleges should not allow themselves to be hoodwinked by the reckless talk of smart-Alecks who take delight in shocking people who are as credulous as they are ignorant. These men have no background and do not understand the world they are living in. They imagine that religion is ephemeral and that the Church of Christ can be killed by a dexterous use of the tongue or the pen. Religion, however, is as indestructible as man, and the Christian Church will go on her conquering way forever. Let no one imagine that Christianity is a sinking ship or that religion is going to be supplanted by science or philosophy or art.

The call to the Christian ministry is loud. The loudness of the call is determined by the magnitude of the need. That there is sore need of moral teachers and spiritual leaders cannot be denied by anyone acquainted with the world of today. Throughout the land large and influential churches are waiting for adequate men who do not come. All our cities are crying for capable interpreters of the ideas and ideals by which men live.

As a nation we are rich in silver and gold. We have more money than has any other nation. We need instruction as to how to use wealth in ways which will not degrade ourselves and hurt others. We are opulent in knowledge. We have covered the continent with schools. We have more colleges, more professors, more students than all the other nations of the world combined. We need encouragement to transmute our knowledge into wisdom. We are wealthy in physical force. We possess the mightiest apparatus of power ever entrusted to any people. We drive in our power-houses a team of two hundred million horses abreast. Our people need inspiration to use this power for the highest ends. Our power if misused will wreck the world.

We have high talent for organization and a genius for administration. In inventiveness no nation surpasses us, and in mass-production we lead the world. We are adepts in building machines but we are not expert yet in building men. Building men is the most urgent and critical enterprise of the next hundred years. Our material progress is phenomenal, our spiritual development is disappointing. What we need above everything else is not bankers or engineers or captains of industry or manufacturers or merchant princes but men in the pulpit who will hold high all the standards and make ethical ideas glorious. We have worked miracles in commerce and industry, we are waiting for miracles in the realm of moral achievement. Here is the opportunity for men of capacious brain and intrepid spirit. Without moral leaders of the finest fiber there is no hope for the future. Unless we have competent interpreters of the fundamental principles of conduct we shall all land in the ditch. Without vision the people perish. That is the verdict of history. In all our cities and in every country town we must have in our pulpits men of spiritual vision who know how to expound moral ideals and convert them into living forces in the hearts of men.

Our expanding population is massing itself more and more in huge cities. These aggregations of men and women must be trained to live together. Who is going to do this vastly difficult and indispensable work if it is not done by the Christian Church? What can the church accomplish without daring and disciplined and masterful leaders?

If a young man is ambitious to make money let him keep away from the ministry. If he craves short hours and an easy time let him never think of entering the pulpit. If he wants to be popular and spend his life in retailing moral commonplaces and in echoing the opinions of his parish, he is not the kind of man the world is now looking for. The Christian pulpit is for indefatigable workers and dauntless heroes, for men whose supreme ambition is to extend the reign of God over all the kingdoms of human life, the ideal social order, the society founded in justice and dominated by kindness and good-will. There are many obstacles, numberless difficulties, exasperating delays, and heartbreaking disappointments. The opposition is fierce and the misrepresentation is endless. Let every man calculate the cost before he goes in. The way of the Christian minister is now, as always, the way of the Cross. The need for industry and courage and sacrifice in the American pulpit was never greater than now.

It is the greatness of the need that renders the call so imperative and alluring. The hour challenges the very best in the men who are strongest. Weaklings can do nothing. Slackers are a curse. This is a grown man's job. Ours is a time which calls for Prophets, men who speak for God, men who proclaim the will of God, men who with an open throat denounce wrong, men who scourge dishonesty and falsehood and meanness, men who know how to sensitize the public conscience, and to kindle moral passion and to exalt the duty of public service and to glorify the spirit of sacrifice. Men cannot live by bread alone, they live by beauty and truth and goodness.

To help men live aright is the preacher's crowning work. The work is so manifold and so arduous that it taxes every faculty of the soul. To think through the vexing problems of these tangled times, to give men guidance in a day of fog, to set forth great moral truths in words which the man in the street can understand, so to unfold the cardinal principles of life as to kindle the imagination and woo the heart, is a task which calls for every ounce of a man's body and mind and spirit.

If a young man has a love for human beings and enjoys being with them and working with them and working for them, and if he has a mind which sees and a tongue which knows how to speak, and if he desires to make his life count for the utmost in the strengthening of his nation and the cause of humanity throughout the world, he cannot do better than to dedicate himself without fear and without reserve to the work of the Christian ministry.

* * *

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THOSE of the Landscape's readers who are unable to see the direct connection between the mechanistic developments of our own age and the happiness of the individual will find much aid and comfort in Gina Lombroso's *The Tragedies of Progress*, just now published by Dutton. The author looks backward to Arcady, when the Greeks refused to allow the secrets of medical science to be divulged — when the principal goal of thinkers was philosophy, and not methods for increasing production. A great many people in many parts of the world are thinking about the Machine Age just now, and no matter what one's point of view may be, the Lombroso book will be found stimulating and thought-provoking. Perhaps it is only fair for the Landscaper to confess that he is on the side of the Greeks, although, having been nurtured on the Emersonian theory of Compensation, he is not altogether willing to have the Machine tossed into the discard and all the altars to Materialism blown sky-high with Nobel dynamite. The Landscaper is fully convinced of the truth of the Biblical saying that man cannot live by bread alone; it is difficult to understand how the most hardened skeptic can fail to be impressed by the persistence with which the race seeks something outside its physical satisfactions. Here in our own country, every sort of ancient cult finds its followers, and astrology, as old as the Assyrians, interests us almost as much as the scientific analysis of the effect of our favorite cigarette upon our health and social acceptability.

Mr. Galsworthy on Happiness

JOHN GALSWORTHY said the other day in the course of a New York lecture that he knew only one real source of happiness, which was complete absorption in one's work. With this thought still in mind, the Landscaper spent a day in a great printing plant, where books are turned out by the thousands on the Ford system, and watched many men and women at their machines. . . . A day's work consists of so many mechanical gestures, and so far as the emotional satisfaction is concerned, these people might just as well be canning tomatoes, for what they are working on is not a book, the product of some one's mind and effort, but a set of sheets, a binding case, a bit of crash to be glued to a backstrip. How can they be so absorbed in work of this sort as to be happy? The answer is obvious; they cannot. Happiness comes at the end of the day, if at all. This criticism of the Machine Age has been voiced thousands of times and answered just as often, it is true, but not to the satisfaction of this observer. But whether the Landscaper's attitude has been reached by reason or whether it is altogether the result of his having lived in an agricultural environment in his young years and of having had generations of ancestors who lived on the land — who were farmers, no matter what their vocations — is a difficult question to answer.

Any one whose life is spent with books might be expected to think a variety of thoughts upon stepping into a plant where they are manufactured. There is something disturbing about the perfection of machinery that pours out a Niagara of bound copies; something that causes nightmares. First of all, one thinks of that brilliant remark of Mussolini's at the time of our crash in the autumn of 1929, a remark that very nearly swung the Landscaper to the side of the Italian dictator, which was: "Production is mechanical, but consumption is human," the neatest summary of the present economic dilemma of this country that has ever been made. It applies with especial force to books, where so much depends upon intangible qualities of appeal. Actually, the books that can stand machine production must, in most instances, be of a low mental level — of the level, let us say, of the movies, the radio, and other forms of popular amusement.

The Standardized Book

In short, standardized production implies standardization of the product, and the thoughts set in motion by this statement are none too pleasant. The present publishing season has been interesting to study because the poor state of business in general has caused great emphasis to be laid upon "sure-fire merchandise," in short, upon books of a wide popular appeal. And what type of books have been chosen for the small-town circulating library sale of our country? The answer is easy: The season began with *Venus on Wheels*, and has gone on with *Naked on Roller Skates*, *Pick-Up*, *Impatient Virgin*, and so on and so on. . . . Perhaps there is some significance in these rambling remarks. Perhaps, on the other hand, it would be just as well for the Landscaper to get down to business and write about the books that are now stacked about him, leaving philosophizing to his betters.

Interest continues in Russia, at least in the judgment of most of the publishers in this country. The opinion seems fairly general that the Five-Year Plan is actually on its way to some sort of success; that the Russians are driving steadily toward the creation of as neat an imitation of this country as they can make, which is the most magnificent piece of irony of this century. The opinion is just as general that Capitalism is to be profoundly influenced in its social aspects by what goes on in Russia during the next few years;

there is little doubt that much of the thinking and planning done in this country since the Great Crash has been influenced by the Soviet threat to the existing order.

Three Books About Lenin

THREE of the new books on the general subject of Russia are about Lenin, and they offer an interesting diversity of opinion regarding the Father of His Country. Prince D. S. Mirsky, the well-known authority on Russian literature, and, as one might suspect from the title, a member of the old order, has done one, *Lenin* (Little, Brown, $2.50), which is altogether in praise of its subject, the Prince having gone over completely to Soviet rule in the past year or so. He has the enthusiasm of a convert. On the other hand, Ferdinand Ossendowski's *Lenin, God of the Godless* (Dutton, $3.75), paints Lenin as the orthodox in economics and religion would like to believe him to have been, in short, with horns, hooves, and a forked tail. Ossendowski has an unerring feeling for the sensational, and his book will entertain any one who enjoys reading about horrors. It is a little difficult to take it seriously, however, as its emotional motivation is all too plain. The third of the new books about Lenin is better balanced than these two, and contains, in addition to its biographical material, a fine, clear analysis of recent Russian history. This is *Lenin, Red Dictator*, by George Vernadsky (Yale University Press, $3), translated by Malcolm W. Davis. Mr. Vernadsky's history of Russia has already been mentioned here before; it is exactly the right book for an intelligent reader who wishes to know the historical background of the existing situation. His study of Lenin is that of an historian, reasonably unbiased, and intellectually sincere. It deserves the heartiest recommendation of the three books; certainly if only one of the lot is to be read, it will prove most satisfactory except to those who wish to have their prejudices confirmed one way or the other.

Russian Foreign Trade

ONE of the other new books on Russia is *Soviet Foreign Trade: Menace or Promise*, by J. M. Budish and Samuel S. Shipman (Liveright, $2.50). Both these gentlemen are associated with the Amtorg, the Soviet purchasing agency in this country, and the U.S.S.R. does not get any the worst of it in their book, as might be expected. They paint the rosiest possible picture of the potentialities of Russian trade, and it seems obvious enough that their country is likely to become our largest customer within a very short time unless political considerations interfere with commerce. This, it might be added, is not likely to occur. If Russian trade is sufficiently large, it is reasonably sure that scruples will not annoy us too much. Another book is *Pan-Sovietism* by Bruce Hopper (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), which is really a study of the Soviets in operation, with some comment upon the possible effect of the success of the Communistic experiment on the rest of the world. The author wonders if Russia and the United States are to meet in a death struggle for world supremacy. . . . Houghton Mifflin are also publishing *New Russia's Primer* by M. Ilin, a little book originally intended for distribution in Russia to explain the Five-Year Plan, which has now been chosen by one of our book clubs. It is a most interesting document.

A Reporter's Life Story

THERE are fewer books about our own country on hand just now than is customary, but one of the lot will go some distance toward making up for the scarcity. This is *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* (Harcourt, Brace, two volumes, $7.50), which is the record to date of one of the best newspapermen this country has ever turned out. His name ought to be familiar to every one; certainly none of us old enough to recall the Era of Muckraking have forgotten the valiant service he did in those piping times, when we all had the naïve faith that it was only necessary to expose evil to destroy it. This remark is over-cynical, for Steffens, Ida M. Tarbell, and others did accomplish much real good. Steffens has told the whole story in his *Autobiography*, packed it with names and incidents, and made it interesting to read. It is an historical document of real importance, as well as the record of a splendidly adventurous and courageous career. One hopes that it will be put in some handy place around all our schools of journalism. . . . It gets a triple-star from the Landscaper this month.

Other books that are about ourselves and our country include Dr. John T. Faris's *Roaming America* (Farrar and Rinehart, $3), which is a gossipy guide-book to the territory easily reachable by following the main highways. It is admirably done, filled with interesting information and ought to prove a *vade mecum* for the intelligent motorist, who really wants to know something about the country traversed. There is a good map in the back. In fact, all it needs is a good first-aid kit to be indispensable for motoring. Then there is a large volume on *Our American Music*, by John Tasker Howard (Crowell, $6), some 766 pages of information about music in this country, with many illustrations, a full bibliography, a complete index, and sketches of dozens of the young composers who may in time do something to give us standing in this branch of art. Mr. Howard has said all there is to say; his work has been thoroughly and intelligently done, and the book should be useful as a work of reference for years to come. *The Pinkertons: A Detective Dynasty* by Richard Wilmer Rowan (Little, Brown, $3) tells the whole tale of the work of the Pinkertons through the Civil War period, and the time of the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal fields, down to the present. There is plenty of excitement in the book, and it is both readable and informative. It is probably just as well to snatch a novel from the fiction classification, and mention it here, since it is so definitely about America.

An Englishman on America

THIS is *Juan in America* by Eric Linklater (Cape and Smith, $2.50), which is a satire on many, many phases of life in this country, written by a shrewd Englishman who has travelled widely and well. It will not offend any except the unco patriotic, and it is not too much overdrawn; Mr. Linklater remains within the bounds of caricature. There is a lot of good-humored raillery in the book, and whether one reads it merely as entertainment or as witty commentary upon the present state of affairs in the United States, it will prove worth the money.

There is no dearth of biography at present, although it is fairly safe to say that the vogue of the past five years is declining, perhaps because we are running out of easily available material, and perhaps, again, because the public is a little weary of the fictionized type of biography, which may be very, very good, in the hands of a master, and very, very bad when it is no more than an excuse for the dodging of research. The subjects at present range from Haroun Al-Rashid to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. H. P. B. is rather roughly handled by C. E. Bechofer-Roberts (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $3.50), the title of the book being *The Mysterious Madame*. It is principally concerned with the life story of Madame Blavatsky, although it is also brought down to date by some account of the activities of Annie Besant and her Messiah, Jedda Krishamurtri. Theosophists will not like the book at all; others will find it interesting reading. *Haroun Al-Rashid's* book is by Gabriel Audisio, a distinguished French Orientalist, who paints the famous Caliph of Bagdad in lurid colors, and emphasizes the licentiousness of the times, and especially of the Court. McBride is the publisher of this somewhat sensational volume, and the price is $3.50. The translation is none too good.

Mrs. Chapman as Biographer

Followers of the work of Maristan Chapman in the way of romantic novels of Southern mountaineers may be a little surprised to discover Mrs. Chapman in the part of the biographer of a Frenchman of the Second Empire, but her *Imperial Brother: The Life of the Duc de Morny* (Viking, $3.50) is an excellent book. The Duc de Morny was a many-sided person, as well he might have been, considering his ancestry. He was the natural son of Queen Hortense of Holland, and his grandfather was none other than Talleyrand; he was also related to the Empress Josephine and Beauharnais. At the court of his half brother, Napoleon III, the Duc de Morny matched wits with Eugenie and was one of the principal actors in the sorry tragedy of Maximilian. He was an intimate of both Bismarck and Palmerston. Mrs. Chapman's material is full of interest and she has handled it skilfully, her training as a novelist standing her in good stead.

Other recent biographies of importance are Fairfax Downey's *Burton — Arabian Nights Adventurer* (Scribner, $3.50), a thrilling account of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in this age or any other, admirably done; *George Washinton, the Son of His Country* by Paul Van Dyke (Scribner, $2.50), the story of the early years of the first President and especially a study of the formative influences that exerted their power up to the entrance of Washington into national affairs; *Galileo: Searcher of the Heavens* by Emile Namer (McBride, $3.75), a modern biography of a great scientist; *Cleopatra: A Royal Voluptuary* by Oskar Von Wertheimer (Lippincott, $5), a most agreeable departure from the ordinary kind of biography of this lady, since it is an honest attempt to show her as a keen politician who never forgot her kingdom, and since Herr Von Wertheimer has not overemphasized the sexual elements in her story — in short, a good, solid piece of German scholarship; and *Cervantes*, by T. Y. Ybarra (A. and C. Boni, $3), a superficial story of the life of the great Spaniard, which, while readable enough, does not add anything to existing knowledge, or, in other words, the sort of book that might be turned out by any good journalist with the time and patience to read fifteen or twenty of the existing lives of Cervantes.

A Contemporary Genius

THEN there is *Flying Dutchman: A Life of Fokker* by Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould, the autobiography of the airplane designer, which is the revelation of one of the most remarkable personalities of our times, a man who is unquestionably a mechanical genius of the first order, with a great many of the familiar eccentricities of genius. His account of the invention of the synchronized machine gun is incredible, and yet it is well-known to be true, and much the same thing might be said of his exploit at the end of the World War, when he smuggled trainloads of airplanes and airplane parts out of Germany into Holland right under the noses of the Allied Commission. Fokker is only forty now; he was in his early twenties when his ships dominated the air on the Western Front and came dangerously near to giving Germany the victory. His autobiography is candidly revealing, and Mr. Gould, who has helped him with it, does not interfere at all with the perfect self-portraiture of the book, which is important as airplane history, but far more interesting as the story of an extraordinary man.

A life of Nietzsche combined with a study of his philosophy is *Friedrich Nietzsche* by George Burman Foster (Macmillan, $2.50). This is a reasoned piece of work, showing both the strength and the weakness of its subject. Curtis W. Reese acted as editor — the manuscript was left almost complete at the death of Mr. Foster in 1918 — and an excellent introduction has been provided by A. Eustace Haydon. An intimate story of court life in Rumania is Konrad Bercovici's *That Royal Lover* (Brewer, Warren, and Putnam, $2.50), which is the tale of Queen Marie, King Ferdinand, and their son, Carol. This is a *chronique scandaleuse*, as might be expected, but Mr. Bercovici is supposed to know his Rumania. This brings the biography section to a close, except for a passing mention of the publication of *The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle*, which is by John Drinkwater (Putnam, $3.50). Mr. Drinkwater tries very hard to explain why he chose Mr. Laemmle to write a biography of, but without much success. The book is pretty bad; there was no particular reason why it should have been written in the first place, and its intrinsic merits do not go any further toward justifying its existence. Mr. Laemmle is a successful motion picture producer, as almost every one knows, and not even Mr. Drinkwater can make anything more out of a successful motion picture producer than a successful motion picture producer. There is an introduction by Will H. Hays.

A Variety of Fiction

One of the most engaging of recent novels is an English satire by John Collier and called *His Monkey Wife or Married to a Chimp* (Appleton, $2.50). In brief, it is the story of the return from Africa to England of a young Englishman. His companion is a lady chimpanzee named Emily. Once at home, he falls in love with a pretty girl, but after many difficulties decides to marry Emily and return to Africa. This is a highly entertaining piece of fiction, and also a sharp and amusing comment upon civilization. It is no small feat to hold the interest of the reader in a book of this kind and to give its impossible story plausibility, but Mr. Collier has succeeded in both and heartily deserves a hearing. Brainerd Beckwith's *Galloping Down* (Century, $2), is a fine, stirring story of Irishmen and horses, which begins in Ireland and finishes in Canada, a book that is sure to delight any one who has ever loved horses. There is a good love story, while the tale is not without its melodramatic touches, it holds the interest to the very end, its especial strength lying in the well-portrayed conflict between a wild father and his son. This is Mr. Beckwith's second novel, and it reveals a sound talent, one that is well worth watching. It is refreshing to find a novelist in these days who has real enthusiasm for his subject, and this Mr. Beckwith has — he can set the pulses stirring — provided again one has ever loved horses — by the mere mention of the beasts. It is probably not necessary to explain that the Landscaper pretty well grew up on horseback, and that one of his deepest sorrows is the replacement in his own part of the country of good saddle horses with Fords.

About Family Life

Of fiction, the past few weeks have produced nothing really startling in excellence, although, as usual, there is no dearth of novels that will serve to relieve the *tedium vitae*. One of the best of these is Susan Glaspell's cleverly conceived and neatly executed study of family life, *Ambrose Holt and Family* (Stokes, $2.50), which stands as a tragi-comedy, and which is rich in overtones, and filled with quiet wit. Almost any one who has ever been a part of a family should enjoy this book. Two novels of our own immediate times are Stephen French Whitman's excellent *Here's Luck: A Social Footnote* (Appleton, $2.50), the story of a gangster, written by a serious literary artist, who sees our lords of industry as picaresque heroes in direct line of descent from all soldiers of fortune; and *The Parable of the Virgins* by Mary Lapsley (Richard R. Smith, $2.50), the story of life in one of our women's colleges, frankly and honestly done, and bearing no traces of exaggeration, a rather remarkable social document. A novel departure in fiction technique is to be found in Ruth Putnam Mason's *Woman Walks Alone* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.50), in which the story is told by the production of the thoughts of the characters, as in O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*.

A Novel of the Amazon

ANOTHER of the recent novels that has its remarkable qualities is *The Forest Ship* by Arnold Hollriegel (Viking, $2.50), which has been translated by Edith Colburn Mayne, and which is told by a Marlowe-like gentleman. It is a story of the adventures of the Spaniard Orellana in the Amazon country, worked out by a clever device, and thoroughly good reading. *Thirty-One Families Under Heaven* by George Fink, translated by Lillie C. Hummel (Liveright, $2.50), is a novel of life in the slums of Berlin that will recall Knut Hamsun's *Hunger;* an honest and forthright book, not for the weak-stomached exactly, but a credible picture of what goes on in our modern rabbit-warrens. Then there is a new novel by Felix Salten, the author of *Bambi*, *Samson and Delilah* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) in which Salten rings some changes on the Biblical story with a fair degree of success. And last, but not least, the fourth *American Caravan* (Macaulay, $5), the annual of the vanguardists, which is always interesting because of its examples of trends in writing. The present volume is up to the standard of its predecessors, an important chapter in literary history, with a good many pieces in it that are worth reading for their intrinsic merits, provided, of course, one does not mind too much the experimental in art.

The Story of the War

UNDER the all-inclusive head of miscellaneous, the most important recent book is quite obviously General John J. Pershing's *My Experiences in the World War* (Stokes, two volumes, $10), which by the time this appears will be on the best-seller lists. The Landscaper has done no more than sample the volumes, and while he cannot honestly report that Pershing is an exciting writer, there is a world of stuff that is as interesting as it is important. The publishers have given the books a fine dress, and there is no doubt that from our point of view this is the outstanding contribution to the story of the war. There are many illustrations, good indexes, and all the necessary paraphernalia for reference work.

Thomas Craven's *Men of Art* (Simon and Schuster, $3), a book club choice that is an excellent buy for the money — the publishers originally intended bringing it out at $6 — is a worth while volume, partly because it is certain to arouse antagonisms in the breast of any one who has ever looked at pictures and liked them. Mr. Craven writes from a single point of view, and is therefore irritating; his taste is not at all catholic, and the people he does not happen to like are given short shrift, but he expresses himself well, and he manages to cover an astonishing lot of territory, as the fat volume ranges from "The World Before Giotto" to the work of the Mexican Orozco. Of the Modernists Mr. Craven thinks very little; he likes the people best who were closest to the life about them, men such as Hogarth, Daumier, Goya, and in our own country, Ryder, and he allows his Puritanical prejudices to sway some of his judgments. But one expects to find things to quarrel with in a book of this kind. It would not be worth the paper it is printed on if it did not start arguments. The writing is sound and good, and the illustrations profuse and beautifully reproduced, although blacks-and-whites obviously cannot be fair to painters whose skill lay in their use of color.

For those who like adventure stories of another sort, Julian Duguid's *Green Hell* (Century, $4) is hereby recommended. It is the account of travels in South American jungles of four men, a Russian tiger-hunter, an English cinematographer, a Bolivian diplomat, and an Irish writer — Mr. Duguid being the last mentioned. It is a splendidly written story of incredible hardships of all kinds, floods, wild animals, insects, and Indians. The exact territory traversed lies in Bolivia, and few white men have ever seen it — few would wish to after reading the book. This is another of the Landscaper's triple-starred volumes for the month. There are two other books about this part of the world that are also worthy of attention, *Djuka, The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana*, by Morton C. Kahn (Viking, $3.50), a fine scientific study of a primitive people; and *The White Gods* by Richard Friedenthal (Harper, $3.50), the story of Cortez and the Incas, done against a magnificent background by a German scholar who can write.

The Glands and People

One wishes for more space at this point, but even with what little there is left, it is necessary to mention a few other books that deserve fuller treatment: For example, Charles R. Stockard's *The Physical Basis of Personality* (Norton), an excellent scientific volume that should interest any intelligent reader; *Taming the Criminal: Adventures in Penology* by John Lewis Gillin (Macmillan, $3.50), an optimistic account of the world-wide efforts toward improved handling of offenders against society; *Germany and the Germans* by Eugen Diesel (Macmillan, $2), a study of the country and its people by a German; and if you have not already read it by this time, *Men and Memories* by Sir William Rothenstein (Coward-McCann), an English artist's rich memoirs. For those who dream of Taormina, or some of the other blessed places in Sicily, Arnold Wood's little volume, *High Spots in Sicily* (Sears, $1.50) will prove useful as an informal guide; there is a preface by Emanuele Grazzi, Royal Italian Consul General in New York. Mr. Wood knows and loves the country and is anxious for others to enjoy it. And for all those who write, there is a brand-new edition of Roget's Thesaurus, this time called *Roget's Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms*, and arranged as a dictionary by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. Putnam is the publisher and the price is $3.50 for the regular edition, or $4 for the thumb-indexed volume. This is a noteworthy improvement upon one of the indispensable tools of literary effort, and ought to be on the desks of all those who use words and who can not keep in their minds the contents of the unabridged dictionary.

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

BY BARBARA E. SCOTT

"De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know —

. . . .

But I tole you — dat's true — I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent —
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc."

THESE lines from William Henry Drummond's *Habitant* portray truly the deep affection rural French Canadians have for the soil. All through the Province of Quebec these moderate, prudent, industrious people whom we know as "habitants" continue on their quiet way, satisfied with the simple things of life, untouched by the hurry and turmoil of our modern civilization. No wonder visitors to Canada seek them out as distinctly interesting and enjoy as a definite part of their Canadian sojourn at least an acquaintance with them, for their manner of living and the quaint habits and customs of these sturdy descendants of the early French settlers of Canada are a striking contrast to our own.

Market Day in Montreal

PERHAPS your first contact with them will be when you happen to stumble upon Bonsecours Market in Montreal, all spread out in the sunshine on some Tuesday or Friday — market days. Here the habitant holds forth in good old French fashion as he bargains cannily with you for his wares which are sure to include tobacco and garlic, chickens, crisp fresh vegetables arranged by the deft fingers of artists, home-made chairs, and those precious homespun rugs you see occasionally at home for twice or three times the price. What with the bustle, the great baskets and the carts, you are conscious of a dim echo of Les Halles in Paris. Or is it the gay manner of the French peasant, the twang of his Norman accent, or perhaps the way he has displayed his irrresistible carrots? At any rate the French touch is undeniably there — a bit of the old world at your very door.

In this market it is an easy jump from carrots to rugs, and as you see them spread all about you or hung advantageously from the back of a cart, you agree with connoisseurs that the rugs woven by these habitants are utterly delightful as to both character and color. They are also adept at making hooked rugs, but this is quite natural for, although the hooked rug has forebears in England and Scotland, in its present state it is an American institution (and this word is used in its broad meaning) for the craft was developed in Nova Scotia, the eastern provinces of Canada, in New England and in the mountains of the South.

Habitant Handicrafts

MANY of them were made of homespun materials, these same homespuns for which the habitants of Quebec Province are today so justly renowned. Often as not some tender sentiment and mayhap heartaches are woven in with the bright colors of the dye-stuffs. A story is told of an elderly woman living in one of the habitant villages who sold one of her precious rugs to a collector. Not long afterwards she appeared at his front door and asked if she might look at the rug again. Wondering somewhat at her request, the owner nevertheless at once invited her to come in, and as she bent above the mellowed colors of the old rug, the tears streamed down her cheeks. She patted it gently and sobbed, "They're all there, Ira's clothes and some of Amelia's pretty dresses!" Thus were cherished scraps of clothing, reminiscent of happy associations long gone, treasured before they were made into rugs, and many a woven rug carries as much sentiment as the old "keepsake" patch quilts. Little wonder that the habitant parts with them regretfully. However, he still diligently weaves his linen and "etoffe du Pays."

One place where visitors may be sure to find the cream of the handicrafts of the habitants is at Manoir Richelieu, but ninety miles from Quebec, at Murray Bay, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. Back of this hotel rise the blue hills of the Laurentians, through which are scattered many of the homes of the habitants. Manoir Richelieu serves as a natural depot, as it were, for the dissemination of the hand-work of these people, and visitors come back again and again to replenish their stock. From this vast district are gathered gradually, piece by piece, the fruit of the winter's labors, and as summer draws near the stock of colorful rugs, coverlets, and homespuns is increased so that a fine selection is offered the enthusiastic purchaser.

Echoes of Old France in the Countryside

But the habitants do not leave their farms nor their looms. As the intrepid French priests of the early French régime and the *courriers de bois* opened up the vastness of this country to the ideas of civilization, the habitants followed and have remained. We may see them there today living in their Norman roofed dwellings, tilling their narrow fields, often baking in curious old out-door stone ovens, and contentedly raising appallingly large families—anywhere from twelve to eighteen children. All of which seems to be in keeping with the old stone wind-mills which occasionally rise on the landscape, the lumbering oxen which draw the primitive plows and the patois of the genuine old French Canadian habitant himself.

For the genuine lover of antiques, this picturesque countryside offers a rich field, for everything almost that he sees has a history. And the motor roads covering it are excellent. This too encourages the antiquer, for often his chief finds are not just in the cities. Antique silver, fine old Sheffield and odd bits of English and French china are to be had, not to mention antique furniture that savors of the French provincial, and many designs hinting the early American. Utensils of primitive fashioning are still employed in the tasks of everyday life, and these too, are not beneath the eye of the collector.

Will You Heed this Spanish Proverb?

When Boswell wrote his Life of Johnson, he referred to the old Spanish Proverb which says, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," and went on to explain, "So it is in travelling, a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge." This is indeed an ideal way to travel, to go armed with a wealth of understanding of a people's background historically, socially and artistically, if you can. But this is a large order, particularly if it be some storied Continental country which claims your attention. One satisfactory way of discovering those often hidden but ever enchanting echoes of past times is to read enough to get a general idea of things before you leave, poke about to your heart's content in the unsuspected avenues of adventure which never fail to open up when you arrive in a strange country, and then, when you reach home and have leisure enough to see it all in rosy retrospect, read ravenously everything on which you can lay your hands that refers to those places you have found most appealing. It is like an artist going out to sketch, then coming home to complete the vision he has but glimpsed. Perhaps there is a purpose in all this after-reading, for it freshens memory and prolongs many happy associations.

But suppose we go to Italy. Not to Rome, or Florence, or Naples, or Genoa. This time let us slip off to that new Riviera which Italy has been finding she possesses in that stretch of curving shore-line along the Adriatic commencing at Fiume, skirting the Istrian peninsula, touching Trieste, swinging gracefully on down to Venice and the Lido, and straggling right down to the tip of Italy's heel, if you will. As you sail along this extensive and inviting coast-line you will remark the general sameness of its shores, the fine beaches sloping gently down to the sea, the soft white sand, shallow water near the shore, and the clearness of the water.

Skirting the Adriatic Riviera

Fiume, on the Jugoslav frontier, is too metropolitan a city to be considered one of the Adriatic resorts, but it is an excellent center from which to reach them. For instance, there is a steamship line from Fiume to Zara on the Dalmatian coast, a bathing and health resort which is gaining steadily in popularity with devotees of the sun and sand. Abbazia and Laurana lie in the opposite direction from Fiume and are frequented by tourists in both winter and summer. Italian villas in all their soft pinks and creams and blues lend the town a gala air, and the hotels hold up their ends by offering splendid accommodations to the sojourner. While you are in Abbazia you will seize the opportunity to visit the Postumia Grottoes, the finest in Istria, and Monte Maggiore as well, but it will be the wonderful bathing and the spontaneous gaiety of the life in these places that will hold you.

Separated from the tip of the Istrian peninsula by the Straits of Fasana, lies one of those jewel-like islands that so often catch the imagination. This is Brioni. True, there is a group of these islands, but it is the main island that the world of fashion has selected for its pet. One might think that Nature herself had been sufficiently prodigal here with her loveliness, but man, as usual, has done his bit too. At Saluga, where the bathing is luxurious, he has built a number of large modern hotels, a golf course and a polo ground, the only one in all Italy outside the new one in Rome. But if you would forget that there is a modern world, all you need do is to get you over to the south side of the island and you will think you are living in pagan times again, for here stand a Temple of Venus, the mellow ruins of ancient Roman villas, and of course some wonderful old Roman baths.

New and Old Rome at Pola

This Adriatic Riviera is a perfect place for cruising, as perfect as it is tantalizing. Each beach seems to have its own particular siren. You may want to put in at Pola, the spacious natural harbor of Italy's most important naval base on the Adriatic. Its Amphitheatre, the outer walls of which are considered to be in an even better state of preservation than those of the Colosseum, its Temple of Roma and Augustus dating from the First Century, A.D., and many other monuments recall the ancient Roman occupation and indicate the prominence and importance of the city during the days of Imperial Rome.

Trieste, though a modern city of commercial strength, resembles a town founded in the Ninth Century, although it too is of Roman origin and dates back to the Second Century B.C. It has its Grand Canal which runs amongst its houses (in reality a port-canal), and an odd assortment of small craft from the Adriatic and even the Mediterranean sail its gleaming confines, lending a curious accent to an altogether interesting town. Skirting the coast to the north, we find ourselves under the restless shadow of the white castle of Miramare where the Archduke Maximilian of Hapsburg once lived and dreamed his dreams of Mexican conquest.

Venice, the Enchantress

Then there is Venice. You may return to Venice as often as Marco Polo himself and always be surprised by its appealing beauty. How still everything is in Venice. No street noises, no clang and clatter of motors and trucks. Yet how alive! Along its silently sweeping canals slip the silent gondolas, high-stemmed, slim, aristocratic in their quiet grace, propelled by the cunning twist of the gondolier's steel wrist. Past palaces, their lower windows barred with iron grilles wrought by the hands of old master craftsmen, with an occasional loitering beside some water-side garden where laurel and ilex gleam and straight-laced cypresses stand guard over terra-cotta urns and sleepy sun-dials; perhaps past the Vendramin Palace with its memories of Wagner and the gentle Brownings. So on you glide under little stone-arched bridges, from the large canals to the smaller "rios" of which Venice has some hundred and fifty no wider than a driveway, to the occasional guttural sound of the gondolier's "Maeh!" You see again the Venice of Turner, flaming in the sunset, alive, poignant; and it seems to me from no one vantage point do you realize the perfection of his vision more than from the soft sands of the Lido as the Italian sunset kindles and fades.

Mediterranean *and* Adriatic Cruises

Here's the cruise you've dreamed of! 30 days of rest and adventure . . . in just the right proportion . . . the perfect tonic to grow young on.

You'll see North Africa of the Arabian Nights...Algiers, Dalmatia, Majorca...Ancient Greece with all its ruins...Trieste of the Adriatic... Venice, symphony of romance and color...Naples, with its opera, ancient museum, winding streets and alluring shops...Vesuvius, Pompeii and Amalfi...Cannes and the French Riviera...Gibraltar, sentinel of Europe...and Lisbon, with its mosaic boulevards...Every port a new world!

Gigantic Luxury Liners

SATURNIA
June 5 - July 9

VULCANIA
June 24 - July 30

Considerate, courteous service at all agents or

COSULICH LINE
17 Battery Place New York

Year's Greatest Travel Bargain!

EUROPE $219

5 COUNTRIES • 30 DAYS • ALL EXPENSES

See Canada, England, Holland, Belgium, France. Cross on famous Canadian Pacific *Empress* liners. Lots of motoring in Europe. Booklet "E170"

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
521 Fifth Ave. N. Y. 180 N. Michigan, Chicago

Here and There in Italy

The news of the completion of the new motor road between Padua and Venice is received with satisfaction by those who have discovered how delightful motoring through Italy can be. This "autostrada" which starts on the Ponte di Brenta road at Padua and ends at the Porto Marghera in Venice is sixteen miles long, and as the greater part of it runs in a perfectly straight line, and there is no slightest indication of a speed limit — just step on the gas!

If you are one of those fortunate ones who have planned their itinerary so as to be able to spend some part of June in Italy, you will have a unique opportunity this year, for Florence, "the city of Flowers," is living up to its name and is holding an Italian Gardens Exhibition in the Cascine Park which will not close before the 30th of June. Who that has a garden spot, be it large or small, will not revel in this exhibition, particularly as it

●

A HEALTHFUL

adventure

A TRIP to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is a grand lark for the whole family . . . and a lark that is full of health, as well as happiness. Here they can absorb the sun . . . breathe deep the tonic ocean air . . . satisfy keen appetites with wholesome, tempting food. In the background is always the comfort and informal hospitality of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, with its many facilities for relaxation and recreation. Come for a short vacation, or a long one. We will be glad to send you further information.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

embodies reconstructions of characteristic gardens from the Fifteenth Century right up to modern times.

A New Road to Conquer

WHEN you have driven to Mt. Rainier National Park over those splendid roads which emanate from Tacoma, Seattle, and Portland, and have marvelled at the magnificent stretches of country through which they pass, you have probably been content that nothing could be more beautiful, more truly satisfying than the vistas of grandeur which have unfolded before you. Now, along comes the Government and says (metaphorically, of course), "You haven't seen half the sights. These lie along a new road to Mt. Rainier National Park." Such an approach to the Park is not merely contemplated, it is practically finished and will be open and ready to receive a host of guests as early as August of this year. This piece of road-making begins at Yakima, Washington, a station on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and runs through the Yakima Valley, the famed orchard region, and follows the White River to Oak Flat and over the narrowing valley around Horseshoe Bend. Then it leads up over the Cascade Mountains, through Naches Pass, and up to what was formerly called Yakima Park, but is now called Sunrise. It is here at Sunrise, or Sunrise Ridge, that you get a most impressive view of Mount Rainier, Emmons Glacier, and the gorge of the White River. The approach from Yakima to Sunrise is through the Rainier National Forest and the Mather Memorial Highway, a stretch of primitive, unspoiled beauty. After leaving Sunrise, the road continues along the northeastern boundary of the Park, thence directly through a forest of virgin timber into Seattle and Tacoma.

Sunrise Lodge — New Inn in Mt. Rainier National Park

SUNRISE LODGE is being completed at Sunrise, though it is not expected to be ready for guests until the summer of 1932. But it never comes amiss to plan a little ahead, particularly when those arrangements include something extraordinarily fine in your own country.

This Lodge opens up the northeast section of Mt. Rainier National Park to visitors and allows a more intimate knowledge of its extraordinary loveliness. Indeed, what Paradise Inn has meant to the southern end of the Park, Sunrise Inn is expected to mean to its section. Many of the Sunrise Lodge cabins, looking ever so fragile in comparison with the majesty and stability of the mountains against which they appear, are already up and ready for making you comfortable.

Travelling this new road will take you through country of vast differences of elevation. One moment you will be running serenely across miles of flat plateau land, and in a twinkling find that your plateau has come to a sudden end. Below you some 2,500 feet Emmons Glacier glitters in the sun. Behind it rises Little Tahoma Peak. How the Government engineers have overcome these trifling discrepancies you will have the joy of discovering for yourself, but rest assured the building of this road has achieved an enduring success.

Through the Yakima Country

THE country through which this road passes was once the happy hunting ground of one of the most war-like of the far northwestern tribes of Indians — the Yakimas. Perhaps they were the more war-like and ferocious because the country they had always known as their own was so wildly beautiful and precious to them. Yakima itself was once the home of Kamiakin, a fierce old Indian chief who was the cause of much uneasiness and trouble to the encroaching whites, particularly to miners and Government agents. In 1855 these Indians defeated a force of men under the command of Major Granville Baller and forced them to retreat to the Walla Walla Valley where they were re-inforced and finally able to hold the fort against the red-men. But where soldiers failed to conquer the country nearly a century ago, good roads have succeeded today, and no trace of bitterness remains to cloud the peaceful enjoyment of this virgin country.

New Customs Regulations

A BIT of good news for transatlantic passengers this year comes in the guise of a little booklet which has been brought out by the United States Customs Service. After considering recommendations made by some 12,000 transatlantic travellers and 3,000 other individuals familiar with the procedure at ports of entry, the new customs regulations have been thus incorporated.

One of the outstanding changes made is one which permits what might be called a "family minimum." This enables a group of say six members of one family to claim a total exemption of $600 applicable to the entire group, instead of an individual limit of $100 each on articles which have been purchased abroad. New rules and practices governing the declaration of travellers' effects and the inspection of their luggage have been laid down, among which is one concerning the courtesy to be shown incoming passengers. It goes without saying that this particular paragraph is bound to be gratefully received.

Sometimes WE *are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner . . . and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation *(without surprise)*, no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*	The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH.	The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS.	The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J.	The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J.	The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J.	The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA.	The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y.	The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.	The Niagara
ERIE, PA.	The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO	The Portage
FLINT, MICH.	The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO.	The President
TUCSON, ARIZ.	El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA.	The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.	The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.	The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.	The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.	The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

(*Continued from page VI*)

Industry

At the moment, the most prominent feature of the industrial picture is the appearance of a series of very disappointing first quarter earnings statements. Many of the country's largest and most stable corporations have failed to earn the dividends on their common stock so far this year. After making a spring peak — not a very exciting one at that — industrial activity seems to be slipping back into the customary summer apathy. Does this indicate that we are to expect another year of deep depression?

There is as yet no statistical evidence that more than seasonal improvements will take place in the fall. Yet there are several reasons to believe that such a possibility exists. First, there is time. Time cures all things — and that is as true of business depression as of anything else. It is nearly two years since the industrial recession began. Inventories have been materially reduced and overhead pared to the minimum. Commodity prices have fallen almost steadily since the depression began until they are almost universally below the cost of production, and must sooner or later react upward again. There has been a considerable upswing in building contracts. In the early months of the year there was a more than seasonal improvement in foreign trade, particularly in exports of raw cotton and copper. Finally, considerable recovery has taken place in the silk and cotton textile industries. This fact assumes substantial importance when it is remembered that these lines led the recovery in 1921.

Government

The most encouraging thing that can be said about the political situation is that Congress is out of session and will remain so until after the crops are harvested. The efforts of the Administration to avert the depression by manifestoes not only proved abortive but probably impeded recovery. The forthcoming Presidential election will undoubtedly overhang any bull market which may get under way during the year preceding the campaigns.

A section on government would be inadequate without mention of Alfonso's departure from Spain and Prajadhipok's arrival in the United States. The sentimental significance of both events seems to outweigh the economic; we can only regret the former and delight in the latter.

The Treasury is faced with the problem of meeting a deficit which will probably mount to over a billion dollars during the forthcoming year. The money will have to be raised either by taxation, which will reduce the purchasing power of the classes on which the tax may be imposed, or by increasing the national debt, which will place a further burden on the bond market.

Conclusion

Industry is faced with the slack summer months, and most corporations have had as yet few signs of revived demand for their products, though bullish sentiment exists to some extent in the automobile trade. It would seem that there is no hurry to accumulate common stocks for the long pull, yet the fact that sentiment seems completely bearish indicates that the market is somewhere near bottom. During the next few months lows will very likely be made in different lines at different times — lows which will look very low in a year or so. No one in the world can call the turn of a market in advance.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Because of a new connection with the National City Bank of New York, Alan H. Temple has been forced to give up writing the Financial Outlook. John Pell, Manager of the Pelican Corporation, an investment trust, and formerly Managing Editor of The North American Review, will carry on the department.

A FUNDAMENTALIST DEFENSE
by Frank E. Gaebelein

SCENARIOS TO THE OFFICE BOY
by Bernard Simon

in the July
NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD. N. H.

The Peak of Good Reading!

THE GOLDEN BOOK

WOULDN'T you appreciate a magazine that is a standard of literary quality and yet isn't "heavy"? A magazine of such variety that it satisfies every taste and mood? Wouldn't you value a literary diet that would make you a more attractive person — a more *knowing* person when the conversation turns to writers, books or critics? The Golden Book runs the whole gamut of brilliance, from the most talked of moderns to the most inspired masters. In each issue you will find the same supreme and thrilling satisfaction in the authors chosen to bring you the best in FICTION, DRAMA, POETRY, ESSAYS, HUMOR — the peak of good reading.

ESSENTIAL QUALITIES

"A knowledge of human nature, an ability to meet all classes of men and women easily, a knack at 'sizing up' a new acquaintance immediately, a sympathetic approach to clients — they can be gained through a knowledge of the world's best literature — poetry, fiction, essays, drama. For literature, the immortal part of history, is the accurate portrayal of human life."

— *William Lyon Phelps.*

DYING AT THE TOP

"Few people wear out. Rusting out, dying at the top is the reason for most failures," said the head of a great corporation recently. "When a man begins to get in a mental rut, when he shuts out new ideas, he closes the doors to social and business success just as surely as though he became a voluntary hermit. When a hitherto successful executive in our company begins to slow down, I always ask him, 'Have you been to the theatre lately? What are you reading?' His invariable answer is that he has been too busy, too tired. He is *dying at the top*."

$1.00 for 6 BIG ISSUES

The
Golden
Book
Magazine

We know you are skeptical, so we make you this introductory price to gain your confidence. Pin a dollar to the coupon and mail it today.

NAR 6-31

The Golden Book Magazine
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send THE GOLDEN BOOK for six months to the address below. (Regular price $1.50.)

Name ....

Address ....

....

WHAT 1930 REVEALED ABOUT AMERICA'S LARGEST BUSINESS . . THE FOOD INDUSTRY

ANNUAL REPORT
OF
GENERAL FOODS
CORPORATION
1930

THE past year emphasized the stability of food manufacturing concerns. Taken by and large, the leading food companies maintained almost normal business.

General Foods, with 20 nationally advertised products, represents, in a measure, a cross-section of the package food business.

Many interesting facts about this company are brought to light in the General Foods year book, which is now being offered to the public. This book shows how a wide variety of products has helped to stabilize sales. How research activities are producing new and improved products. How economies are being effected in manufacture and distribution.

This is the kind of information the thoughtful investor likes to have. You may secure a copy of the General Foods year book free upon request.

GENERAL FOODS

DEPARTMENT 00 250 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Maxwell House Coffee, Log Cabin Syrup, Jell-O, Certo, Post's Bran Flakes, Minute Tapioca, Postum, Hellmann's Mayonnaise Products, Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, Franklin Baker's Coconut, Calumet Baking Powder, Grape-Nuts, Sanka Coffee, Swans Down Cake Flour, Post Toasties, La France, Satina, Diamond Crystal Salt, Whole Bran.

AUG 17 1931